ART AND ARTISTS OF ALL NATIONS

Gift of the
Society for International Numismatics

ART AND ARTISTS OF ALL NATIONS

OVER FOUR HUNDRED
PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF GREAT PAINTINGS

EMBRACING MASTERPIECES OF MODERN AMERICAN, FRENCH, ENGLISH, GERMAN, SPANISH, DUTCH, AUSTRIAN, RUSSIAN, BELGIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, AND ITALIAN ART

INCLUDING MORE THAN

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY OF THE GREATEST PAINTINGS EXHIBITED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

DESCRIPTIONS OF EACH PAINTING PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY WELL-KNOWN WRITERS AND ART CRITICS, AMONG WHOM ARE COMMISSIONERS OF FINE ARTS AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

ANGELO DEL NERO
ROYAL SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR ITALY

HON. A. R. SPOFFORD
HON. D. W. VOORHEES
DR. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH
W. LEWIS FRASER
MANAGER ART DEPARTMENT OF THE CENTURY COMPANY

HENRI GIUDICELLI
COMMISSIONER FOR FRANCE

HON. JOHN T. MORGAN
HON. W. J. BRYAN
REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D
HORACE BRADLEY
ART MANAGER OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE

J. W. BECK
COMMISSIONER FOR GREAT BRITAIN

REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D
MARY BAIRD BRYAN
PERRITON MAXWELL
CHARLES DEKAY
ART CRITIC OF NEW YORK TIMES

NEW YORK
ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY
110 Fifth Avenue
1894



Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York



INTRODUCTION

WHAT is art? Who is an artist? What is it to produce an artistic work? The answers to these questions bring us close to the highest activities of the human mind and to the history of civilization.

Savagery has no art, no artists, and no artistic products. The civilized life has all of these, and has them in varying abundance. In proportion as the civilized life rises to higher and higher levels, art abounds and flourishes. It does so for the reason that it is the blossom of the mind in the highest places of its growth and vision. More concisely, art is the blossom of the ideal faculties of the mind, as distinguished from what may be called the mechanical faculties. Whenever and wherever the ideal faculties expand into beauty and strength, then and there art begins to rise and beautify the world. The history of art is thus the history of the development of the ideal parts of the human intellect and spirit.

At a certain stage in the evolution of man-life, these ideal faculties appear. When that happens, the dawn of art breaks over the rim of darkness. The morning glow of the civilized estate illumines some favored land and people, and the sons of men begin to be poets and painters. Henceforth they are no longer subservient to the rough senses and coarse instincts of barbarism, but rather to the refined perceptions and beautiful dreams of the artistic life.

With the springing up of imagination and spiritual passion, the human creature begins to draw and to make pictures. He produces ideal forms by means of color and plastic materials. His eye becomes quick, and his fingers as nimble as his fancy. He stretches the canvas and throws thereon the first visions of beauty and sublimity. Nature furnishes the materials and genius the inspiration of the work. The artistic impulse swells in volume, and throbs through all the channels of thought. The brain glows with the luminous flame of a divine instinct, and the homes and haunts of men begin to be decorated with the products of pictorial art.

Thus came the inspired Greeks into the world. Before them had been the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Hindus. All of these had art. They were the first artistic races of men. They brought art out of the pre-historic darkness and shed it abroad among mankind. The

Egyptians, the Chaldees and the Greeks were the intellectual fathers of the modern races. Out of so great a paternity have sprung the esthetic life and products of the great peoples of modern times.

Painting competes with literature for the first place in the development of the human mind, and in the dissemination of great ideas and sentiments. There is a sense in which true art is higher than true letters; for the literary form gathers into itself much crude and profane material. It bears along in its volume the débris and wreck of things, which the purer art studiously rejects and casts away. The literary tide includes the rolling together of muddy waters as well as pure. Literature is stained with clay and the rust of subterranean caverns. The art tide is a rivulet of quicksilver winding on, a shining band of light, through the dirt and decay of time and space, containing no particle of contamination in its living currents.

Art was the topmost branch in the glory of the classical ages. Greek art ascended Olympus and became the garment of the gods. It descended again to men with divinity in its folds. Hellas was clad about with it as with shining raiment. The spirit of the race rose on the wings of artistic inspiration and flew abroad into the world. The broken and flameless altars of the East were relighted from the torch of the Greeks. Southern Italy, Sicily, the shores of Africa and Spain, were touched with the pencilings of the dawn, and even the barbaric West saw, far off through oak forests and gloomy clouds, the rising light.

It is the glory of recent times that the artistic effulgence has again shone forth over mankind. For long ages after the overthrow of classical antiquity, there was naught but barbarism and gloom in the world. At length the revival came — the revival of art and letters. In favored spots of Europe — in Italy, in Provence, in sunny Spain, and at last on the Danube, the Rhine and the Thames — the radiance of the new era appeared, and men began once more to illumine the canvas and the ceilings of cathedrals and palaces with their ideals and fancies. The old history and traditions of mankind reäppeared in the splendid garments of new art. Modern art sprang up in the place of the classical, and the human genius again flashed its visions in color and form on the living canvas. The quick pencil of the Italian artists played in dream and sublime imaginings about the heads of saints and virgins.

Thus came that epoch in history known as the Renaissance. It was an age of the revival of ideality. In Italy first, and in all the better parts of Europe afterwards, the new era expressed itself in art and letters; but principally in art. On the hither side of the Renaissance there has been, through all the moods of civilization, the ebb and flow of the artistic spirit. There have been periods of art, and other periods without it. In recent centuries, the incoming of science has changed somewhat the currents and methods of human thought. On the whole, the change has not promoted artistic progress. Something of materiality has insinuated itself in place of ideality. Mere materialism and artistic vision do not go well together. Nevertheless, the spirit of art has continued to fly abroad, and much of the highest genius of the current age has been devoted to the brush and easel.

It is to the credit of the last quarter of our great century that, amid the swirl and roar of material achievement, the ideal faculties of the mind have survived and flourished. Above the whirl of wheels, the rush of trains, the noise of great marts, the clang of innumerable factories, and the confusion of commercial battle, art has not only risen and survived, but has flourished in its most beautiful forms. Recent art has shown an extraordinary efflorescence in every truly civilized country of Europe and the Americas. A thousand easels have received and perpetuated the outline and substance of a thousand beautiful ambitions, and the galleries of the modern world are replete with the visible dreams of great artists.

A comparison of the art works of modern times with those of the classical ages shows many points of contrast. It illustrates the changed conditions existing in the ancient and the modern world. The spirit of the two products of the mind differs as much as the New World differs from the Old — as ancient history differs from modern. The classical art was in its themes almost wholly mythological and poetical; that of recent centuries is social and romantic. The old art works had gods and goddesses, heroes and Titans for the subjects; the new art transcribes life and manners, all hopes and sentiments and aspirations, to the canvas, entering but seldom, or not at all, into the realms of the supernatural. More and more the marvelous and the improbable have disappeared from the painter's studio, and the real and the probable have taken their places. In like manner the miraculous element, so strongly predominant in the works of mediæval artists, has vanished, and the actual and the

historical element been substituted therefor. Modern art reaches into all the humanities, but no longer essays the divine. Painting has, in a word, become a transcript, an image, of human life, reflecting its hopes and ambitions, its griefs and its humors, its laughter and its tears.

This work, happily entitled "ART OF ALL NATIONS," contains the reflected lustre and glory of fully 400 of the finest modern paintings. Nearly all of these have reached a national and, many of them, an international reputation. They have been exhibited at famous expositions and in the salons of two continents. They have been admired and praised by the first geniuses of the age, musing before the splendid originals in a hundred well-known galleries. The pictures presented in this volume are limited to the latest period in European and American art. Not one of these great works but has been painted within the memory of men still living. The collection, in its entirety, is, therefore, an epitome and emblem of the art development of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

The value of this splendid collection lies not wholly in the artistic excellence of the originals, not wholly in the fidelity of the reproductions, but in the fact that the pictures constitute a history and image of modern life. They are a transcript of the manners and customs of the current age, a mirror of the times, a pictorial abstract and brief chronicle of the thoughts and sentiments of the greatest races in the greatest epoch of time. These pieces of fine art show the most striking features, the most poetical forms, the most inspiring aspects and picturesque incidents of the social drama of our era. The work is a gallery of human life, as it is seen and known in the passing age. The artists whose pencils have produced these pictures have selected from the mass of things the most instructive parts, and have touched those parts with the magic and fire of their genius.

Every picture in this collection is at once a record and a lesson. Each is a record of customs, habits and sentiments of the recent centuries; each is a lesson in the social history and development of our age. Each of these 400 admirable pieces speaks to the beholder, not only of artistic skill, not only of incidental beauties, but also of the habits, the costumes, the usages, the institutions, the progress, the purposes, the hopes and the dreams of man and woman and child at the high tide of modern civilization.

The materials of this publication have been gathered out of the most famous galleries and the finest private collections in the old world and the new. The selections have been made with respect to the excellence and reputation of the originals, and to the variety and interest of the subjects illustrated therein. No other attempt to bring into one list a panorama of the most exquisite pieces of modern art has been equally successful. As the pages of this magnificent portfolio are turned, the successive pictures flash upon the fancy of the beholder like the ideal landscapes of a passing vision. The eye is pleased and satisfied. The mind is borne on with enthusiasm from scene to scene. The spirit is charmed and illumined. The work, as a whole, will be found a treasure for the home—a source of inexhaustible delight and instruction to every lover of the beautiful, the good and the true.

The spirit of our age has demanded the production of such works as this, and the genius of the age has responded triumphantly to the call. Pictures have been multiplied in this era to an extent never hitherto known outside of the narrow limits of classical Greece and mediæval Italy. Great intelligence, great social ambition, and great wealth have combined with great creative skill as the motive forces in the production and multiplication of famous canvases, until even the remote towns, out-of-the-way places, and frontier stations of civilization are not without some touch and token of the artistic life.

The descriptions and interpretations of the pictures in "ART OF ALL NATIONS" are by master hands, and many of the ablest art critics and well-known authors have contributed to this part of the work. The descriptions are never technical or prolix, but agreeable and spirited—done eloquently in the language of the people. They are intended to interpret the sense and spirit of the pictures in a lively and pleasing manner, and to lead the fancy of the beholder to a thorough appreciation and full enjoyment of the subjects delineated.

The paintings reproduced in this collection are nearly all the famous works of great artists. They are the products of such genius as is known and recognized everywhere in the art, literature and records of modern times. These paintings have been selected from an innumerable mass of recent works as the exemplification of THE BEST. They have been reproduced by the highest skill and most scientific methods of our

day, and uniformly done into the present collection as a means of carrying to the people, within a reasonable compass and at a moderate cost, a knowledge of the great art achievement of our age.

The importance of art works in the homes of the American people cannot be over-estimated. Civilization on our continent is somewhat new, and life has continued to be a battle with material forces. Refinement at length begins to yield manners, and culture to illumine the minds of the people. Among the facts and forces tending to the establishment of a cultured life, art joins hands with letters. Hitherto the introduction of fine art works into the homes has been attended with such a large expenditure as to limit the advantage to the few. Books of art have been so costly as to put them beyond the reach of the many. The purchaser of such works has been obliged to pay from $25 to $300 for publications containing no more than 100 to 150 subjects. In "ART OF ALL NATIONS" the purchaser is enabled to procure a splendid collection of 400 art reproductions at so small a cost as to make the purchase a pleasure.

This collection constitutes such a portfolio as makes the best art of the world accessible in an attractive form to all. The collection informs the mind, pleases the imagination, instructs the taste, and opens a long and shining vista into the beautiful landscapes of modern art. It brings within the reach of American homes, alike of the luxurious people of wealth and the humble abodes of the common lot, a historical panorama of the great paintings of our time. The publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in making the collection a fit souvenir for the last decade of the greatest of the centuries. The work commends itself by its elegant and accurate reproduction of masterpieces, interpreted and described by well-known artists and scholars, to the critical public as a means of delight and instruction not to be overlooked in gathering and arranging the treasures of happy homes.

THE EDITOR.

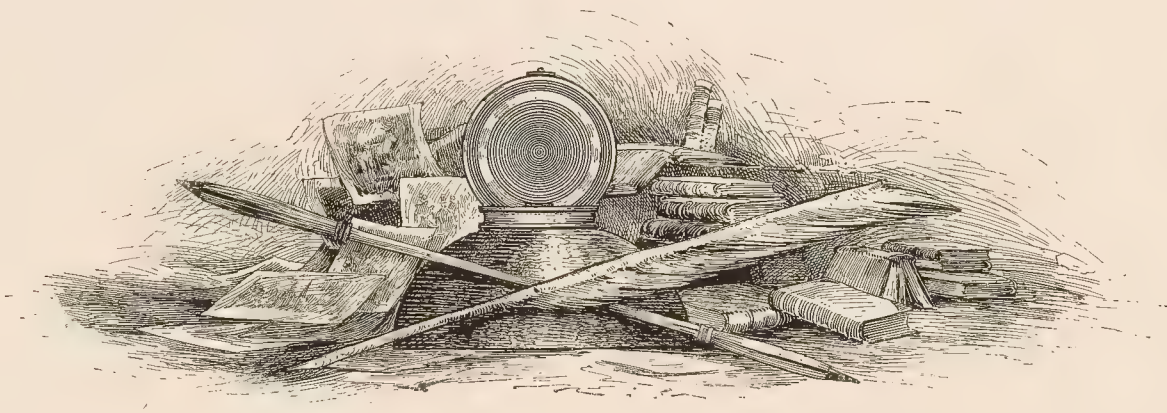


TABLE OF CONTENTS

AMERICA (UNITED STATES).

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
BACON, HENRY	Geese	135
BEARD, W. H.	Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox	280
BIERSTADT, A.	Mount Corcoran	210
*BISBING, H. S.	Afternoon in the Meadow	14
*BRIDGMAN, F. A.	Fellahin and Child—The Bath	297
* " "	In a Village at El Biar, Algiers	258
* " "	Women at the Mosque, Algiers	333
* " "	Crossing the Red Sea	384
BROOKE, R. N.	A Pastoral Visit	52
*BROWN, J. G.	A Card Trick	12
* " "	Pull for the Shore	294
* " "	A Wall Flower	345
*CAMERON, E. S.	In the Studio	340
*CURRAN, C. C.	Winter Morning in the Barnyard	373
*FARNY, H. F.	A Mountain Trail	37
* " "	A Sioux Camp. Got Him!	332
*GAY, WALTER	Charity	34
HENRY, E. L.	On the Tow Path	338
" "	The County Fair	29
*HITCHCOCK, G.	The Tulip Field	349
*KNIGHT, D. R.	Hailing the Ferryman	173
MARR, C.	Gossip	18
*MACEWEN, W.	The Ghost Story	27
*MOWBRAY, H. S.	The Evening Breeze	292
* " "	The Rose Harvest	318
*POORE, H. R.	The Bridge at Sunset	256
*RICHARDS, W. T.	Old Ocean's Gray and Melancholy Waste	319
ROSENTHAL, TOBY E.	The Mother Has Gone Out	244
" "	The Alarmed Boarding-School	254
" "	Who Laughs Last, Laughs Best	348
*SCHWILL, W. V.	The Closing Hymn	309
*TREGO, W. T.	The Pursuit	24
TRUESDELL, G. S.	Going to Pasture	49
*WEEKS, E. L.	The Last Voyage	385
*WILES, I. R.	Sunshine and Flowers	340

AUSTRIA.

*BLAAS, E. VON	The Good Brother	42
DEFREGGER, F. VON	The Dance on the Alm	61
" "	The First Travel Study	106
" "	The Victors Returning Home	174
*GOLTZ, A. D.	Christ and the Women	25
NICOLET, G.	In the Palm Garden at Spa	112
THOREN, O. VON	The Lost Dogs	41

BELGIUM.

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
*CARPENTIER, E.	Convalescence	265
*DE BEUL, F.	Return to the Stable	224
*FARASYN, E.	Embarkation of Emigrants at Antwerp	261
*GERARD, TH.	A Bad Reception	337
*GEVERS, H.	Arab Merchant	43
*HUYSMANS, J. B.	Visit of the Merchant—Algeria	23
*LEEMPOELS, J.	The Amateurs	231
*OUDERAA, P. J., V.-D.	The Galleries of the Juweelpand	241
*PLUMOT, A.	Leaving the Stable	228
*ROSIER, J. G.	At My Friend Dupon's	273
VAN DEN BOS, G.	Music	253
*VAN DEN EYCKEN, C.	Who's That?	339
*VAN DER MEULEN, E.	Astonishment	235
*VERHAS, F.	The Birthday	323
* " "	The Flowers	35
* " J.	Martyrs of the Beach	56
VEYRASSAT, J. J.	In Normandy	168

ENGLAND.

ALMA-TADEMA, L.	Rose of All the Roses	206
" " "	At the Shrine of Venus	179
* " " Laura	Battledore and Shuttlecock	230
BETHUNE	Flowers of Summer	73
BOUGHTON, G. H.	The Heir Presumptive	62
* " "	Dancing Down the Hay	284
*BRAMLEY, F.	A Hopeless Dawn	346
* " "	"For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven"	362
*CALKIN, L.	"The Campbells Are Coming"	20
FILDES, LUKE	Venetians	119
GOW, A. C.	After Waterloo	88
LEWIS, J. F.	Dutch Orphan Girl	198
*LOCKHART, W. E.	The Swineherd	47
*LORIMER, J. H.	Potpourri	317
*LOUDAN, M.	Fish Market in Cornwall	315
MORGAN, F.	The Tired Gleaners	123
" "	A Gentle Reminder	86
" "	A Heavy Load	115
" "	Watching and Waiting	90
* " "	The Favored Swain	247
*MURRAY, D.	Mangold Field	395
NIGHTINGALE, L. C.	A Foretaste of Summer	79
POYNTER, E. J.	A Corner in the Market Place	113
*SANT, JAMES	Oliver Twist: He Walks to London	311
TROMSTEAD, G. H.	The First Step	132

ENGLAND.—*Continued.*

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
TROOD, W. H.	Dinner	176
*TUKE, H. S.	Sailors Playing Cards	352
*WARD, HENRIETTA	The Ugly Duckling	350
*WILLIAMS, A.	Port of Dublin—Sunset	397
WILLIAMS, J. H.	The Last Dance	186

FRANCE.

AUBERT, E. J.	Love Wins	229
* " "	Love's Captives	400
*AUBLET, A.	The Aged	55
* " "	La Fête Dieu	33
* " "	Women at the Seashore	335
" "	Bathing Scene	359
BARILLOT, L.	Autumn in Lorraine	304
"	The Watering Trough	274
*BARTHOLOMÉ, A.	Hunting the Slipper	341
BERNE-BELLECOUR, E.	The Intended	342
" " "	On a Campaign	15
BERTHELEMY, P. E.	Dredging in the Roadstead of Barfleur	355
*BEYLE, P. M.	Life Saving from a Wreck	268
BONHEUR, ROSA	Weaning the Calves	266
BOUDET, A.	The Harbor of Bordeaux	389
BOUGUEREAU, W.	Brother and Sister	296
*BOUTIGNEY, E.	Combat in a Village	286
BRETON, J.	A Grand Pardon in Brittany	283
COROT, J. B. C.	Wood Gatherers	242
*COUTURIER, L. L.	The Capstan	189
*DAUPHIN, E.	The Schoolship Iphigine	372
*DEBAT-PONSAN, E.	Noon	386
" " "	The Return From the Fields	76
" " "	An Opportunity	269
" " "	The Festival of St. Roche; Blessing the Cattle	221
* " " "	In My Greenhouse	249
" " "	Peasants	308
" " "	Gypsy Woman at Her Toilet	16
*DELOBBE, F. A.	Breakfast After the Bath	225
*DELORT, C. E.	Pichegru Takes the Dutch Ships in the Zuyder Zee	218
DENNEULIN, J.	Return of the Fishing Fleet	281
" "	The Departure	363
DEYROLLE, A.	Song of Spring	155
DUFAUX, J. B.	Return From the Market	275
*DUPRÉ, J.	The Harvest	212
" "	The Balloon	321
*DURST, A.	Turkeys	287
FLEURY, F.	A Young Girl	236
FRAPPA, J.	The Choir	167
FRIANT, E.	The Good Little Dog	36
GALLIARD, C.	The Rendezvous Before the Hunt	214
GAGNEAU, L.	Reaching the Bank	160
*GOENEUTTE, N.	The Morning Soup	187
GOUBIE, J. R.	A Rustic Esmeralda	51
" "	The Flirt	96
" "	Friends	46
*GRANGER, R.	Young Girl Chasing Butterflies	246
*GROLLERON, P.	A Capture in 1793	63

FRANCE.—*Continued.*

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
*GUILLON, A.	My Little Brother	382
HERMANN, CH.	Charles the Hunter	296
*JOURDAIN, ROGER	Yachting	344
*LANDELLE, C.	Young Girl of Tougourth, Algiers	310
LELOIR, M.	Opportunity Makes the Thief	13
*MICHEL, M.	Photograph of a Mummy	75
MOREAU, A.	A Pleasant Stroll	223
* " "	The Bath	216
" "	In the Park	358
MOREAU-CE.	Make Haste	201
MOREAU DE TOURS, G.	In the Woody Bower	181
* " " "	Morphiomaniacs	68
*MOTTE, H. P.	The Trojan Horse	70
*MOUTTE, A.	In the Sunshine	31
*NOZAL, A.	In the Bay of Mount St. Michel	32
OUTIN, S.	A Wedding Tour	161
*PARIS, ALFRED	In Full Flight	326
PELOUSE, G.	The Turkey Girl	291
" "	Depth of the Forest	370
*PERRET, AIMÉ	Distribution of Prizes	22
*REALIER-DUMAS	Luncheon Under the Trees	277
ROYBET, F.	A Gallant Proposal	169
SCALBERT, J.	The Banks of the Marne	154
*SINABALDI, P.	Daughter of the Rajahs	271
*TAVERNIER, P.	Huntsman Blowing the Retreat From the Water	288
TOUDOUZE, E.	Flower Merchant	19
*TRUPHÉME, J. A.	Singing Lesson in a Public School of Paris	60
VAIRIN, J.	Horse Artillery	365
VAN MARCKE, E.	Landscape with Cattle	192

GERMANY.

AMBERG, W.	The Country Joiner	59
" "	The Narrow Pass	197
ASSMUS, R.	The First Stop	190
BECKER, C.	Apollo Belvedere	272
BLUME-SIEBERT L.	Rain in the Parlor	140
" " "	The Heyday of Summer	150
BOCKELMANN, C. L.	The Crash	245
BREDT, F. M.	Arabian Lady Boating	145
BROOK, ERNST	A Question of the Heart	354
DEIKER, C. F.	Pointer and Setter	82
DIELITZ, K.	Grace	234
EBERLE, A.	The Two Mothers	213
ECKHARDT, A.	Black Peter	100
EHRENBERG, C.	The Destinies	116
EHRLICH, F.	Praying	325
ERDMANN, O.	Love Service	233
" "	Trying to Steal a Kiss	126
" "	The Birthday	215
" "	The Mercy Plea	102
FALAT, J.	Return of the Emperor William from the Bear Hunt	156
FLEISCHER, L.	Bitter Medicine	180
*FRENZEL, O	Cattle in the Marshlands of the River Elbe	396
GENZMER, B.	The Black Man	99
" "	The First Plaything	354

GERMANY.—*Continued.*

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
GEUTZ, W.	Crown Prince Frederick Entering Jerusalem	178
GOLDMANN, O.	A Secret	91
GROSCH, C.	Farewell	134
GRÜTZNER, E.	Time of Praying in the Convent Beer-Cellar	250
" "	An Amusing Story	122
" "	The Card Players	139
" "	The Wine Taster	203
" "	Brother Butler	141
" "	Cheating at the Play	74
GYSIS, N.	The Hair Cutting	366
HAFFTEN, C. VON	The Coast of Ireland and Dunraven Castle	149
*HAMMER, E.	Grandmother's Pet	28
HANDLER, H.	Between Love and Duty	152
HEICHERT, O.	"The Entrance of Thy Word Giveth Light"	301
HEIN, F.	The Holy Legend of Gmünd	262
HEYDEN, CH.	My Mother-in-Law	125
" "	Rustic Happiness	202
HIDDEMANN, F.	Little Red Riding Hood	129
HORSCH, H.	The Idol of the Monastery	207
HUNTEN, E.	The 39th Fusileer Regiment	394
JACOBIDES, G.	The Naughty Grandson	48
*KALLMORGAN, F.	Neighbors	380
* " "	The Emperor's Bust	375
*KAULBACH, H.	Once Upon a Time	369
" "	The Chiding	366
KINDLER, ALBERT	The Fandango	185
KIRBERG, O.	The Interrupted Musician	157
KLEEHAAS, TH.	Right or Left	105
KNAÜS, L.	Valuable Instruction	196
" "	The Forester's Home	252
" "	The Village Witch	188
" "	A Bad Customer	66
" "	The Young Gamblers	164
" "	A Picnic Party	92
" "	As the Old, so the Young	290
" "	In Great Distress	53
" "	Pastimes of the Children	151
" "	The Artist and Her Model	120
KNORR, G.	Church Collection	58
KOCH, H.	Love is the Joy of Two Hearts	163
KOHLSCHÜTTER, P.	"Oh, How Far Away What Once Was Mine!"	39
KOSTER, R.	The First Breath of Spring	232
KRAY, W.	The Sea and the Lovers	165
KRÖNER, C.	Stags Feeding	118
" "	Boar Hunt and Winter Scene	144
KRETZSCHMER, H.	The Milk Boils Over	95
LANGER, R. VON	The Approach of Autumn	200
LASSNER, N.	Blindman's Buff	67
LEINWEBER, R.	An Arabian Song	89
LEISTEN, J.	A Concert Given by Richelieu	299
LEYRENDECKER, P.	Beethoven at Bonn	184
*LIEBERMANN, M.	The Flax Barn	351
LIECK, J.	The Styrian Girl	199
LINS, A.	A Song Without Words	78
" "	Little Folks	313

GERMANY.—*Continued.*

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
LINS, A.	The Village Acrobat	248
LOEWE, M.	A Scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor	217
LONZA, A.	The Interrupted Performance	222
" "	In the Park	205
" "	An Interesting Story	138
LÜBEN, A.	Here's a Fine Business	162
" "	After the Christening	136
" "	Trying to Make His Peace	128
" "	Young Talents	306
MALCHIN, K.	Winter Landscape	87
MAX, G.	The Greeting	204
" "	The Fortune Teller	378
MAYER VON BREMEN	Blindman's Buff	219
MUCHE, C.	Little Pepeta	374
*MÜLLER, P. P.	Beechwood in Autumn	282
NEUSTATTER, L.	Winter Pastimes	101
NONNENBRUCH, M.	Spring Blossoms	227
PAPPERITZ, G. F.	The Lovely Folks	107
" " "	Adrian Brouwer and His Models	130
PATZELBERGER, R.	Tired of Waiting	81
RAUDNITZ, A.	The Faithful Guardian	137
RETTIG, H.	Called to Her Calling	142
RICHTER, G.	The Egyptian Girl	117
" "	" " "	331
*ROSEN, J.	The Battle of Stoezek, Poland	387
ROUBAUD, F.	Riders of the Caucasus	146
SALENTIN, H.	The Flower of the Forest	226
" "	The Shepherd's Children	240
SCHMIDT, TH.	Photograph of the Family Group	237
SCHREYER, A.	Arabs on the March	312
SCHRÖDER A.	Our Darling	257
" "	Undetermined	108
SCHUTZE, W.	Blindman's Buff	267
SCHWENINGER, C.	Reminiscences	191
SCHWIERING, H.	Children's Party	80
SICHEL, N.	Girl of Thebes	158
" "	Cetheris	158
" "	Fatima	45
SEIFERT, A.	Hypatia	334
*SIMM, F.	The Pride of the Family	379
*SMITH, C. F.	Children in the Nursery Garden	357
SOHN, C.	At the Masquerade	143
" " JR.	An Old Marriage Custom	103
SPERLING, H.	Taste } The Senses	110
" "	Sight }	
" "	The Senses (Hearing, Smelling, Feeling)	111
STEFFAN, J. G.	Mountain Gorge and Torrent	195
" "	Autumn Solitude	171
STEFFECK, K.	Gypsy Boys on Horseback	148
*STETTEN, C. VON	Portrait of Gustave Courtois	345
THUMANN, P.	A Fair Critic	131
*UHDE, F. VON	Christmas Evening	307
VAUTIER, B.	Going to the Magistrate	71
" "	The Morning Bath	83
" "	First Dancing Lesson	98

GERMANY.—*Continued.*

ARTIST	TITLE	PAGE
VAUTIER, B.	The Visit of the Newly Married	85
" "	In the Barber Shop	159
" "	Without the Artist's Permission	170
VOGLER, H.	Thine is My Heart	193
WAGNER, C.	Bull-fight in the Arena	384
WEESE, F.	Morning in the Nursery	279
WEISS, A.	The Easter Vacation	114
" "	The New Model	194
WEISER, J.	The Carnival	361
WEISZ, A.	An Act of Courage	183
WERNER, A. VON	Storming of the Heights of Spicheren	353
WUNSCH, M.	Doggie is Dressed Up	175
" "	A Plot	69

HOLLAND.

BOURCE, H. J.	Hercules and Omphale	54
*BLOMMERS, B. J.	Fishing for Shrimps at Scheveningen	220
*CALISSENDORF, A.	In the Almshouse at Ryswyk	393
*DE HAAS, J. H. L.	Donkeys on the Shore	300
DE COURTEN, A.	The Victor	93
EERELMAN, O.	Horse-Fair at Rotterdam	314
LAASNER, N.	Blindman's Buff	67

ITALY.

ANDREOTTI, F.	A Shady Nook	109
" "	No Kissing	38
*BOMPIANI, A.	Southern Flowers	336
CECCHI, A.	A Story Out of the Past	94
CHIALIVA, L.	Fine Weather	243
" "	A Shower	316
CHIERICI, G.	The Mask; or, Fun and Fright	64
*DAMOLIN, O.	The Ill Fed	276
" "	Pawnbroker's Shop	44
FERRAZZI, L.	The Mother's Delight	110
*GABRINI, P.	At Sea	367
GILLI, A.	Congress for the Emancipation of Masters	156
*JORIS, P.	Afternoon in a Roman Villa	320
LAURENTI, C.	The Manner Shows the Mind	97
MARCHETTI, L.	The Winner of the Grand Prize	153
*MORADEI, A.	Maternal Anticipations	285
*MOLLICA, A.	Rivals	40
*NOVO, S.	The Worst of All	295
* " "	Fruit-Seller, Venice,	360
*RICCI, F.	The Interrupted Nap	276
RICO, M.	Palace Reale	298
ROTTA, A.	Pussy's Temptation	255
" "	The Cricket	270
" "	Nothing to Do	124
" S. G.	The First Prayer	263
" "	The Story-Book	182
*SAVANI, A.	A Child of the Fields	324
SIGNORINI, S.	An Amusing Little Story	50
*TOMMASSI, P. DE	Ready for the Procession	303
VINEA, F.	The Introduction	65
" "	Long Live Wine and Love	104
" "	The Fortune-Teller	57
ZONARO, A.	A Quiet Lakeside	260

NORWAY.

LUNDBY, A. A.	Gebirgsschlucht	133
* " "	Among the Trees	305
*THAULOW, F.	Winter at Christiania	393
*UCHERMANN, K.	A Drama of the Woods	251

RUSSIA.

CHELMINSKI, J. V.	Afternoon in Hyde Park	356
CZACHORSKI, V.	A Question	172
*FRENTZ, R. F.	An Inn	392
*GOLUMSKY, V. A.	Mushroom-Gatherers	209
*KUZNEZOFF, N. D.	The Interrupted Breakfast	390
* " "	In Her Garden	381
*MAKOVSKY, C. E.	The Toilet of the Bride	177
*MAKOWSKY, V.	Little Russian Tobacco Smokers	343
*MIESOILDOFF, G.	The Harvest	359
*ORENBURSKY, D.	Sunday in a Village	347
PIOTROWSKI,	The Meet	391
*REPINE, E. E.	Answer of the Don Cossacks to the Tzar	289
SEMENOWSKY, E.	Autumn	239
" "	Spring	376
" "	Winter	238
" "	Summer	377
*VENIG, K.	Russian Girl	271
WIERUSZ-KOWALSKI, A.	Return from the Bear-Hunt	121
" " "	Starting for the Boar-Hunt	77
" " "	Across Country in Winter	259
" " "	Sledge Riding in Lithunia	166
" " "	Coming of the Guests	84

SPAIN.

*AGRASOT Y JUAN J.	To the Health of the Bride	264
*ARANDA, L. J.	The Lovers	364
*ARROYO, R.	Andalusian Dancer	310
BAIXERAS, D.	Boatmen—Port of Barcelona	21
*BERMUDO, J.	Under the Awning	302
*CUSACHS, J	Cavalry Crossing the Ford	314
* " "	Lancers on the March	399
* " "	Trumpeters of the Chasseurs	329
*DOMINGUEZ, M.	A Venetian Terrace	328
* " "	A Royal Ball	371
*DUMONT, C. A.	Episode of the War of Independence	278
*ESTERAN, E.	Flying Artillery	11
GALLEGOS, J.	A Procession	72
*GASCH, L.	An Idyl	322
*JIMINEZ-ARANDA L.	The Lovers	364
" " "	Love's Fortune	147
*MORENO-CARBONERO, J.	Adventure of the Flock of Sheep (Don Quixote)	211
* " " "	Gee Up! Donkey	368
* " " "	Gil Blas	26
*PENA, M.	The Potato-Diggers' Dinner	17
PEREZ, A.	The Toilet	208
" "	Selecting a Servant	383
*ROBLES, J.	A Game of Cards	388
RUSSINOL, S.	A Bohemian	127
*SOROLLA, J.	Another Marguerite	30
*VILLEGAS-BRIEVA, M.	Memories	327
WORMS, JULES	The Fountain of Granada	293

SWEDEN.

*HAGBORG, A.	Evening	330

The * indicates that the original was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.



FLYING ARTILLERY, by E. Esteran.—What the helmet is to the German soldier, the fatigue-cap to the French, and the flat round hat to the Russian, the peculiar cap worn by these horsemen is to the Spanish soldier a distinctive characteristic of the national uniform. Other portions of the uniforms of various nations differ less materially, but by the headgear one can know them at a glance. There is something very thrilling in the evolutions of light-artillery batteries, even on parade or drill. When their wild and deafening maneuvers are seen in real action, the scene becomes most exciting. We have here a section of flying artillery galloping up to the position designated in their orders—about to go into action. Presently the sharp command will ring out, the horses will suddenly wheel, bringing the pieces into line, side by side, and pointing at the enemy, the artillerymen will leap from the boxes and bring the guns into readiness, the caissons which follow the pieces will bring up behind them and supply ammunition, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the guns will open fire to check the advance which this battery is ordered up to overcome. Wild business is war, requiring cool heads and prompt action. This picture was a characteristic contribution from Spain to the World's Columbian Exposition.



A CARD TRICK, by J. G. Brown.—This picture is a selection from an original in the Department of Fine Arts of the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is a delicious piece of humor, described not with words, but with color and form. Strange it is how strongly mere outlines of details and light and shade, developing the similitude of human figures and actions, appeal to our understandings and sympathies. Humor is, in this picture, everything. We laugh with those who laugh. The artist represents a group of four bootblacks in a resting-spell of their professional duties, and devoting their quickening intelligence to the mysteries of cards. Africa, on his knees, is instructing the three descendants of Japheth in a trick which he has learned, and which he is quick to communicate. He has been quite successful in the manipulation of the cards—and, presto! there is the mystery. The boys see it and are alive with wonder and interest. The humor of the thing is delicious. The three ragged boys are so absorbed in the development of the trick that they have become oblivious of everything in the world, including themselves. Yet Jefferson, for his part, black as the blackest of his cards, understands that his professional reputation is at stake in the presence of his white brethren. His otherwise sluggish mind is preternaturally sharpened with the trial, and his face becomes almost luminous with pride as he holds forth the impossible card. The trick is as successful as the artist's representation of it in the picture.



OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE THIEF, by Maurice Leloir.—The original of this elegant reproduction is one of the ornaments of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. The picture is French in the conception as well as the execution. It is a conceit of love done into visible outline. The landscape is a part of the beautiful and highly ornamented grounds connected with a French mansion. Here is the summer-house, with its clusters of flowers and foliage. To the left a marble stairway leads up to a fountain, and the pedestal is very appropriately mounted with a Cupid, who looks with sly glance askance at the little drama in the foreground. The picture consists first of all, of the opportunity. This is afforded partly by the pre-occupation of the old father, who is climbing the ladder with his face to the summer-house and his back to the lovers. The other opportunity is furnished in the engagement of the lady's hands. She has her apron full of roses. How, forsooth, could she, under such circumstances, defend herself against the imminent peril of the kiss? The well dressed and eager lover makes haste under these circumstances to seize his opportunity, and to become a thief by stealing what he might no doubt have obtained by honorable *finesse* and a little judicious courtship. The painter has done full justice to the lady's costume, which is in the enormous pattern of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He has also exhausted his fancy with the flowers and vines which bloom and creep in profusion everywhere. Over the picture swims the summer air, luminous in the distance, reflecting its glares even into the thickest shadows.



AFTERNOON IN THE MEADOW, by Henry S. Bisbing.—This is a contribution to the United States exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, by a young American painter, who has chosen his scene in France, where the willows sprout anew from veteran tree-trunks, and grow in long rows by the banks of the stream. What a delicious, lazy, afternoon sentiment he has infused into his picture. For a picture of solid, easy-going comfort, nothing can surpass the well-fed, cud-chewing cow, taking her afternoon "siesta." A little shade is grateful, and in a case like this, a little must of necessity suffice. Lying thus at length, with the little stream purling and bubbling past, these awkward, soft-eyed animals contribute to our apprehension the idea of undisturbed serenity. Even the flies seem to have ceased from troubling here, for the white cow has her tail tucked in under her, as under the circumstances a quite unnecessary weapon of defense. The deep perspective of this picture has been cleverly managed, the great apparent distance of the objects on the horizon being due partly to the long, vanishing line of trees running back from the foreground, and partly by the diminished size of the animals, and the increasing faintness of the color as the objects recede.



ON A CAMPAIGN, by Etienne Berne-Bellecour.—This distinguished representative of the school of military painters who have done so much for French art, has, for fifteen years, produced many interesting scenes of French army-life, mostly drawn from the Franco-German war of 1870. He has illustrated both the active operations in the field and the less exciting episodes of peace-time maneuvers. The painting reproduced above is one of the latter class of subjects. A small detachment has been stationed at this point for a guard—perhaps over the headquarters of a general officer in the house disclosed near by. They have gone regularly into camp, and we see the men at work at some of the humbler occupations of the soldier. One of the potential heroes is splitting wood for the portable kitchen on wheels, in which the military "chef" is preparing breakfast. Others are unpacking supplies in the commissary tent. The contents of a barrel of hams lies in the foreground. The commissary of the detachment is receiving, from the non-commissioned officer under him, a report which possibly concerns the hams in question, for the commissary is inspecting them critically. In the background other men are engaged in the peaceful occupation of mending their uniforms. So we see that domestic duties of many kinds are a part of what a soldier must know as well as the art of warfare.



GYPSY WOMAN AT HER TOILET, by E. Debat-Ponsan.—During all the six centuries that have elapsed since they were driven out of India by the ravages of Tamerlane, the gypsies have been wanderers on the face of the earth. Pariahs in ancient India, they have been pariahs everywhere, outcasts and objects of suspicion, as their nomadic life has led them into every country in the world ; homeless, except for their houses on wheels, which they locate by the roadside remote from human settlements. Naturally their facilities for civilized living are very limited. With their rich, dark coloring and brilliant teeth, the gypsy maidens pass for beauties, a reputation they do their best to maintain by such arts of the toilet as are within their reach. A small, cracked looking-glass resting on a broken, almost seatless chair, and a well-worn comb, are all that this saucy girl can command for her adornment. But she seems quite contented, and smiles complacently at the piquant face she sees reflected in what is left of her mirror, as she struggles with the tangles in the tresses that fall so abundantly over her ample, bare shoulders. By the time she gets into her bright-colored gypsy costume, she will be quite presentable ; and when the dusk of evening falls she will tell the fortunes of many a pretty lass and laddie, who will cross her hand with silver.



THE POTATO-DIGGERS' DINNER, by M. Pena.—(*Reproduced by special permission of the artist.*) The original of this picture was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition, Spanish section. It represents a group of peasants seated at their noonday luncheon. They are potato-diggers, and the cloth is spread on the very ground where they have been at work. All things have been cast aside with the coming of the noonday hour, and the meal, such as it is, has been hastily extemporized. The dinner-basket sits at hand. The cloth is clean enough for the table of aristocracy. Indeed, there is an appearance of neatness, as well as despatch, in every part of this picture. The luncheon is of bread and cheese. The father sits on some kind of a seat which he has hastily devised, and holds in the cloth some unknown remainder of the feast. The two barefoot daughters have taken their places. The master at his father's knee has begun to help himself, but his palate is by no means satisfied with the meagreness of the supply. Bread in a boy's mouth is good enough, but it is not luscious like the richer viands. The young man at the left has been served with bread only. He has the look of one of nature's noblemen. The old father, who has well nigh completed the long journey called life, has much of dignity in his wrinkled and weather-worn face. He is toothless and almost blind. The shapely girls deserve a better lot than this; but, after all, the fate of those who toil, and delve, and spin, is not less auspicious than that of the dainty darlings of wealth and luxury.



GOSSIP, by Carl Marr.—These two pretty Dutch girls represent a phase of human nature that is universal, and lies at the very foundation of human society. What our neighbors do and say is a very fruitful subject of interested discussion—and a very proper one, too, if only it be kept within the limits of good-natured comment and avoid the deadly sin of falseness. It is a merry tale that is passing between these charming gossips, and it evidently concerns one of them very nearly, if the tell-tale consciousness of the pretty maiden's downcast eyes is to be trusted as evidence against her. Her friend has put a very direct question and leans forward to catch the admission of the "soft impeachment," though that admission need hardly be spoken, so eloquent of confession is the embarrassed silence of the questioned damsel. The artist has painted a charming interior here, full of sunlight and happiness. In grouping his figures at the side of the canvas, he has shown his adherence to the best canons of good art, in which too much symmetry in grouping is avoided. The well-spread table, the evidences of prosperity in the carefully-made and lace-bordered costumes, the intelligent countenances, and the general air of the picture, indicate that this is a home of comfort and thrift. This painting was presented by George I. Seney to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



FLOWER-MERCHANTS, by Edouard Toudouze.—This canvas represents a characteristic bit of Parisian life, where peasant and patrician come together in pleasant grouping, and although the time here indicated is the first of the last century, the same custom prevails at the present time. Here is a section of a flower-market and a galaxy of beauty, rustic and thoroughbred. The flower-merchants of Paris live just outside of the city, where they till, each her own little plot of ground, and cultivate with rare care their roses and mignonette, violets and heliotrope, geraniums and pot plants for a livelihood. Twice each week, Wednesday and Saturday, do they make the trip into the city with their flowers. These days are known as "market days," and are eventful ones in their lives. For such occasions, the best cap is laid away, a bright 'kerchief or a pretty ribbon bought, and with the true French love of dress, these pretty flower-merchants coquettishly array themselves. To-day business is slow. There are customers, dainty, exquisitely-robed customers, but they do not buy. The day is warm, and Babette and Jeanne have grown idle. They no longer praise the worth of their plants, but stare in silent wonder at the elegance of these beautiful ladies. Marguerite alone chatters away, and, in her stall across the walk, is trying to sell to a fair beauty a handsome purple-belled fuchsia. The scene is enchanting, the faces particularly expressive, and one can almost catch the perfume of the flowers.



"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," by Lance Calkin.—The breezy freshness of Mr. Calkin's pictures of life among the people, causes his admirers to regret that after a brief use of his brush in this style of painting he turned his attention almost exclusively to portraits. But he had already done much for his country's art, to enable England to include so spirited a scene as this in its exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The bagpipes give the national Scotch music, and, as all readers of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" know, a high degree of skill may be shown in performing on them. The pipes are especially inspiriting in military music, and the sound of "The Campbells are Coming," will bring every villager out into the street. Here we have a recruiting-sergeant, inviting, by his music, rustic accessions to Her Majesty's regiment of Highlanders. He looks full of business. He has already aroused the martial ardor of the young huntsman, who is confiding to his sweetheart his intention to enlist. The blind old man has followed the pipes in his youth, and he steps out proudly, as though in the ranks again, as he hears the familiar sound. The piper sees him, and could he leave the pipes for a moment, he would salute the veteran. He will lose no recruits by the stories that old man will tell at the tavern to-night, of the days when he fought under the Duke of Wellington.



BOATMEN—PORT OF BARCELONA, by Dionisco Baixeras. This characteristic scene on the waters about his native city was exhibited by Baixeras at the Paris Salon of 1887, and it was purchased the same year by George I. Seney, who presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. Barcelona, which is the chief town of the Spanish province of the same name, has been for centuries celebrated for its maritime interests. It was formerly a rival of Venice and Genoa for the commerce of the world. The famous code of maritime law was originated by the merchants of Barcelona, who were also the first to make use of maritime insurance. Its inhabitants, born and brought up under the influence of such traditions, are all acomplished water-men, either as a calling or in pursuit of pleasure, and the scene here given is therefore eminently typical of the place. The faces of these men are strikingly Spanish—no one could imagine them anything but Spanish. There is a lull in the day's work. The breeze has fallen so nearly to a dead calm that the steersman has little to do with the tiller, although his boat is in mid-harbor, and he gives his entire attention to the knotty problem, the points of which his companion is laying off on his fingers. He listens judicially, while the third boatman, as he lights his pipe, listens as an impartial, almost a disinterested, auditor.



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, by Aimé Perret.—(*Reproduced by special permission of the artist.*) The original of this beautiful and suggestive picture was exhibited in the French section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The present series contains another picture illustrating an incident of the French public-schools. In this piece we have delineated the scene on the day of the distribution of school-prizes. It is in the French nature to do nothing moderately or informally. The modern Gauls are better able, than any other existing people, to dignify and adorn small facts of life with all the graces of sentiment and beautiful formalities. This distribution of prizes is made with the greatest dignity. The holy father of the Church is one of the committee. He sits, obese and well pleased, in the center of the group. The other members of the committee are seated beside him. He, at the right of the platform, might well be Guizot himself. The chairman is in the act of handing across the table to Minette in white her first award of merit. She is as dainty a creature as civilization has yet produced. Her manner of receiving the prize shows the elegance of the race of which she is the youngest blossom. Others, in the group below, have already received their prizes. One has come down proudly to mamma, in the foreground, and is receiving on her downy cheek the motherly kiss. How different the scene, and yet how identical in its essentials, with that witnessed in the free-schools of our own country, when, on the last day of the term, in some Western schoolhouse, the district-fathers come in to see and approve the closing exercises.



VISIT OF THE MERCHANT (ALGERIA), by Jean Baptiste Huysmans.—So strictly are the ladies of Eastern countries kept within doors, or are permitted out under such limitations, that the oriental dame loses all the pleasures that are described in more free and civilized countries by the significant word, "shopping." Instead of the half-interested, half-curious expeditions which American ladies enjoy making, from store to store, in search of what is necessary or what is novel, their sister of the East has to content herself with the occasional visits the merchants make to her, when summoned to her house, where she sees them and examines their wares in the presence of her lord and master. Attended by his boy, to carry the load, the merchant unrolls, one after another, the packages of rich stuffs, handsomely embroidered and superb in color, for her ladyship to choose. She makes her selections in a half-hearted sort of way; for, fond as she is of handsome dresses and of pleasing her husband, it is the wearing of them rather than the selecting of them that affords her delight. The splendor of this oriental interior affords a good example of the elaborate decoration in the private apartments of a wealthy Algerian. The painting was in the Belgian section at the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE PURSUIT, by William T. Trego.—Only those who have felt the wild exhilaration of such a mad gallop, in pursuit of a flying enemy, can fully enter into the spirit of this picture. But all who have ever seen horses in action can appreciate its merit as an artistic *tour de force*. One can almost hear the clatter of the hoofs on the hard dirt-road, and the shouts of the pursuers as they issue commands, or catch sight of the foe in full retreat, or utter cries of mere excitement. Very intent on their business are these Union cavalrymen, and it is well for Johnny Reb if his horses are fleeter than theirs. The pursuit of a broken army, transforming retreat into a rout, and defeat into disaster, is one of the most useful employments of cavalry, and the reorganization of an army effectively disintegrated by their scattering work is most difficult. The leader of this command has his eye set steadily on the object of his pursuit ; his bugler follows him closely, ready to repeat his orders with the bugle ; the men follow on, in as good order as is possible under such speed, and one of them eagerly points out the way. This painting was shown in the United States section of the World's Columbian Exposition.



CHRIST AND THE WOMEN, by Alexander D. Goltz.—Those whom we know as the Disciples of Christ were men ; for it was men's work that he had for them to do after he had left them. But throughout his earthly ministry, it was among the women that he received the readiest acceptance for his teachings, and the most sympathetic response to his demand for supreme zeal on the part of his followers, and, like the Pharisees before him, in them he found the most intense religious enthusiasm and the most earnest support. The pious devotedness of women in the nineteenth century is as old as Christianity, and indeed, as religion itself. This scene may represent any of the conversations of Jesus with the women who sought his instruction. It is not unlikely one of the results of his revelation of himself to the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well ; for when she went into the city and called the men to "Come, see a man which told me all the things that ever I did," we may be sure the women came also. The reverend courtesy which Jesus always showed to women, in his championship of their equal dignity, and the thoughtful, earnest attentiveness of the group while they drink in his words as the very water of life, are striking features of this truly devotional conception of the artist. The original painting was sent from Austria to the World's Fair.



GIL BLAS, by Jose Moreno-Carbonero.—(*By special permission of the artist.*) This elegant and highly-artistic picture is a reproduction from the original in the Spanish Exhibit of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The artist is Spanish and the picture wholly in the Spanish style. The theme is romantic to a degree. It has the advantage of that over-done chivalry, which, in barbarian Europe, leaping from the ground of savagery, suddenly clad itself in highly picturesque costume and mounted a caparisoned steed. The story of Gil Blas is well known in all civilized countries. He was one of those romantic and knightly creatures, of whom Don Quixote is perhaps the highest type. In the production of that hero, Cervantes had the ulterior end in view of destroying the institution of chivalry and the style of romance which was based thereon. In the language of Byron, Cervantes "smiled Spain's chivalry away." Not so in the case of Le Sage. The object of that rather mediæval romancer was to narrate the adventures of his hero in a way to perpetuate rather than destroy the manner of life which he represented. It is in this sense that Gil Blas and his companions must be understood. The story here depicted is one of those mediæval affairs in which alleged knights-errant were wont to sally forth and attack, without good cause, some rival faction, or missing that, any company of wayfarers whom they might meet. In this picture we have Gil Blas and his co-adventurers in the act of bringing a coach and six to pause.



THE GHOST-STORY, by Walter MacEwen.—This is a reproduction from an original painting exhibited in the department of Fine Arts of the United States at the World's Fair. It is conceded that the woman mind is, more than the man mind, haunted with the shadows of superstition. Physically weaker than man, and incapacitated somewhat by her sex from a vigorous battle with the environment, she becomes in a measure subjective and traditional. Specters affright her, and find lodgment in her imagination. Here we have a company of women of varying ages, graded down through girlhood to a little miss of ten with her doll. It is a sort of spinning-party, though the old lady at the left is busy with her pan of potatoes. The two spinning-wheels, however, have ceased to hum. One of the spinners, knowing the tale by heart, is reciting a ghost-story for the company. The recital has struck home, and the sensations which it has inspired range all the way from the mild interest of the woman at the right to the absolute terror of her two companions. As for the little girl, a crime is done against her tender fancy. This story of the ghost will haunt her as long as she lives. It seems strange that with the well-known results of superstition, the people of civilized countries still continue to practice and perpetuate it.



GRANDMOTHER'S PET, by Erich Hammer.—The beginning of life and the end of life approach very near to each other in mutual sympathy, and happy is the child who has an indulgent grandmother, charged with no responsibility for "bringing him up," but privileged to spoil him to her heart's content. To the young mother the interest in a child centres in the engaging present and the promising future; but the grandmother's delight in her children's children is largely reminiscent, as indeed, most of her pleasures are. She enjoys seeing him develop the traits of his parents, who blessed her own young motherhood, and the happy hours she spends by the side of his little crib are full of a sacred joy. The pensive expression of this dear old lady's face, we may be sure, is due to such reflections as these. The curly-headed little fellow himself, in his comfortable night-wrapper, is very busy with his toys—no doubt already studying out their construction, or pondering the taste of the paint, or considering the best and most speedy method of smashing them. The operation of his little mind is a most interesting subject for study on the part of his grandmother; and indeed, no one in the company of a good child, capable of amusing himself, could resist watching his entertaining ways. He will have pleasant memories of this kind, old grandmother, after she has passed out of his life. The painting was in the German Exhibit, at the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE COUNTY-FAIR, by E. L. Henry.—The title of this picture has been made famous in the United States, not only by the scene which it refers to, but by a comedy-drama based thereon. The "County-Fair" made its appearance, and gained its popularity, about the middle of the century. At that time, or a little later, the custom of making an autumnal display, at some eligible place in the countryside, became popular in a high degree, spreading Westward across the Mississippi valley, and becoming a familiar scene to old and young. The county fair-grounds were soon the rendezvous of old and young. All classes were eager to participate in the annual festival. To the Romans it would have appeared as the *fête* day of Ceres; but the mythological deities are no longer worshipped, for which reason there is much that is prosaic as well as some things poetical about the county-fair. Both of these elements are suggested in this picture by Henry. The scene is completely American. The fair-ground and its excited crowd of country-folk will be recognized at a glance. This is the day of the alleged races, when the country horses were brought forth to try their supposed speed. All are watching, with intense interest, the progress of the race. Girls, and young men and boys, as well as the aged, are stirred as profoundly as these unexcitable people can be with the contest of the pacers. The old man, sitting with outstretched hand, on the wagon, might well be taken for the twelfth president of the United States.



ANOTHER MARGUERITE, by Joaquin Sorolla.—In the uncertain grey light of a misty morning, the massive silhouette of an engine is rather imagined than discerned, ready to draw the early trains to the city. A piercing whistle drowns a despairing sob, and the train goes its way. On the rough bench of a bare freight-car sits a woman in a posture of distress—the abandon of grief. She is young and pretty, but care-worn and sad—the image of misery and death—and the wandering gaze of her eyes reflects only despair. The monotonous motion of the train seems to evoke, and to accompany with a pounding rhythm, all the particulars of a simple but terrible drama, that was born, developed, and ended, within the short space of a year, and that now tortures, with cruel persistency, the forlorn soul. The sweet word, "love," is now abhorred. What once seemed paradise, suggests now only the bitter desire for vengeance, and those lips, that once whispered tender expressions, are now opened only to curse. She was pure and innocent —her young and inexperienced heart was captivated by a subtle harmony. She loved with every fibre of her delicate being. One sad night she waited—many long, weary hours in vain—in her white attire, to be united by the priest's blessing, to the beloved one. Soon after she realized the horror of her situation. She became a mother, but in the first maternal impulse to press the little creature to her bosom, in a burst of mother-love, she suffocated her child. The original was exhibited in the Spanish section of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition.



IN THE SUN, by Alphonse Moutte.—The original of this striking picture was exhibited in the French Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The picture tells its own story. Generally, French art prefers to dwell upon the more refined aspects of life. Its subjects are the *élite* products of the highest civilization. Fashion is its aim and end. In this respect, the present work departs from the common type. These two people are of the lower ranks of society. Their style is by no means up to the requirements of the French Muse ; but for comedy, the scene is satisfying. We have here what appears to be a whitened sea-wall, with terra firma on the hither side, and beyond the illimitable expanse of ocean. These twain are denizens of the shore. They are acquaintances, and may be in the initial passages of love. But that passion has not yet overmastered either. They seem to be a kind of grown-up playmates. But the man is ready to go further than mere friendship, and the woman, perhaps, is not unwilling to hear his protestations. As for the rest, they are little concerned about their complexions ; for the sunlight pours down on them in a flood. Their features are already bronzed with exposure to the air and sunshine of Normandy. Perhaps the most striking merit of the picture is the preservation, under the woman's uncouth dress and rustic manner, of a strong flavor of French politeness and culture.



IN THE BAY OF MOUNT ST. MICHEL, by Alexandre Nozal.—The painting here reproduced was exhibited by France at the World's Columbian Exposition. Mount St. Michel is a spot beloved of painters, revered for its historical traditions, hallowed as a sacred place since the days of the Druids, and devoted to Christian worship since the eighth century. It is a curious rocky islet, rising one hundred and sixty-five feet from the sea, about one mile from the shore of the Bay of St. Michel, on the north coast of France, near the boundary line between Brittany and Normandy. It is surrounded with dangerous quicksands, necessitating guides for the strangers that visit it. An abbey founded seven centuries ago, partly of Gothic and partly of Norman architecture, used as a fortress during many eventful sieges in its history, occupies the most precipitous side of the cliff, the sloping portion being covered with dwelling-houses which line the single street on the island, and are used as lodgings for visitors and pilgrims. The fortress is surrounded by a high, strong turreted wall, which is pierced by only one arched gateway for entrance. The weird appearance of the island and its mystic associations with the past suffice to inspire with reverential awe the peasants who graze their cattle by the shore.



LA FÊTE-DIEU. by Albert Aublet.—(*By special permission of the artist.*) Here indeed is a "troubled garden of girls," combining the gentle beauty of youth and the full glory of its roseate hues in one vision of delight. This is a picture to study for admirable truth of detail and organic grace of attitude, and every figure should cause its spectator speculation. And how full of sunlight it is! Let the imagination supply the yellow and green of the grasses, the brilliant hues of the flowers, the delicate flesh-tints, the colors of the costumes and the indefinable tone of the circumambient air, and it will readily be understood why this painting attracted crowds at the World's Fair at Chicago. A painting so full of "sweetness and light" is a worthy setting for the subject, and is ennobled by it: for this gathering of roses is for the "Fête-Dieu," or Festival of Corpus Christi, in memory of the establishment of the sacrament of the Eucharist, when the consecrated Host is borne in solemn procession. The artist has painted many historical scenes, some of them of tragic import; and the catholicity of his art is witnessed by his ability to depict with such sympathetic truth as tender and holy a scene as this. The original was exhibited in the French section of the World's Columbian Exposition.



CHARITY, by Waller Gay.—*(By special permission of the artist.)* The painting from which this reproduction is taken was a part of our national exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The picture, however, was sketched originally from a rhinestic scene in Brittany. Two beggars, an old woman and her grandchild, have come into a peasant's house, seeking for charity. The people also are here are by no means well-to-do. Nevertheless, the call of the stranger has not met with rebuff. The woman, here as everywhere, is first to hear the cry and to meet it with her sympathy. She has arisen from her chair and is cutting the loaf of bread to divide it with the strangers. The husband remains at his repast, but his face is lifted, and he willingly joins in the charity bestowed by his wife. The artist has caught the scene at a time when all of the figures are displayed to good advantage. The two wanderers are in the attitude of appeal; and the wife is busy with her benevolent thoughts over the loaf. The figure of the little girl calls most strongly for pity. Her face is wan; her thin limbs may be seen under her rags; around her shoulders the shawl, though old and faded, shows the grandmother's care and love, faithful even to death. Why beggary is in the world is a problem for philosophers.



THE FLOWERS, by Franz Verhas.—*(By special permission of the artist.)* This fine reproduction is from the original painting exhibited in the Belgian section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The subject, perhaps, is Belgian also. The figures, the drapery, the furniture and the flowers may still have been sketched from that Little Paris, Brussels, which, since the great Paris, is one of the chief seats of social refinement in Europe. The idea of the artist has been to paint a large bouquet of floral flowers and to place beside them the figures of two beautiful young women who may be regarded as the flowers of the world. Here then we have flowers and flowers. There is the reality and also the allegory. Indeed, the allegorical part rather overtops the interest of the reality. The attention of the beholder is at once attracted from the magnificent bouquet to the living blossoms that so greatly out-charm all the inanimate things. One of these has plucked a rose from the cluster and both are intently observing and enjoying its beauty. In this the artist has caught the language of flowers, for the rose to hold the world is the symbol of love.



THE GOOD LITTLE DOG. by E. Priest.—Here is a simple incident in two simple old lives. This little spaniel is doing his best to learn the lesson or trick which the good women are teaching him, and he gives himself to his task with an absorbing earnestness that is in itself a lesson to others. It is a leisure hour in the hard day of these thrifty persons, and they are brightening it with such unmeaning as the toleration of their pet can afford. Well have they earned this brief relaxation; for the industry and frugality of such women as these are the foundation of the wealth of France. It was they and their kind who took up in a few short weeks the task of the loan with which France paid the tremendous war penalty exacted by the hated Germans after the Franco-Prussian war. They are well clad and neat, and their housekeeping is a model of cleanliness and order. Ungraceful they are, no doubt, and their hands are the hands of the toiler. Yet they can afford the little garden of flowers by the rustic fence; they have enough to indulge themselves in keeping a few pets and for simple pleasures, even while they save money to redeem their country's honor, or for a daughter's dowry, or to set up a son in a little shop. And the graces they possess are the inward graces, that shine forth in their serene and kindly smiling faces.



A MOUNTAIN TRAIL, by H. F. Farny.—*(By special permission of the artist.)* The original of this fine picture was exhibited in the Department of Fine Arts of the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition. Farny has become famous for his ability to delineate the rugged and majestic scenery of the Great West. He who has not traveled in the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas can hardly understand the aspects of nature in those wild and sublime regions. The figures that give life to this scene are some of the native Indians. They have had the touch of civilization, but retain the instincts of barbarism. The artist has succeeded in giving the sense of great elevation in these regions. Here is the line this air, and in the upper left-hand opening, the shining sky. The rocks and mountain side are depicted with absolute fidelity. We seem to be, in this scene, near the upper summits of the vast snow-clad heights that throttle the east from the west of our country. None but the aborigines could have discovered such a mountain trail as this, or used it in their passage from place to place in the solitudes. These men may be Utes, or Cheyennes, or Arrapahoes—silent and courageous men, brave after their manner, but wholly out of sympathy with the sentiments and ambitions of the race that has supplanted them in the New World.



"NO KISSING!" by F. Andreotti.—Under the leafmark foliage of the Florentine villa through which the warm breath of the wind seems to whisper softly words of love, sits the fair gardener amid a harvest of roses, carefully selecting the freshest buds for the altar of the Madonna. With a dainty gesture, her fingers seem to mingle with unconscious pleasure into the basket by her side. The sun is pouring a sea of light over the tremulous drops that still bedew the young petals, and with a golden, subdued reflection caresses the features of the rural beauty, who is so thoroughly absorbed in the selection of her choicest roses that she does not detect the cautious step of a sigeron, dark-skinned lad on the gravel path. From a long distance he has beheld her who makes his heart beat faster, and he approaches nearer and nearer, with a mischievous expression in his sparkling dark eyes. She continues, unconscious, and engrossed in her work. The bench on which she sits creaks audibly; she turns suddenly, and feels a face well known to her already close to hers. The various expressions of surprise, wonder and delight, appear in her velvet-black eyes; but her lovely hand is quickly uplifted to shield her rosy cheek from the bold attempt, and with a delicious smile that discloses a row of pearly teeth, she emphatically says, "No kissing!"



"OH, HOW FAR AWAY WHAT ONCE WAS MINE!" by P. Kohlschütter.—To the aged the future is of but little interest. Along a backward path the mind of the gentlewoman is straying. The book has been put aside, that she may listen to her daughter, to whom the future seems so full of promise. Perhaps she speaks of triumphs in the social world; of collegiate honors; of a worthy charity to be fostered; of a newfound love, which shall brighten all her life. The mother hears with a gentle smile, close followed by a sigh. She recalls her child, again an infant—clinging, trustful, dependent; a tiny nature, plastic in her hands. Now, she sees a self-reliant young woman, who is soon to drift from the tender mothercare. "How far away what once was mine!" The earlier joys of youth! Success, devotion, love, and the faithful spouse of later years, whose death has claimed the richest wealth; the quick step; the energetic purpose; all these are gone. What wonder that for the time her heart is sad. Tenderly she rests a hand upon her loved one and speaks to her wise words of counsel. Without a doubt, old age bears with it an element of sadness, but its peaceful joys more than compensate. Freedom from worldly care, and the rich experiences which belong to the aged, are the valued blessings of life's eventide.



RIVALS, by A. Mollica.—Professor Mollica has not rarely chosen to picture on canvas the incidents of contemporaneous human life. In this picture he makes the chord of jealousy, that unresisting sensation so peculiar to southern people, vibrate with symmetry of feeling. We may suppose that the enterprising Nimrod of the picture has neglected his wife to engage in an objectionable flirtation with some fair maiden, who is temporarily an inmate of the house. The slighted one, with determined countenance, has placed herself in a position to hear conversation never intended for her. The surroundings for this dramatic scene are well chosen by the artist. It is the bare kitchen of a farm-house in southern Italy. Such Italian kitchens are used during a portion of the day for cooking the meals, and for serving the same. In the evening, after the bells of the Angelus have been heard, the same kitchen may be used as a parlor, where the members of the household and their neighbors gather to engage in gossip and light conversation. Let us hope that the scene, so skillfully depicted by one of the greatest of modern Italian painters, does not end in a domestic tragedy—not unusual in sunny Italy. The original of the above engraving was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE LOST DOGS, by Otto Von Thoren.—"The Lost Dogs" of Von Thoren, which hangs in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, has brought to artist much renown, and is a gripping subject without detail. The praise it has gained has been due entirely to the conception of a pathetic situation expressed in subtle. The dogs are two beautiful pointers in black and white coats. They are young animals with bright eyes and firm, round bodies. The canvas shows a late afternoon effect over a field of snow. In the distance can be seen a stretch of leafless woodland whitened and cheerless. Well in the foreground are two forlorn animals, and around them everywhere sublime light and frozen snow. In the faces of the dogs is a look of weariness almost human. Side by side they have traveled for hours trying to reach home, retracing their footsteps and again losing track of a pathway once familiar. The light, instead of giving a guide, has misled them, and now, tired to hoarse and spent, the poor creatures have come to a standstill. The situation is a trying one. The attitude of the dogs expresses utter dejection. The female has crept close to her companion and rests her head against his breast as if asking protection. Thus appealed to the other sends forth a despairing cry—one last appeal for succor.



THE GOOD BROTHER, by Eugen Von Blaas.—(*By special permission of the artist.*) The original of this picture was part of the Austrian display at the World's Columbian Exposition. The boy and girl seem to belong to the upper Danubian countries. The scene is a little idyl of brotherly and sisterly devotion. There is in both the figures an entire absence of self-consciousness and complacency. The well-combed hair and clean neck of the little girl beside the mother's knee, and the boy's fine hands and shapely feet were sure to be well born; but the tattered garments might belong to the children of the streets. Indeed, the wreck of human apparel can hardly proceed further than this and yet retain the semblance of garments. They are absorbed in one thing only, and that is the peeling of the orange. The little fellow is employing all his resources of skill in delivering the edible fruit from the inedible rind of the fruit. Perhaps the juicy prize will be divided between them, so that both juvenile stomachs may rejoice in that music which Whitcomb Riley says: "Both the sweet and the sorrow understands." The little sister has lost entirely one of her stockings, thus revealing still more completely the delicate limbs and pudgy feet of childhood.



ARAB MERCHANT, by Helene Cevers. *(By special permission of the artist.)* The Belgian painter of this picture has succeeded better than almost any other contemporary artist in delineating the man of the East. The Arab merchant belongs to another race. He is separated from all Occidentalness by ages of time and continents of space. This mahometan may be of Medina. Certainly he is not a Bedouin or Sahara Arab, but an urbane citizen of Hejaaz or some other of the more civilized parts of Arabia. He is typical of his race, his country, and his class. In him the severe and cruel features of the hallucinations stereotyped are softened into urbanity and mildness. Note the fifty lines, the dark but luminous eyes, the aristocratic nostrils, and shapely neck. The garb is highly characteristic of the nation, and is peculiar to the Arab merchant-citizen. The artist has carefully studied every detail of costume and expression. The natural cane suggests the shepherd's crook, carried by the Semitic from the days when the Abrahamitic race was only a clan of wanderers across the Syrian desert. Original was exhibited in the Belgian section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition.



PAWNBROKER'S SHOP. by Oreste Du Molin.—When Favretto, the honored founder of the Venetian school, departed this life, his fame and genius survived him, and strongly inspired the best of his artist friends. Du Molin is now generally known as being the creditable successor to that great artist. His refined and yet harmonious manner of coloring equals in many instances the rich palette of the glorious master. The pathetic scene of these women of all ages, crowding at the characteristic doorway of the Venetian "Monte de Pieta" (Pawnshop); the expression of the various faces; those brilliant touches of color, which bring out so effectively the poor remains of once gay attire, testify to his undoubtable talent. Anyone familiar with dear old Venice and her popular types can see some of them gathered in this wonderful canvas. The old pawnbroker has gathered his last rags and carries them with an uncertain step. The familiar gondolier, who for years has shown to foreign visitors the splendors of the Church of St. Marco, needs his extra help to get safely the help of his grandchild to reach the home-threshold, after pawning his old-fashioned watch to secure some temporary comfort. The original was exhibited in the Italian section of the Fine Art Department of the World's Columbian Exposition.

FATIMA, by N. Sichel.—Women in every century approach the ideal of what he would be among the women of the male species. In the Victorian days she was supposed to be a shrinking violet, a clinging vine, a tender flower, a soft and gentle creature, a delicate bit of femininity. Now she is a pal, a companion, a chum, a good sport, a regular fellow, a girl who can take it and give it back. In the Victorian days she was supposed to be helpless, dependent, timid, afraid of her own shadow, afraid of the dark, afraid of a mouse, afraid of a thunderstorm, afraid of a cow, afraid of a bull, afraid of a dog, afraid of a cat, afraid of a horse, afraid of a man, afraid of a woman, afraid of a child, afraid of a baby, afraid of a boy, afraid of a girl, afraid of a teacher, afraid of a preacher, afraid of a doctor, afraid of a lawyer, afraid of a judge, afraid of a jury, afraid of a policeman, afraid of a fireman, afraid of a soldier, afraid of a sailor, afraid of a pilot, afraid of a driver, afraid of a conductor, afraid of a motorman, afraid of a chauffeur, afraid of a mechanic, afraid of a plumber, afraid of a carpenter, afraid of a painter, afraid of a paperhanger, afraid of a bricklayer, afraid of a stonemason, afraid of a blacksmith, afraid of a tinsmith, afraid of a coppersmith, afraid of a goldsmith, afraid of a silversmith, afraid of a jeweler, afraid of a watchmaker, afraid of a clockmaker, afraid of a shoemaker, afraid of a tailor, afraid of a dressmaker, afraid of a milliner, afraid of a hatter, afraid of a furrier, afraid of a glover, afraid of a hosier, afraid of a draper, afraid of a mercer, afraid of a haberdasher, afraid of a grocer, afraid of a butcher, afraid of a baker, afraid of a candlestick maker, afraid of a fishmonger, afraid of a poulterer, afraid of a greengrocer, afraid of a fruiterer, afraid of a florist, afraid of a nurseryman, afraid of a seedsman, afraid of a corn chandler, afraid of a wine merchant, afraid of a brewer, afraid of a distiller, afraid of a vintner, afraid of a cooper, afraid of a barrel maker, afraid of a hoop maker, afraid of a stave maker, afraid of a bung maker, afraid of a spigot maker, afraid of a faucet maker, afraid of a tap maker, afraid of a cork maker, afraid of a bottle maker, afraid of a glass maker, afraid of a glazier, afraid of a window cleaner, afraid of a chimney sweep, afraid of a soot, afraid of a coal, afraid of a fire, afraid of a flame, afraid of a spark, afraid of a cinder, afraid of a ash, afraid of a dust, afraid of a dirt, afraid of a mud, afraid of a water, afraid of a rain, afraid of a snow, afraid of a hail, afraid of a sleet, afraid of a frost, afraid of a ice, afraid of a cold, afraid of a heat, afraid of a sun, afraid of a moon, afraid of a star, afraid of a planet, afraid of a comet, afraid of a meteor, afraid of a shooting star, afraid of a falling star, afraid of a wishing star, afraid of a lucky star, afraid of a unlucky star, afraid of a evil star, afraid of a good star, afraid of a bad star, afraid of a star of Bethlehem, afraid of a star of David, afraid of a star of the East, afraid of a star of the West, afraid of a star of the North, afraid of a star of the South, afraid of a star of the sky, afraid of a star of the heavens, afraid of a star of the firmament, afraid of a star of the universe, afraid of a star of the world, afraid of a star of the earth, afraid of a star of the land, afraid of a star of the sea, afraid of a star of the ocean, afraid of a star of the river, afraid of a star of the lake, afraid of a star of the pond, afraid of a star of the brook, afraid of a star of the stream, afraid of a star of the creek, afraid of a star of the rivulet, afraid of a star of the rill, afraid of a star of the runnel, afraid of a star of the gutter, afraid of a star of the ditch, afraid of a star of the trench, afraid of a star of the moat, afraid of a star of the fosse, afraid of a star of the dike, afraid of a star of the levee, afraid of a star of the embankment, afraid of a star of the bank, afraid of a star of the shore, afraid of a star of the beach, afraid of a star of the strand, afraid of a star of the coast, afraid of a star of the seaboard, afraid of a star of the littoral, afraid of a star of the maritime, afraid of a star of the marine, afraid of a star of the nautical, afraid of a star of the naval, afraid of a star of the oceanic, afraid of a star of the pelagic, afraid of a star of the thalassic, afraid of a star of the aquatic, afraid of a star of the watery, afraid of a star of the liquid, afraid of a star of the fluid, afraid of a star of the gaseous, afraid of a star of the vaporous, afraid of a star of the airy, afraid of a star of the ethereal, afraid of a star of the celestial, afraid of a star of the heavenly, afraid of a star of the divine, afraid of a star of the supernal, afraid of a star of the empyrean, afraid of a star of the seventh heaven, afraid of a star of the third heaven, afraid of a star of the second heaven, afraid of a star of the first heaven, afraid of a star of the firmament, afraid of a star of the sky, afraid of a star of the heavens, afraid of a star of the universe, afraid of a star of the world, afraid of a star of the earth, afraid of a star of the land, afraid of a star of the sea, afraid of a star of the ocean, afraid of a star of the river, afraid of a star of the lake, afraid of a star of the pond, afraid of a star of the brook, afraid of a star of the stream, afraid of a star of the creek, afraid of a star of the rivulet, afraid of a star of the rill, afraid of a star of the runnel, afraid of a star of the gutter, afraid of a star of the ditch, afraid of a star of the trench, afraid of a star of the moat, afraid of a star of the fosse, afraid of a star of the dike, afraid of a star of the levee, afraid of a star of the embankment, afraid of a star of the bank, afraid of a star of the shore, afraid of a star of the beach, afraid of a star of the strand, afraid of a star of the coast, afraid of a star of the seaboard, afraid of a star of the littoral, afraid of a star of the maritime, afraid of a star of the marine, afraid of a star of the nautical, afraid of a star of the naval, afraid of a star of the oceanic, afraid of a star of the pelagic, afraid of a star of the thalassic, afraid of a star of the aquatic, afraid of a star of the watery, afraid of a star of the liquid, afraid of a star of the fluid, afraid of a star of the gaseous, afraid of a star of the vaporous, afraid of a star of the airy, afraid of a star of the ethereal, afraid of a star of the celestial, afraid of a star of the heavenly, afraid of a star of the divine, afraid of a star of the supernal, afraid of a star of the empyrean, afraid of a star of the seventh heaven, afraid of a star of the third heaven, afraid of a star of the second heaven, afraid of a star of the first heaven.



FRIENDS, by Jean Richard Gouble.—This is one of those felicitous efforts in which the picture easily tells its own story, although it is a simple one. There are four friends here: the two young girls are neighbors in the delightful country society among the villas—an which represents the most charming and fascinating side of French life—and the horse and the dog have been mates, playfellows, and companions in many a run across country. This is a morning visit. The young artist is transferring to her canvas a sweet pair which runs through the wooded park that surrounds the château in which she lives, and the merry equestrienne has found no more attractive purpose for her morning ride than to look in upon her bosom friend, to chat about the last country ball or exchange such little confidences as young girls share with each other. Obviously, they are not talking about art or about well-groomed riding-horses, for the brush has dropped carelessly into the lap, and the reins are loosened while the two animal friends rub noses. This is a subject that affords ample scope for the imagination to fill in the details at will; yet it is an interesting story, directly told, and as such is characteristic of the painter, whose spirited style and admirable drawing have brought his work into high favor in this country, where this painting is now owned.

THE SWINEHERD, by W. E. Lockhart.—*By kind permission of the artist.* In this picture the romantic quality is strongly blended with the realistic.

The landscape is Italian, but several features are introduced from the artist's native Scotland. The hills seem to have been a favourite subject with Lockhart, and he has painted them in various moods. The original was exhibited in the English section of the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and was purchased by the Luxembourg Gallery.



THE NAUGHTY GRANDSON, by C. Jakobides.—It is seldom that an artist succeeds so well as in this instance in depicting the extremes of life. Here old age and infancy are set in the strongest possible contrast. More than this, they are so contrasted as to bring out and emphasize all the features by which old age and infancy are discriminated. Every feature and wrinkle of the one are set against a corresponding feature and contortion in the other. Note well the two mouths. The octogenarian shows his long and withered lips drawn back with the suggestion of broken and missing teeth. The mouth of the screaming master, wide open and nearly circular, shows the fat tongue and first two incisors of progressive babyhood. Master has reached up and caught his grandsire's gray whiskers. He has clenched his fist upon the sensitive part as if his happiness here and hereafter depended on his holding on. The grandfather seizes the offending arm, and bends down to the offender to avoid perforation. His gnarled visage, weather beaten for three quarters of a century, expresses such pain as old age is still able to feel, but there lurks under the wrinkles of pain a faint hint of that sweet laughter wherewith senility tries to amuse itself as the final shadows settle.



GOING TO PASTURE, by Sangston Truesdell.—Why is it that a flock of sheep always forms so attractive a feature in a landscape?—whether it consists of the sanity little inmates on a Vermont hillside, the great noble horned fellows of the Scottish highlands, the shaggy Southdowns of Settle Kent, or the little balls of fat which are to yield the *mutton fat* tallow of the Parisian markets. Whatever be the attraction, Sangston Truesdell is one the first artist who has yielded to its fascination, nor the one least able to paint its charm. He does not confine himself exclusively to the painting of sheep. Truesdell is equally excellent in the depicting of figure, landscape and cattle; but no matter how far he may stray, he always "returns to his mutton," and he is entirely right in so doing, for while a Van Marcke can rival him in the portrayal of the subtleties of cow flesh and cheese, no one, perhaps, can paint quite so "sheepy" sheep as he. Going to pasture is an everyday scene in rural France, with this exception, it is not the lot of every flock of sheep to be watched and tended by so charming a shepherdess as Truesdell has appointed to guard this particular one. She is so dainty as but to need a short skirt of brocade, laced, tight-fitting bodice, jaunty cap and crook, with blue satin bow, to take her place with the masquerading "grands dames" of the Trianon, or step into a canvas of Watteau's. This picture is one of the principal attractions of the Corcoran Art Gallery, and is reproduced in this work by special permission.



AN AMUSING LITTLE STORY, by Signorini.—In this picture the artist has introduced fun and jollity into the high places of sanctimony. The contrast afforded by the amusement and abandonment set against the princely garments of the Cardinal and the minor ecclesiastics, constitutes the charm of the piece. The scene is Venetian. A company of church men have gathered in the splendid apartment of their chief, and are regaling themselves with drink and story. The old Cardinal has in his collection a doubtful book, which he sometimes, when a little warmed with wine, shows to his intimate friends. The day is rather chilly for Venice, and the caldron of coals gives a genial warmth to the apartment and keeps the tea simmering for the guests. The Cardinal has reached the sixth act in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," if we may judge by his bony hands, his toothless mouth and thin ankles. But the fire of life still burns within him, and he is deep in the dubious story which he reads to his guests. All of them are greatly amused, but the fat monk most of any. He is hilarious with delight. The artist has succeeded admirably with the rich costume of the Cardinal, and has taken pains to preserve in the face and manner of the reader a modicum of priestly dignity. This picture was first exhibited at the salon, Paris, in 1893.



A RUSTIC ESMERALDA, **by Richard Goubie.**—The scene here is idyllic and thoroughly French. A riding party, consisting of a young lady, her gallant beau, and her little brother, have taken a joyful canter from the mansion some miles away, and have halted in front of a rural establishment devoted to the double occupancy of human and other kind. This manner may be seen in many parts of Europe. The country girl, nine years of age, leading her gentle goat, has met the party in front of her dilapidated home, and is giving them her best greeting. All three of the riders are interested in the little one with upturned face and hand over the shoulder of the tame creature by her side. We may not readily discern what the conversation is ; for pictorial art leaves much to the fancy. Perhaps, in answer to their questions, she is telling them of herself and the goat—how long she has lived here, and what she does mornings and evenings. One touch of supreme nature in the picture is the sympathetic interest of the young woman on horseback. True to herself, she has opened her heart to the half-clad Esmeralda, and has made her her friend forever. The interest of the other two is curiosity merely ; but the woman is moved, and the child and she have touched hearts, though they have not touched hands.



A PASTORAL VISIT, by Richard N. Brooke.—The original of this striking picture is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. The scene is typical of a large section of African life in America. The negroes are profoundly religious in their later development as they were deeply superstitious in their original state. The African mind, in all stages of its degradation, seems to have looked up supiringly to the supernatural powers. This scene represents the visit of the negro preacher, gray, strict, and respectable, to the abode of one of his leading parishioners. This is the home of Brother Eben, his wife, Mima, and their three children—very black. "Brother Eben," says the old preacher, "them labor signs on your clothes and the growing olive plants at your knees are as pleasin' to the Good Master as if your trousers at the knees were worn into holes with prayer." It is excellent theology the old man gives his flock, mixed with excellent practical religion. "Sister Mima," says he, "that milk of your'n looks moighty nice and coolin' this warm day." It is a dinner scene, in strictly African fashion. The artist has thrown the ubiquitous banjo into the foreground and put the ready spinnerette behind the old parson's chair. They are humble folks, all these, but the ways and station of life are many, and the highest have as humble a destiny as the end as they of poorest estate.



IN GREAT DISTRESS, by Knaüs.—The canvas here presents for us a country scene full of that beauty which the artist's eye is so quick to catch. Foliage and flowers speak to us of summer. In the foreground stands a chubby little urchin, whose face and attitude show dire distress. His plans are spoiled, his happiness is gone. With lunch in hand, he has slipped through the gate and bravely started down the path. His right of way is soon disputed by a hostile band. In dignified procession the geese approach, and the van-guard, with threatening hiss, throws down the gauge of battle. Hapless and hopeless he stands. He dares not advance, and the thought of retreat has not entered his little mind. The troubles of life have already begun, and he knows not which way to turn. Poet and philosopher have joined in declaring childhood free from care ; but the mingling of the bitter and the sweet begins in earliest infancy. The little cloud, which to us seems no larger than a man's hand, shuts out the sun in the sky of childhood as completely as do the storms which sometimes darken the horizon of later life. True, with the child the trial is sooner forgotten, but for the moment the anguish is none the less real. Knaüs, whose brush has given us this touch of nature, proves by it that he has justly earned his reputation as the foremost *genre* painter of Germany.



HERCULES AND OMPHALE, by Henri Jacques Bource.—Bravo, young Hercules! Love delights to serve, and your service, to judge by your expression, is the reverse of an unwilling one. Even the sailor's comfort—his pipe,—while the soothing weed is yet burning, you have laid aside. What need of that just now? It will keep for foul nights on the North Sea when your Omphale will be a memory. And you have other need for your mouth to-day; for, while your hands are tied, it is easy to see that your tongue is free. To judge by the arrested motion of Delphale's hands, the skein you hold will take long to wind, and why not? The simple household cares are all attended to, the smack safely beached in the harbor, and a neighborly call after a week's rough cruise is not to be gotten through with in a few minutes. But caution, young Hercules. Never did the Lydian Queen forge a stronger chain for her slave than your Omphale will make for you out of those threads of yarn; but you follow your prototype. What an admirable bit of story-telling this picture is. Surely, if the mission of art is in any sense to amuse, to recreate, such a picture as this fills an important place, and the artist who paints it is a benefactor. We talk of art for art's sake, of technique, of artistry, of impressionism, of realism, and the rest of studio jargon, and yet, whenever, as at Chicago lately, we find a throng around a picture, that picture is a pictorial story of some human joy, or sorrow, some incident or some passion of the human heart.



THE AGED, by Albert Aublet. (*Reproduced by special permission of the artist.*)—The original of this striking picture was exhibited in the French Section at the World's Columbian Exposition. Next after the romantic age, artists have delighted to draw the forms and faces of old men. It would seem that the extremes of life have more sentiment than the intermediate parts. In this picture the artist has selected as his subject six aged sailors. He has drawn them in such attitudes as to show them at all angles, from full face to rear view. These worthies have passed their whole lives on the sea or in its immediate vicinity. Though still rugged in form and feature, they are rapidly passing beyond the age of action, and entering the epoch of the backward look. Habit is strong upon them. They know no interest but that of the ocean. They have gone down to the bay and are leaning upon the old sea-wall which marks the boundary of Neptune. Sailing vessels lie beyond. Some converse and some smoke, and all are busy in thought with the adventure and conflict of their past lives. Hair and beard have turned to grizzle and white. The sailor costume is worn by all with as much persistency as though there were no other style among men. There is fidelity and cheerful memory among these old cronies, as they gather here by the brick wall and look out on the harp where their energies have been expended, and the sea songs sung and the hopes cherished that have come to so small fruition.



MARTYRS OF THE BEACH, by Jans Vechas. (*Belgian Section of World's Columbian Exposition.*)—The martyrs are the donkeys. Here, on this wide reach of seashore, thrift has established the donkey rack. Here the little jockeys have been put in charge, and here visitors come—the great folks and others—to hire the patient animals for a ramble over the sand. No tree is seen here—no shadow save that cast by the patient beasts. There is a long shore, and at the right a suggestion of hills over that the sky, and in the left background the illimitable sea. A company of riders, at the right, are returning from their sport. Here at the rack four donkeys stand hitched, waiting for their turn. Jack, who lies on the ground—and who, we hope, never lies otherwise—is making good use of his time, by reading a story. It may be "Crusoe." He is profoundly absorbed in the incident, but he is a little disgusted with the conduct of the story. The donkey faces are highly characteristic. Skepticism, patience, philosophical indifference and mental reservation of the rights of insurrection and frequency are all suggested in the features of these typical beasts.



THE FORTUNE TELLER, by F. Vinea.—With nearly the same story to tell to every handsome young cavalier who chooses to cross her palm with silver, it would be strange if the old hag could not make it impinge on actuality now and then. She has hit upon some facts this time. Of course, it is a love story! The other cavalier knows all about it, and so does the maiden who has just filled the glass and passes, figure in hand, to listen to the jargon and exchange knowing glances with the young lover's friend. There is affected indifference in the manner of the man whose fortune is being told. It is easy to imagine what the old woman is saying—"You are in love. She is young, beautiful, of high degree. She loves you, but there are obstacles. There is an old man—her father, perhaps, or an uncle—who does not favor your suit. And there is a dark young man who is your rival. Beware of him! But do not fear that he can win her. You have her heart; you shall have her hand. There may be doubt. There may be danger. But be true to her, and she will always be true to you." And there is the old man listening in the strange revelation of what he has long been suspecting. There, too, is the dark-visaged rival, who thinks that now he has learned why his suit is so unwelcome. What might the companion picture be? There will be a maid under espionage, a lover wondering whether his sweetheart is constant, and a meeting, perhaps, where two young men, who have hitherto fought side by side, will face each other in mortal combat.



CHURCH COLLECTION, by Knorr.—It is Sunday morning in the fine old village church, and the collection basket is being passed by a dignified deacon among the assembled worshippers. The basket-bearer has come to a bench where three old fellows, in their Sabbath habiliments, are singing lustily the song of praise. Since they were shoeless youngsters have these three old cronies occupied this identical bench in the old church Sabbath after Sabbath. Here they shocked their elders with untimely mirth when rheumatism was unknown to their rugged limbs. Here they doze through the minister's prosy discourse, now that their eyes are heavy with the weight of age and their movements are hampered by aching bones. The old fellow in the further corner has affected complete absorption in his hymn book, and stubbornly ignored the alms receptacle, while his companion is unmoved by the presence of the basket directly under his chin, and bawls the hymn behind his book with a vigor that helps him forget so worldly a thing as money. Nearest the spectator is the most conscientious man of the amusing trio. He will give of his meagre store for the enlightenment of the heathen—a bit reluctantly. But, fearful thought! he has come to church with empty pockets, and his search for alms is a fruitless one. Embarrassing position, this! But, never mind, he will fall to singing like his comrades, and when the basket reaches him, he too will be above the sordid thought of money—a good thing for his soul and pocketbook.



THE COUNTRY JOINER, by Wilhelm Amberg.—This might well be an American picture. The scene is familiar to all country people of our States. The progress of civilization westward required the head of the house to be a man of many professions. The rude skill of the frontiersman in making all things that were requisite for the house and the family was admirable in its kind. The backwoodsman could make chairs, and shoes, and ropes and harness, and nearly all the other commodities demanded by his manner of living. He was specially skilled in making things out of wood. The old turning-lathe, shaving-horse, and grindstone, and rude saws and planes, were found in hundreds of frontier homes. This picture represents a scene of dilapidation. The old carpenter is late in the afternoon of life. Prosperity has not attended him, but only a measure of content. He has been busy with his work here by the wall of the old shed. His grand-daughter—representative of a new age—has come with dolly's cradle for repairs. The old man has risen from his work and is all attention to the appeal of the little one. Of a certainty the cradle will be repaired, and all of Maggie's other cares will be affectionately heeded as long as grandpa remains on this side of the shadows.



SINGING-LESSON IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN PARIS, by Auguste Joseph Truphème.—The painter of this picture is a native of Aix. He has produced at least four pictures on subjects kindred to the one here presented. This painting was first exhibited in 1884. It was an attractive feature of the section of French paintings at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene depicted is a familiar one in almost all countries where there are public schools. Into these, music has been introduced since about the middle of our century, and the singing exercise is now a part of the curriculum. In this French school the singing-master has made his appearance; the lesson papers have been distributed to the pupils; the good-looking organist has sat down to his task, and the excited master has flung up his arms in signal to his large class of juveniles; he is instructing them in the matter of time and harmony. The trial to the artist in such a work as this, is to give to the multitude of faces sufficient individuality. Sameness has to be avoided, even in the costumes. A common interest, also, has to be preserved, broken only with an occasional feature of pathos or humor. In this case we have one frowsle-headed urchin "turned down" for some misbehaviour, and left to sniffle at the end of the desk. Possibly he is the original *l'enfant prodigue.*



THE DANCE ON THE ALM, by Franz von Defregger.—In this picture the artist has delineated a scene from the Tyrol. The happy people dance. It is not so much a question of age as it is a question of spirit. Defregger has put into juxtaposition a young girl and a man aged enough to be her grandfather, yet young enough in mind and action. Indeed, he is more eager for the dance than the laughing creature whom he holds by the hand. There is an assemblage of the village folk, and they have been drinking wine. With that has come the desire to turn the interior of the rude inn into a dancing hall. The music seems to be wanting, but the old fellow who leads with so much gayety is doubtless humming to himself some air which is quite sufficient to guide him in his rather extravagant gyrations. He has drawn to himself the interested attention and applause of the whole assemblage, except that of the two fellows on the right, who are too deeply immersed in a game of draughts to be interested in anything else. May the old Tyrolese live to enjoy the repetition of his youthful sports for many years to come!



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE, by George H. Boughton.—The original painting, from which this picture is taken, hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. Boughton is one of the most distinguished of modern painters. His subjects and manner of treatment are always characteristic. Whoever has once seen the wild flowers of his foreground will recognize his work at a glance. The scene here delineated is English in every line. The attendants have taken the heir presumptive out for his morning walk in the park. It is a beautiful place of great trees, with branches spreading a hundred feet—a well-kept park belonging to the royal estate. Master, the heir presumptive, is done in the manner of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and is accompanied by the nurse and groom ; also by his dogs, the spry and frizzled Spitz, and the huge, smooth St. Bernard. The groom walks behind with the pony. One of the old park-keepers in charge of this part of the grounds has doffed his hat to the heir presumptive as he comes this way. The manner of the haughty nurse, with her muff and Gainsborough, and erect carriage, is strongly English, and the very air has in it the scent of aristocracy. These aspects of life will pass away by and by, under the impact of the universal democracy when the fraternity and equality of men shall come, but will leave a long line of light in tradition and art and letters.



A CAPTURE IN 1793, by Paul Grolleron. (*From French Section, World's Columbian Exposition.*)—The scene here delineated may have been taken from Hugo's "Ninety-three." In the time of the French Revolution, certain of the provinces of the South remained loyal to the fortunes of the Bourbons. Meanwhile, the young Republic planted itself in Paris, and put on garments of fire. The nations were startled at the apparition. The Republic must save itself by war and devastation. To such a creature all enemies became the impersonation of devils. To destroy such, seemed not only necessary, but good. The Revolutionists killed and burned with enthusiasm, and with no realm of conscience. In the province of La Vendée the Royalists rose in favor of the Monarchy. Upon these the fiery Republic let loose the dogs of war. Such devastation of life, such barbarities and burnings have hardly elsewhere been witnessed in the world. This picture shows a single incident in the drama which was repeated with every variation of atrocity through a wide range of beautiful country. Here the democratic brigands have caught a royalist on his own estate and are binding him to a tree for execution. The killers are ready with their guns. As soon as he is bound there will be a report of muskets, and the body of a dead nobleman will be left to the kites.



THE MASK; or, FUN AND FRIGHT, by Gaetano Chierici.—The painting from which this reproduction is taken is one of the ornaments of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. The artist, Gaetano Chierici, is a native of Reggio, Italy. He is a *genre* painter, especially noted for his ability in depicting humorous and pathetic interior scenes and incidents, with children for the actors. Of this kind are his "Girl and Kitten," "Bathing the Baby," "Child's Grief," etc. In the scene here depicted, a little rascal, bent on spreading consternation, has put himself under a huge hat, with a prodigious mask over his face, and has gone down into the range room where the maid in charge of a younger urchin is at work at her tasks. The apparition at the door has had the effect of terrifying both the denizens of the basement almost to death. The fright of young master, who has tumbled down with a scream and caught the nurse's dress, is hardly more extreme than that of the maid, who is stupefied with her terror. Just at this stage, however, the author in the doorway discovers himself. He takes off his false face, and laughs at his victims. The wide-extended eyes of the girl is just beginning to give way to rage. She grasps the ladle in the manner of fright. It were better for the juvenile ghost to vanish to his own place before she thoroughly recovers her nerves; else he will suffer for his fun.



THE INTRODUCTION, by Francesco Vinea.—This picture brings vividly to the mind the costumes and manners of the 17th century. The artist had in him a touch of romance which led him to prefer subjects and situations remote from the present. The scene here depicted is the return of the son of an aristocratic and wealthy family from his sojourn at some university, or possibly from foreign travel. We do not refer to his student life, for it is difficult to make a student out of a born dandy. Nevertheless, we have in the picture much elegance of manner and richness of dress. The mother and the daughters are robed to receive the returning son, but more particularly to receive his companion who has come to spend the season. As to him, the eldest daughter has precedence of rights, and she has risen for the introduction. The other two daughters are hardly less interested and anxious. After the manner of the age, the visitor in his introduction first bows low to mamma. It is well to be on good terms with her in these important and rather diplomatical relations. Note well the beauty of the costumes, and the perfection of manners. These may well belong to the age of the Grand Monarch. This is the kind of introduction that is likely to bring consequences in the train, with the possible rearrangement of certain social details having respect to the next generation.



A BAD CUSTOMER, by Ludwig Knaus.—An interesting book might be produced on the humorous in art. The painters as well as the novelists have caught this quality of things and transferred it freely to the canvas. This picture is nothing if not humorous. Here is a rude village market, with its quarter of beef hung up and sundry roasts and steaks cut into form for customers and laid in the opening which serves for a window and a bench. The market woman is on duty, and her boy, an incipient butcher, is in the full panoply of knife and steel. But in a moment of inattention, the unexpected catastrophe has come. Fido, of unknown origin and date, has slipped into the establishment and helped himself to a portion which has been laid aside for *homo*. This is a clear violation of the rights of property. The disgust and anger of the old market woman are kindled not a little, and as for the junior butcher, his passion is raised to the pitch of imminent war. We might say, literally, that it is *war to the knife!* With Fido, possession is nine points of the game, but discretion indicates flight. If he escapes, well and good ; but if he do not, there will certainly be an end of all canine enterprise so far as he is concerned. In that event it can hardly be doubted that the stolen roast will go back to its place in the stall, and that the customer will be none the wiser. The whole scene is done to perfection, and the humor is sufficiently extravagant.



BLINDMAN'S BUFF, by N. Lassner.—These city folk have gone to the grove for the day, and are seeking to amuse themselves with the game of Hoodman's Buff. This game is almost as old as the traditions of mankind. It has been repeated in one form or another from the earliest ages of civilization. It is a game adapted alike to childhood and maturity. There are few sports in which adults can so easily become children again as in this. There is an abandon about it, the charm of which appeals to all ages and conditions. In this picture the aristocratic old lady on the wooden seat, with her husband by her side, watches the game through her lorgnettes with a pleased interest, remembering her own girlhood. Could she and the dignified papa be induced to try the sport once more? The younger crowd are all deep in the game. The attitude and manner of the handsome young man in the blindfold are characteristic to a degree. Every eye is on him. The beautiful girls are full of merriment and wholly absorbed in the sport. Even the young dandy with the eyeglass and middle-part in his hair smiles and swings his partner's hand in true school-boy fashion. Observe how the blinded man raises his head, reminding us of the halcyon days when we tried to peep under the bandage. One can almost feel again the uncertain sensation which comes of blackness and groping. The great trees furnish a charming background for this living poem, which will, no doubt, be repeated as long as the heart retains its love of cheerful and innocent sports.



MORPHIOMANIACS, by G. Moreau de Tours. (*Used by special permission of artist.*)—Why do certain artists love to paint the unpleasant or the tragic? Is it because their work is not of a quality to attract, when expended on a pleasant subject? Sometimes, but not always. Such a charge cannot be brought against so able an artist as Moreau de Tours. He has shown, in his "Jeunesse," his competency to paint sweetness and beauty. The tragic and the psycho-pathological attract him because in these, primarily, he sees opportunities for the painting of facial expressions which have not been formulated, and hence original with him. To-day he paints an experiment in hypnotism in a Parisian charity hospital—he sees in the new science a means of raising the suffering wretches who smell of the abattoirs of La Villette or the rag-heaps of Batignolles, for a time at least, from their misery and their suffering. On the other extreme of the social scale, amid the odor of roses and violets wafted through the half-closed curtains of a luxurious boudoir of *chic* Paris, there comes to him a suggestion of the lunatic asylum and the grave. Two fashionable victims of the horrible morphine habit seek, at the cost of shattered nerves and tyrannic enslavement, in the use of the hypodermic syringe, the rest which the whirl of pleasure deprives them of. They are young—somewhere from twenty to thirty—a few years, and the eyes will become hollow and sunken, the now dazzling skin of a dull, ashen hue, and all beauty will be gone. Premonitions of these changes the artist shows with rare skill in the curious, far-away expression in the eyes of the standing figure, and in the relaxed muscles of the otherwise beautiful faces.



A PLOT, by M. Wuesch. The artist lives in the realm of childhood a sentient feel for its fancy. Elegant, striking, impressive, push may well call forth that exceptional skill which creates not for a day but for the delight of generations. The mischief-loving spirit, which is so strong in the young, furnishes, perhaps, more attractive material for brush and pencil than any other characteristic. And while this trait makes many a bit of canvas to glow and smile, still more does it brighten the somber hues of life itself. The poet happily expresses this truth, when he says:

"A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no children in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it."

Unlike the jest of later years, which is too often mixed with ridicule or jeer, their sport is as harmless as it is innocent, and cloaks no hidden malice. As the sun with impartial rays bestows his blessings upon earth, so does child-life evenly disseminate its light. All hail to the lad and lass, nature's true gentlefolk, whose roguish faces shine nowhere more brightly than in the rustic wood or before the cottage door! There is only harmless fun in the plot against the little fellow asleep under the tree.



THE TROJAN HORSE, by Henri Motte.—The classical allusion is one of the most effective weapons employed by public speakers and writers. It [illegible] in a word, and flashes before the mind all the circumstances connected with the character or incident mentioned. It assumes historical knowledge in the [illegible] reasons upon the theory that what has been, may be again. It not only pleases, but convinces. It not only ornaments, but strengthens discourse. Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and Virgil's Æneid, are the inexhaustible store-houses to whose rich treasures allusion has most frequently been made. Through all the ages the sirens' song has lured the unwary on to dangerous shores; the voice of Cassandra has continued to warn in vain against coming ills; Scylla and Charybdis still beset the course of the individual, the political party and the nation; the Lotus-eaters have infested every race and inhabited every clime; the wrath of Achilles, "sulking in his tent," has delayed many victories since his quarrel with Agamemnon before the walls of Troy; Circe has not ceased to turn men into beasts with her mysterious drug; suitors for public favor have often sought, without success, to bend the bow of Ulysses; and many a Penelope has woven with as little progress as did the wife of the wanderer. The classics contain, perhaps, no more illustrious creation than the Trojan Horse, which accomplished the destruction of the city. Often [illegible] looking as the famous horse, brought disaster to an unsuspecting people. Often are selfish purposes and vicious principles concealed within some simple proposition for pretended public good.



GOING TO THE MAGISTRATE, by Benjamin Vautier.—Vautier has handled a prolific brush. Few artists of the present age have a more extensive array of well-known pictures. He is a Swiss by birth, a German by education, and an adherent of the Düsseldorf school. The picture here presented is another aspect of the old, old story. The scene may be said to be near the close of the Third Act. The courting is over and the wedding day has come. All the preliminary and intermediary romance has been enacted, and now the peasant youngsters, neat but rustic, are on their way with father and mother and sister, to the office of the magistrate. That official will soon settle the business for them for life. On the bench some extemporary visitors are sitting, and a middle-aged functionary, pipe in hand, is in the act of ushering in the bridal party. The scene is essentially Swiss and ultimately German. To the historical eye it recalls a large section of the social history of the Teutonic race from the days when it was first known to Tacitus and the Roman armies. Here in a civilized form is illustrated that fidelity of man to woman, and of her to him, unto the bond of love, for which the classical writers were wont to praise the old Teutonic barbarians. How strictly national is the scene ; how thoroughly rustic and natural it is. It is withal a pleasing day for papa and mamma, who bring up the rear with smiling faces in this small cavalcade of present and prospective happiness.



A PROCESSION, by J. Gallegos.—Venice is one of the most unique and interesting cities of the world. Its history goes back with much continuity even to the classical ages. The scene, which the artist has here drawn with so much elegance, is that of an official procession passing across one of the bridges over a sea-channel between two islands. It is an occasion of state. The banners and emblems of the city have been brought forth and are borne aloft before and around the canopy over the principal dignitary. Public officers and ecclesiastics make up the greater part of the procession, which is relieved by the presence of two or three Venetian girls. There is much stateliness and official pomp manifested in the manner of the standard-bearers, and these human vanities are strangely relieved by the fluttering pigeons that circle around the ensigns or alight on the bridge. It is mid-summer. The water is perfectly smooth. The people, in their boats, have come forth to see the procession, and are lying upon the water. Beyond these may be seen the marble walls of Venice. The air is balmy. Nature seems to have joined in the ceremony of men. It is a scene that may not be witnessed elsewhere than on the bridges of the luxurious city that sits "throned on her hundred isles."



FLOWERS OF SUMMER, by Bethune—In this fine picture the artist has mingled allegory and reality. His flowers of summer are both actual and ideal. We have here an abundance of roses ; but the living blossoms are more beautiful than they. The scene was doubtlessly chosen from the early days of June. There is a delightful freshness and warmth in the summer air. The leaves are new, and the blossoms have the dewdrops on the petals. The conceit of representing the flowers of summer by the beautiful maidens has not great originality, but the art of it is perfect. The artist has succeeded in differentiating each of the lovely girls from the other. Each has her own face and form and raiment. There is an exquisite variety on the picture extending from the headdress to the delicate slippers. No two styles are alike, and yet there is complete conformity to a given type of beauty and fashion. The artist has been partial to the blonde complexion, and has painted only a single brunette in the charming group ; but he has given her a central and conspicuous place in the picture. One charming feature of the piece is the joy expressed on every face. There is no hint of sadness anywhere. The earth is green. The heavy foliage of the trees is rich in profusion, and the field and sky give the notion of distance and expanse. It will not be long, we think, until this bevy of happy girls will complete the idyl by breaking into a joyous dance.



CHEATING AT THE PLAY, by Edüard Grützner.—It requires some casuistry to trace the development of that opinion which makes cheating in games of chance so odious. Only a short time since the polite circles of Europe and America were convulsed with a scandal in the highest of high life turning upon the cheating of one of the players at baccarat. This picture represents a game of cards for money, in which three of the players are combined to cheat the fourth. They are going to victimize him, and he has no suspicion of what is doing. His rascally old partner sits at the other end of the table, and is in the act of stocking his opponent's hand on the left by passing him a card behind the chair. Every face in the group is a study. The victim of the conspiracy is jolly and contented with the progress of the game. His antagonist to the left knows well what is going on, and is smiling a sardonic smile as if to conceal his sense of the fraud. His fat partner, who is receiving the card, has his countenance in one place and his thoughts in another. He tries to look the innocent antagonist, but the veneer is not thick enough to conceal the rascally spirit. The cheating partner has the expression of Judas. The potations of ale will hardly blind the loser by and by to the fact of his losses and the suspicion of foul play.



PHOTOGRAPH OF A MUMMY, by Marius Michel [*Found Since World's Columbian Exposition*].—It would be impossible to put antiquity and the present into more striking juxtaposition than in this picture. A lot of Egyptian mummies and mummy cases have been opened and set around, and an artist, or at least a photographer, has come in with his camera to make a picture of these extinct subjects of the Pharoah. Suppose that these effigies out of a dead world could have seen the future four thousand years ago! Suppose they could have seen a new world beyond the Western Ocean! Suppose they could have seen themselves raised from the repose of their burial chambers and set against the marble walls to be photographed with a three-legged camera, while a modern adventurer holds the watch to count off the seconds of the sitting! To what uses may we come! The Shakespearian imagination which fancied Cæsar's lordly dust converted into a mud-plug for a bunghole was not equal to the grotesque and instinctive juxtaposition of dead and living things illustrated in this quaint conceit of Michel. Certainly it may be alleged that this is the most silent, if not the most orderly, photographic chamber in the world. This picture is reproduced in this work by special permission of the artist.



THE RETURN FROM THE FIELDS, by E. Debat-Ponsan.—This picture is idyllic. Rusticity in its best aspect has rarely been more exquisitely portrayed. The landscape is a sunset in France. The two figures are peasants. The young fellow is driving home his oxen with the plough. They are coming on after their driver with that complacent spirit for which their kind has been noted since the beginning of civilization. The evening shades are beginning to fall. The sweetheart is a young nurse from the neighboring peasant cottage. She knows well enough who is to pass this way, and at what hour he will be coming with his team ; so she has taken the baby and run far down the road to meet him. The beau knows also what to expect in this part of the journey. The two are walking together before the oxen. The girl with her big wooden shoes and her pretty face carries the baby in her arms, and the young fellow joins her in playfulness with the half-conscious third member of the party. There is no evidence that either of them would wish the baby away, and this touch of sentiment is the highest thought in the piece. The driver has, momentarily at least, forgotten his devotion to his sweetheart in the sincere interest which he feels in the baby. She also, is as much concerned in the happiness of the little one as though it were her sister. Life in this aspect displays itself to good advantage. It is a state so innocent and beautiful as to excite no jealousy and demand no tears.



STARTING FOR THE BOAR HUNT, by Alfred Von Wierusz-Kowalski.—Taine remarks that of all hunts the man-hunt is the most noble and exciting. After the man-hunt the hunt of the wild boar may take precedence over all other forms of the chase. There are reasons for regarding it as superior to the bear-hunt, or even to the tiger-hunt. It has in it the excitement and peril of both pursuit and battle. The chase itself is like the pursuit of the stag for swiftness and duration, and the battle at the end is as bloody and dangerous as the final struggle with the bear or tiger. Among the Germans, since the earlier centuries of our era, boar hunting has been the sport in chief of the strong nobility of that race. This sport has been refined into a savage art, lacking nothing in its details. In this picture the artist has shown a company of hunters in the act of starting with their horses and wagons and dogs for the distant lair of the boar. Every creature in this scene, whether brute or human, knows well what is just before. The most striking feature is the leashes of dogs here and there around the wagon. These are trained for the savage business of the day and are stoically indifferent to the results. The landscape is done in Kowalski's well-known manner, showing a great reach of the country with bleak earth and cheerless sky. The artist's Slavic imagination is seen in every touch of the picture, from the rough grasses in the foreground, the rude wagon and pole fence, to the houses scattered here and there along the horizon.



SONG WITHOUT WORDS, by A. Lins.—In this picture the artist has given himself up to humor. Humor is in every part. The scene is the outskirts of a village—a place marked always by the overlap of animal life and humanity. These two elements of interest the artist has mixed triumphantly. Here the geese and the children are absolutely at one. It seems that a battalion of the urchins have adopted a sort of military stratagem, cutting off two geese from the flock and driving them down the street. The idiotic geese are indulging in the usual outcry, and the children are in high glee at the success of their expedition. The ultimate reason of this goose-drive is difficult to discover. The artist has strongly individualized the children, and has accentuated the humor of the scene by throwing one of the little fellows down in the street, and by putting on the face of another, at the end of the line, one of the indescribable expressions of childishness. The ancient proprietor of both children and geese sits on a log holding monsieur, the baby, who is not yet big enough to join in the march. Certainly the outcry of the driven geese—however significant it may have been on the Capitoline hill when the Gauls were coming—here is a "song without words."



A FORETASTE OF SUMMER, by L. C. Nightingale.—Few scenes can well surpass this in loveliness and repose. The warm days of Spring have come with their blossoms and fragrance. The young girl has emerged through the garden and the grove, out of the gate and down the steps into the idle boat lying motionless on the water She is dreaming her harmless day-dreams. Clad in cool white, lace-headed, [illegible] shaded from [illegible] by a large Japanese parasol, and resting on pillows with her head on her hand, she might be sketched for the "spirit of repose." Her eyes are downcast and her thoughts are far away. The swans in their snowy beauty are not in the least disturbed by her presence. The thick fern and the masses of bloom which hang over the garden wall and dapple the tangled grove, cast a soft of halo over the whole. It is a spot for dreams and fancies—such a one as a romantic girl would choose for her vision, and to breathe sighs for some absent sweetheart. The face in the picture is beautiful, and looks as if it might belong to one capable of high ambitions. Whatever her thoughts, the maiden is indolent as the summer balm in which her dreams are floating.



CHILDREN'S PARTY, by H. Schwiering.—The little folks are always imitative of the greater. Master begins his career by trying to be as big and as full of bluster as papa, and little miss must find out and repeat all of the motherly work and cares and pleasures. It is in this way that the new life of the household reënacts in mimic play the doings of the older household that is soon to pass away. Bryant has declared that on the steps of tottering age,

"Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth."

In this picture we have the children at a party festival in the summer-house of a goodly mansion. The little faces have gathered, not from one family only, but from several families, and have dressed themselves—with the aid of nurses—*à la mode* for the occasion. The scene is at once rustic and elegant. The little girls have finished the feast and turned to social pleasures, gossip, and play. Master, however, is still deep in the unquenchable pleasures of his cup. The little lady in the foreground is tricking up Frisk with some of her own ribbons and gewgaws. Much happiness and content are depicted in the faces and manners of the children. The substantial nurse is well pleased with the occasion. The picture is full of life and joy and beauty, giving promise of days to come when greater parties shall be given on more important occasions.



TIRED OF WAITING, by R. Pötzelberger—Reclining wearily upon a rustic garden-bench, the sweet-faced daughter of a prosperous English squire waits with a patience born of deep devotion for the coming of her lover. The day is waning rapidly, and already the shadows of a late summer's night have crept across the distant moorland. A filmy curtain of mist has fallen upon the landscape, and the dew of evening hangs heavily upon the trees and unkempt lawn. Since early afternoon the young woman has waited the approach of a manly figure more dear to her vision than gold to the greedy eyes of a money-mad miser. A favorite trysting place this stiff-backed bench, made dear to memory by many whispered words of love. What amorous dialogues could be repeated by this leaf-strewn seat. Ah, there is little danger from this source, for the smooth old planks of the favored bench will divulge no secrets, nor will its white sides ever cackle into speech. But why does the maiden's lover linger on the road? Surely he will come, but how slowly the hours drag themselves along. When the familiar form swings into view, the scattered posies will be hastily gathered into a bouquet, the folds of the simple gown will be swiftly smoothed away and the girl's expression of weariness will give place to a look of rapture. Words of explanation and regret will be given in exchange for words of forgiveness and joy.



POINTER AND SETTER, by C. F. Delker.—In sagacity and intelligence the dog is next to man in that department of nature which the old Scandinavian epic of Reynard the Fox designates as the "Kingdom of the Beasts." Byron declared that his dog possessed all the virtues of man without his vices. In this picture the artist has delineated two of our faithful companions in which, or more properly in whom, culture has reached the highest stage. In these evolution has done its perfect work. A certain instinct has been whetted into preternatural activity and has dominated all the other faculties of the dog mind, becoming an unquenchable passion. Note well how the splendid pointer is under the power of his prevailing instinct; how his foot is lifted and motionless; how his fine head is set in the direction of the game, and his tail projected as steadily and truly as the sight-pole of a steamer. Rarely, if ever, has a dog been better drawn or painted. So also of the setter. In him the passion is more gentle but not less unerring. The landscape is a wide heath, unbroken by trees, but varied in surface, covered with rough grasses and endless coverts—the native place of the partridge and grouse.



THE MORNING BATH, by Benjamin Vautier.—The water is too cold! That is the start of the sentiment and expression in this exquisite bit of spontaneity. It seems that Annie, who has been through the ordeal and knows how it is herself, is rather enjoying the shock to Tod's nerves. He has gone into the tub with confidence, but his alarmed nervous system has cried out, not only figuratively but literally. The expression on his face is at once irresistible and true to life. He is a study not only in hands, engaged in the mysteries of stocking adjustment, but to all beholders whatsoever. Tod has been in the bath many times, being a well-bred urchin, but he has not been accustomed to a temperature so near the freezing point. Nurse must have made some mistake this morning. But the case is not so bad as might be inferred from the expression and manner of the father. He is more scared than hurt. A difference of five or ten degrees would make all lovely, and the little curly-headed bud of humanity would be splashing with delight. The bathroom is intermediate between poverty and wealth. The tub is not *à la mode*, but, like Mercutio's wound, "it is enough—it will serve."



COMING OF THE GUESTS, by A. Von Wierusz-Kowalski.—This is a fascinating landscape, and is thoroughly French. The sketch has been made from some of the open country of Provence or Languedoc. There is a wide expanse of earth and sky. It is a winter scene, but there is a suggestion of mildness about the winter which removes it from the rigor of the North. Only a few flashes of sunshine are needed to change all this into verdure and fragrance. For the time the house roofs and a large part of the landscape are covered with snow. Some guests are traveling by the highway across the country from one village to the next. They are going to enjoy the Christmas festivities or some other holiday with their friends. Fine steeds have been harnessed and commodious equipages have been secured for the journey. The artist has caught the travelers *en route*. The horses and carriages and drivers, with glimpses of the guests, are set against the background of snow. The picture may contain a poem or a romance, according to the fancy of the writer. It is such by suggestion rather than by positive delineation. One of the travelers sits in the open carriage ; deep in the recesses of the other there is the suggestion of a lady's face. The night may overtake them before the cavalcade reaches its destination, but there is not a hint of care or anxiety. The confident and well-contented travelers know that with the open road and their gentle steeds they shall arrive in safety, and that warm welcome will meet them at the door.



THE VISIT OF THE NEWLY MARRIED, by Benjamin Vautier.—One of the many pleasing customs in Germany is that of the newly-married couple making calls upon their neighbors and friends soon after the wedding. The call is not of the fashionable type prevalent in the New World, but is rather in the nature of a visit. The young married couple remain over night and, perhaps, for some days with the family visited. They are received with entire informality, but with the greatest good-will. In the picture one scene of this kind is delineated. All of the characters are common folk, but are none the less honest and sincere. It is a humble home, over the entrance to which the wild vines clamber. It is a home of many hearty children, who play and work and laugh after the manner of the race to which they belong. The newly married have come with an attendant, who brings the luggage. The mother has hurried forth to meet and greet them. The full-grown girl also hurries forth with outstretched hands and smiling face. The old father is coming, too, and grandmama and Gretchen look through the window. The young fellow is proud and happy with his modest wife. The greeting which these two have received, so humble, yet sincere and generous, may well compensate for the glamor of fashion and the formalities of the *ton*.



GENTLE REMINDER, by F. Morgan.—The young mother has her first baby in her lap, and is looking into his face with that indescribable expression of tenderness and devotion peculiar to mothers. Youngster is beginning to discover what sort of a world he lives in; but his first exploration is in the paradise of mamma's eyes. On the mother's part there is expectation and faith, and in the baby's face the beginning of thought and trust. Meanwhile, however, Carlo, who is really central to the picture, has come in to learn, if he may, what is the occasion of his mistress's neglect of himself. His expression is that of confidence that some explanation consistent with fidelity may be given of the fact that she, who until lately had been so careful of his comfort, and had bestowed upon his intelligent face so many pattings, has now turned her attention wholly to another companion. Has he himself to blame? Is it possible that she will forget his faithfulness and devotion? Has she not time to bestow upon him some of those attentions to which he has been accustomed, and without which his life is so incomplete? Rarely has an artist succeeded more perfectly in transferring to the face of an animal a look of such intelligent interest and profound inquiry. Carlo must be satisfied; but he believes with all the dog heart in him that his mistress is still good and true, and that she will at least divide her affectionate regards between himself and the new-comer.



WINTER LANDSCAPE, by Karl Malchin.—Malchin is famous as the painter of landscapes. He prefers winter scenes for his subjects. There are perhaps few places in Europe more likely to furnish suitable studies for his genius than the Thuringian forest. This vast wood was originally one of the famous things in the natural features of Germany. To the present time large areas of the forest remain in the native condition. Others are merely cut through and partly reclaimed by foresters who enter and build therein their houses. A scene of this kind is delineated in the picture above. The woods have been invaded by man, but not conquered. The snow-covered house is hardly discoverable through the trees, by the winter roadside. A company of hunters with their dogs have stopped at the rustic porch where the woman of the house is standing and dispensing coffee or beer to the visitors. Though the scene suggests the deepest chill of winter, it is, nevertheless, warmed by human sympathies and the companionship of man with man.



AFTER WATERLOO, by Andrew C. Gow.—The scene here depicted is one of the most famous in the annals of modern times. It is the wreck and rout of Waterloo. Mont St. Jean and the hollow way of Ohain are behind them. Desolation and despair are before. This is the last column of the Old Guard. In the center, on his white horse, is the man of destiny, child of the republic, smiter of kings and dynasties, going down the fatal way to irremediable eclipse and exile. Napoleon had planted himself near where the stone lion now stands at Waterloo, with the determination of dying there, and thus making an end of all things together. The cry of "Sauve qui peut" (save himself who can), rose everywhere around him. There can be little doubt that he preferred to die with the remnants of the Old Guard that had upheld his glory on more than a hundred battle-fields. But his officers gathered around him and forced him on horseback and away with the melee of fugitives, blown into death and obscuration by the powers of banded Europe behind them. The artist has seized this moment of leaving the field where Imperial France was buried, and has faithfully drawn or imagined the scene. The June sun has gone down, and hopeless panic has supervened with the oncoming of night.



AN ARABIAN SONG, by R. Leinweber.—This picture is wholly Semitic and Oriental. It is so in the landscape and in the figures and features of the subjects. They who have been in Arabia, or they who have heard an Arabian woman sing, will be pleased with the portraiture, will recognize its truthfulness, and catch the spirit of the East. Here we have the stone bench in an open space under the trees. The party are all sitting. In the distance is the low white dome of the mosque or tomb peculiar to the Mohammedan countries. Still further on is one of those singularly shaped burial-towers, while in the nearer distance are cypress trees and tropical shrubs and bushes. Soft rugs are spread for the maidens to rest upon. None are so prone to indolent luxury as these Eastern nabobs and their families. Inaction and repose are in the very atmosphere. The four girls may be daughters of the old Sheik, or they may be his playthings. All have suspended their playing to listen to the song of the singer. The old man in his imposing Eastern garb has forgotten his cigarette, absorbed in the song of the beautiful maiden. The pleased expression of the face of the pretty girl with the white drapery over her head, as well as her lustrous dark eyes, attract the attention. All of the positions and postures are full of easy grace. Back of the curious stone bench is seen the ever-present water-jug. Not at one glance will all of the beauties of this exquisite painting be discovered.



WATCHING AND WAITING, by Frederick Morgan.—We have in this picture an open and beautiful landscape. It is the ninth day of harvest time. Nature has brought forth an abundance of her golden treasures, and now she rests. There is a wide field where the shocks of wheat have stood thickly, and this is the day of the gathering in. The wagon load of sheaves is in the distance, and still further away is the farmer's home. A single row of shocks remains to be gathered. There the father and the mother are at their tasks, but they do not constitute the principal interest of the piece. They have brought their children with them in the morning, and the little ones have been left with the lunch basket and the umbrella for a shelter in the tall grass and summer flowers. They have been set to watch and wait until the wheat shall be hauled away to the barns and the gleaners shall return. Waiting is long to the child-heart, and so the little folks have grown weary. To them the hours have seemed to know no end. They are both tired, and one has fallen asleep. The elder still waits and watches with finger a-lip and heavy eyes. She waits until pain and sorrow shall come. She has one arm over her sleeping sister and looks most wistfully at the work and the workers in the field. A half dozen white and silly geese have filled themselves to repletion with the waste grain of the field and summer sky is the mid-ground of the scene. Far away is the summer horizon and beyond that the land of dreams.



A **SECRET, by Goldman.**—This picture is a collection of antiques. One ancient crony has come in to have luncheon and beer with his old friend. They have drank and joked until they are in the highest stage of hilarity known to octogenarians. Their conversation and confidence have risen with the stimulated tide of their old blood until they have really forgotten themselves in the spell of ancient memories. At length they have begun the recital of things most intimate. Meanwhile, the old wife of one of the garrulous ancients has come in as if to participate in the pleasures of the hour. But she is an intruder. The luncheon and the beer are not for her. Most certainly the secret which is in the act of repetition is not for her. Doubtless she is offended. What right has this young husband of hers to keep anything from her confidence? Has she not for forty-six years been a true wife to him, and is she not now as much entitled as his old boon companion to know the hidden things of his boyhood? This she is saying and asking with much force of expression. In her eyes is kindled the same fire of pique and jealousy that might have been seen there half a century ago, when this gray, wrinkled, and white-bearded reminiscence was first making love to her, and she first mistrusted that the other girl might be preferred. She has interrupted the recital of the secret, and is going to know for herself.



A PICNIC PARTY, by Ludwig Knaus.—This is a scene of summertime, and it pays for it. The trees are lusty ladies with their dress, foliage, and flowers are showing everywhere. The people at the big house are having a picnic out of doors. Friends have been invited, and luncheon is served on the shady lawn. One sweet and thoughtful little maiden has left the table and her parents to take a basket of the good things to the poor little gamins from the village across the stream. These have come to the outskirts of the picnic to watch and wish. The ragged children of the poor are eager for a share in the viands of the rich. One little creature, with her finger in her mouth in true baby fashion, is shy. The larger boy, too, is bashful, and stands a little way off with bare feet and elbow out and hands-a-pocket, hoping, but afraid to venture. He casts longing side glances at the little girl's basket. The baby on the ground tumbles over and cries after the manner of all children whatsoever. The scene is almost double. The little charity idyl in the foreground almost carries the interest of the beholder away from the principal feature—that is, the picnic under the trees. To the right, and in the background, some happy little girls are swinging. All parts of this fine picture show the characteristic abilities of the artist, who is a German by birth, but a favorite in the United States.



THE VICTOR, by A. De Courten.—The painters of the Gallic race are more than half Roman in their spirit. They take naturally to classical subjects. There is much in the modern French artist which allies him in his sympathies with the great products of the Greeks and Latins. The scene here depicted is one familiar to all. It has furnished the theme of some of the finest art productions of ancient and modern times. The victor from the Græco-Roman chariot race has come around triumphant to the exit from the arena of his glory, and is passing the marble stand where the Queen of Beauty has risen to give him the wreath of victory. This event was the supreme moment in the life of the Greek or Roman youth. The possibility of winning a prize in the national games kindled ambitions that were as all-devouring and insatiable as those that sprang from the triumphs of war or statesmanship. In this scene the proud young charioteer is honored beyond estimate by his victory and his crown of laurel. All classes are in delight. He drives into the presence of the Queen of Beauty to the music of flutes. Old men shout and applaud. Women smile, and children fling flowers under the horses of the victor. The marble archway is before him, and the golden sunshine bathes the scene in his day of greatest triumph.



A STORY OUT OF THE PAST, by A. Ceccki. Very rarely has the remaining leaves in old age been more strongly contrasted with the coquetry, vanity, and girlhood than in this picture. The old man, fat and contented, and dressed to the extreme of fashion, is telling the young ladies the story of some of his own adventures and conquests in the days long gone. The narrative has run into an amusing episode. The octogenarian is living his past over again, and the girls have forgotten everything except the interest of the story. They are amused and fascinated by a recital which may soon be real with each one. The older three unconsciously show the approximation of the age of romance ; but the little lady is interested only, without knowing why. The scene is touched in every part with the profound sympathy between old age and youth. With the one the past is everything, and with the others the future. All have met, however, on the common ground of the story which the old man is repeating for his grandchildren and their friends. He remembers with all his heart the days when he was a gallant beau, and they remember the days near at hand when suitors will abound and romance complete itself with engagement rings and flowers.



THE MILK BOILS OVER, by H. Kretzschmer.—This picture represents a comedy of the kitchen. An accident has occurred which has produced external distraction. The central idea of the piece is to show the sudden confusion of all from the unforeseen thing which has just occurred. Everything in this kitchen was going admirably, with full progress toward dinner, until grandma fell asleep over her task. She had attended to the preliminaries of the meal and sat down to prepare the fowl. The old mind in the old body, however, yielded to sudden drowsiness. Two of the little girls were helping with the kitchen work; one cared for the baby, and the other engaged with a bowl of water in which she was washing the vegetables. Meanwhile, the milk in the vessel on the range boils, and all of a sudden pours over in a torrent of foam. This is the catastrophe. The little lady spills her basin of water on the cat. Master is frightened and runs to the unconscious grandma. The girl with the baby starts to fly. Everything is in confusion and the kitchen is filling with smoke and the odor of burning milk. But the placid old lady, oblivious to all things whatsoever, sits in her chair, peaceful in countenance and totally relaxed from all care. Presently, however, things will come to such a pass that the old lady will wake up from her nap, and then her long experience in setting things to rights will be suddenly evoked in the restoration of order.



THE FLIRT, by Richard Goubie.—As far back as the classical ages flirtation was a fact as well as at the present time. The Greek girls flirted with their lovers, and so also the Roman women of the later period. After the Renaissance, flirtation may be said to have become an art, not yet completed in its details, but greatly refined. The scene presented in this picture is simple enough and quite self-explanatory. The young lieutenant has been out for his morning canter along the broad thoroughfare, winding into the country and passing by an old river. Maid Marian has also been walking along this way by accident. She has with her a small and interesting companion in the form of a black terrier; also a walking stick, *à la mode*; also a modest and becoming costume; also, in particular, a hat, the charm of which she fully understands. She has arrested the horseman, or rather induced him, by some unknown feminine art, to arrest her. He is either saying nothing, or at most repeating the way. Now it is that Maid Marian is at her best. She has taken her opportunity for all it is worth. Her frank smile and winning manner might deceive the elect into the belief that she admires the young gentleman more than all else in the world. Her only last evening she had other company, and her engagements at the present moment run for a fortnight. The terrier watches the little comedy as though he understood it—which is more than might be expected of any creature in the possession of reason.



THE MANNER SHOWS THE MIND, by Cesare Laurenti.—This picture tells a sorrowful story. What it is we can only conjecture. The heart has its mysteries and its griefs. It is the strange destiny of human life that it is shadowed in every part with sorrow and death. The interest of the picture centers in the woman who bows her fine head on her hands over the bench. She is communing with herself and her grief. This appears to be a chamber where the death-watch is kept. To the left candles are dimly burning as if to illumine the last night of the earthly scene. This may be a young wife bereft, or the grief may be of some other kind. The old woman has been trying ineffectually to console her. But her counsel and sympathies have not sufficed. She has been telling her beads also as a source of consolation, but the forms of prayer have not reached the soul of the sorrowing. The isolation of this bowed heart is the central thought in the piece. The woman does not confess herself, or reveal the source of her sorrow to any. The two who stand in the rear of the picture look on with curious half-sympathy, more concerned to know what the grief is than to assuage it. It is a peculiarity of such situations that they at length solve themselves. Time and change are able to accomplish what no fictitious aid can do. With lapse of days and change of scene this bowed spirit will arise to live again, but for the present hour she is immersed in a grief that knows no alleviation.



THE FIRST DANCING LESSON, by Benjamin Vautier.—"The First Dancing Lesson" was painted by Vautier in 1868, and exhibited in the National Gallery at Berlin. Benjamin Vautier was born at Morges, on Lake Geneva, in 1829. He studied in Geneva till 1850, when he went to the Dusseldorf Academy, and soon became one of the successful *genre* painters of the time. He made a study of the peasant-life of the Black Forest and the Berne Highlands. Six years afterwards, attracted by Knaus, Vautier went to Paris, and it was not long before he attained a position by the side of Knaus as one of the great painters of popular life. He was also a masterly illustrator, and was a member of all the principal academies of Germany and Holland. Perhaps the most brilliant success he ever achieved was displayed at the Historical Exhibition of Munich. In the "First Dancing Lesson" is shown an incident in the peasant-life where Vautier found most of the material for his pictures of this character. One can fully appreciate the embarrassment of the little maids, taking their first dancing steps before the village beaux, who are intently watching their progress. Note the maiden at the end of the line, as she sheepishly bends her head before the reprimand of the dancing-master, who indicates with his fiddle-bow the command for "heels together, toes out."



THE BLACK MAN, by B. Genzmer.—Children are frightened with bugaboos. Their vivid imaginations are distressed beyond measure with spectral things. In this picture it is difficult to say from what source the shadow on the plank wall has fallen. It may be one of the mere caprices of light and shade. The Spectre of the Brocken has never been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps the artist has drawn the "Black Man" more like the shadow of a human being because the frightened boy sees it so. The attitude and manner of the children are highly characteristic. They have wandered off into some enclosure, and the twilight has come before young master was aware. Suddenly he realizes in his truancy that it is time to be away. As for the little brother, he has totally collapsed with the apparition of the shadow. He is scared completely out of himself, and has just enough of potential rationality left to scream and claw. As for Harry, he is badly frightened, but there is in him a residue of courage and resistance. He clings to the wall, but at the same time braces himself. He has been playing soldier. Note his scabbard and belt, and his tin sword lying on the ground. Before the shadow appeared he supposed himself to be capable of fighting anything, but his courage has suffered a severe shock. Nevertheless, if he be pressed and have no opportunity to run away, he will fight. There is humor in the picture, and many suggestions of child-character. The vagrancy of the day has been suddenly cut short, and the alarmed conscience of the little fellow is reinforcing the "Black Man" with his ghost-like shadow on the wall.



BLACK PETER, by Alois Eckhardt.—This picture represents an amusing scene from [illegible] among some people of Teutonic descent. There is a game of some kind, generally of cards, and the forfeit is that the loser's face be painted with lampblack, laid on by the hands of the winner. A part of the amusement is in the fantastic features that may be given to a beautiful face by the skillful hand and grotesque fancy of the artist. Here we have a company of charming girls gathered around the table where they have been playing the game of "Black Peter." The game is out, and the girl who has lost has arisen to be painted. The winner has her charcoal crayon, and is engaged in administering the forfeit. She has chosen to do so by writing a fancy moustache on the upper lip of the loser. The scene is sufficiently amusing. The whole company watch this development of art with ill-suppressed hilarity. The conceit of the moustache has taken well, and is heartily applauded. The victim has entered into the spirit of the thing, and is as much amused as the other members of the group; so also is the artist. The choice of the moustache as the particular variation to the girlish face is humorous to a degree, and suggestive of the line of thought which these happy creatures have been following in their fancy.



WINTER PASTIMES, by L. Neustatter.—Here we have winter and royal sport. The snow has come, and with it all the exhilaration and joy peculiar to the season. It is the outskirt of a village, and the school-house is near by. At this place the broad street winds around and becomes a country road. The little folks have turned themselves out pell-mell, and have entered with all their souls into the joys of the day. It is snow-balling time. All of the persons represented, except one or two, are boys and girls from the school. They are in the very ecstacy of abandonment. There has been a trial of skill on the door of the adjoining shed, and there, after the manner of marksmen, the boys have drawn circles and tested their skill in throwing snow-balls. Some of the shots have fallen wide of the outer ring, showing the bad marksmanship of the thrower; others have struck within the ring, and one has taken a bull's eye—with great applause. Mary and Jennie in the middle foreground are on their sled, and Tom is pushing them over the snow. There is all manner of sport in the picture, but the snow-balling is the central idea of it all. Than this there can hardly be a happier occasion in the whole range of life. The memory of it remains long and gives a tingling to the blood even in age. It has been said that snow and courage belong to the same climate. While looking at this beautiful picture we are tempted to believe that snow and happiness also go together.



THE MERCY-PLEA, by Otto Erdmann.—Behind the scene here delineated lies a tragedy. The prince, with two of his courtiers and two court ladies, is descending the marble stairs of his palace. He has had a rival kinsman who contended with him for the possession of his estate, and whose claim was better than his own. But power and wealth and influence prevailed, and the contestant was seized and condemned under a fictitious charge of crime. All efforts on his part to secure liberation and restoration to his home were unavailing. At last the wife, in the weeds of widowhood, comes with her beautiful daughter and little son to the foot of the stairway of the palace, and there awaits the coming of the prince in whose interest her husband is imprisoned. This, perhaps, is the greatest trial to which the woman heart is subjected. It is hard enough to kneel to any; still harder to kneel before strangers; and hardest of all before the enemy of the one beloved. This proud woman has stooped to her destiny. The prince and his gay companions have descended the steps to find her kneeling at the bottom. She clasps her hands, and implores compassion for her imprisoned lord. The daughter supports her in her agony, and the little son, instructed in his part, reinforces her prayer with his own. The scene is pathetic and tragical, and the issue hangs in suspense.



AN OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOM, by Carl John, Jun.—The Germans have perhaps the largest store of [illegible] connection with the wedding time. They call that day when the two hearts are united the Hochzeit, or the "high time." From the old barbarian ages marriage has always been recorded as a "high time," in which all classes, old and young, give themselves up to the spirit of rejoicing and feasting. The picture here preserves one of the quaint and highly significant usages of the Germans on the occasion of marriage. It is the presentation by two of the little folks of a cradle to the wedded couple. This is done with much ceremony and with an abundance of sentiment and flowers. The wedded pair walk through the dining-hall, and are there confronted by Master and Miss, in full costume, with the cradle and the flowers. The German marriage has always had respect to the establishment of a new family, and the significant cradle is not forgotten from the first day of the marriage. The chief interest in the present picture, apart from the preservation of the old custom, centres in the expression and manner of the newly-wedded pair. On the face of the young wife and in her bearing we note every element of modesty and submission to her destiny, while the young husband supports and reassures her. The rest of the company are all joyous, except the old lady who stands by the mantel weeping, with her memories busy.



LONG LIVE WINE AND LOVE, by Francesco Vinea.—All of Vinea's pictures are touched with hints of the life and manners of his birthplace, Forli, in Central Italy. His romantic genius leads him to prefer the customs, dress and incidents of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The picture above belongs to that period, and the scene is repeated in more than one of Vinea's productions. It is a wine shop, presided over by a young and comely woman, called, in Italian, a *cantiniera*. It is her business to dispense wine to visitors who come to her benches to drink and be merry. The quaint flasks, covered with a wicker-work of straw, appear in several of Vinea's pictures. The *cantiniera* is in the act of opening one of them for her guests. She is the center of their admiration. Herself busy with the flask, all the others are busy with her. She knows it well enough, and gives them a measure of license. The young fellows are already exhilarated with their wine, and are in the merriest of merry moods. They make love after the indolent manner of warm countries, saying much and signifying little.

"Wer liebt nicht wein, weib und gesang,
Bleibt ein narr sein leben lang."



RIGHT OR LEFT, by Th. Kleehaas.—Here is a scene that brims with mirth in every feature. Very seldom has art succeeded in putting more laughter into child faces than in this instance. It is the game of "Right or Left." Six of the children are seated on the bench, and must guess in which hand little madam holds the treasure. The treasure may be nothing at all; the game is in the guessing. True, it must be in the one hand or the other, and every urchin has one chance in two to guess it. But the child mind is simple, and is well pleased with simple things. On two of the faces may be plainly seen the half-hidden disposition to peep, but the other four urchins are willing to take their chances, and are infinitely amused with the opportunity. The interest seems to center in the third child from the right, who is in the act of guessing. In him the spirit of mirth is at the overflow. Everything is forgotten except the little [illegible] in which hand the girl holds the hidden thing. The artist has chosen one of the back rooms in the house for the pleasing little comedy. Here [illegible] the cellar door. It is the play-house of the children, and the evidences of their sports are soon all around. Dolly and dolly's cradle and the hobby-horse are all here. The room is low and shaggy, but the Spirit of Life, in its most hopeful form, has taken possession, and the place is brighter than a palace.



THE FIRST TRAVEL-STUDY, by Franz von Defregger.—It is the custom of young professionals in Germany to go abroad when their studies are completed, and to make their way into their respective arts by a bit of travel and Bohemianism. In many parts of Europe such young adventurers may be seen on their trial journeys. In this picture we have two such tyro artists in their first experiences abroad. They have gone freely into a peasant's home. It is their business to look with artistic eye upon what things soever they may see. Their art of course requires them to observe and to sketch, but does not require them to fall in love. The young folks of the German home are sitting on a bench by the humble window with its pots of flowers. They know that the students are studying them for a picture. One girl is knitting, and all are trying to appear oblivious of the fact that they are to be done into art. The painter has happily caught the contending expressions of "He sees me, he sees me not" playing on the faces of the pretty girls. The eldest is most conscious of the admiring gaze fixed upon her, but is best at hiding. The next one knows that she is admired, while the third one merely giggles. To the other two it is sober, serious business. Note well the expression on the face of the little one standing in the background. As for the young artists, they have well nigh forgotten their art, and it is not impossible that they will leave their hearts behind them. One is tempted to repeat, as he studies the amusing scene, "Art is long and time is fleeting."



THE LOVELY FOLKS, by Gustave Friederich Papperitz.—One might be tempted to say, in looking at this beautiful picture, that, in the painting of child-faces, a rival of Raphael had appeared. To be sure, these are not the angels of the Madonna; for they have no wings. Indeed, they are as human as children can be. If they are angelic, it is the angelhood of earth. They are mixed with flowers and tresses and curls, with a lamb in the foreground and kitty in the distance. It is all of this world, but very divi[illegible]. The picture is admirable for its spirituality, and in particular for the great variety of soul displayed in the lovely features of the faces. There is no [illegible] a repetition in any [illegible] of these little beauties. They are as [illegible] and beautifully individualized as though they had been gathered by a careful artist from a dozen distant climes and then grouped together. One with up-turned eyes is angelic in her loveliness; another is mirthful; another is curious to know; a fourth, to the left, with parted lips and sm[illegible] of sunny hair blown apart like falling waters, through the mist of which the face is dimly seen, seems to be the incarnation of some unborn poem. All eight of the innocent souls are instinct with the sweetest and tenderest qualities of that happy, unconscious childhood, that precedes the first blossoming of the life that is to be. These are buds only—mere buds—wet with the dew, kissed with the dawn and happy with unknown hopes. Strange world it is that can take such creatures as these and convert them into beings full of tears and grief, of care and wrinkles and faded glory until the end come.



UNDETERMINED, by A. Schröder.—The artist has presented to us a most attractive bit of life; one in which any race or age may find a common interest. The hackneyed phrase, "History repeats itself," is suggested by the subject; for, as ever, the gallant youth, with anxious yet submissive mien, awaits his sentence at the hand of fair woman—and, as ever, she is slow to speak the word. Young, beautiful, surrounded by luxury, she may well hesitate before deciding the important question. Why does she wait? Does she doubt his love? Are her affections and her judgment in conflict? Or does a spirit of coquetry lead to her indecision? Upon her answer depends the future of two souls. A crisis in the life of each to be settled by a word. Nor in the world of love alone does the fate of man oft hang by a single thread. The turning points in one's career are marked by trifles. A word, a glance, a clasp of hands, perhaps a sneer, may turn the trembling scales or fix the wavering purpose. We are but slow to learn the weight and value of our words; slow to measure the influence which we have upon others with whom our lines of life are so strangely entangled.



A SHADY NOOK, by F. Andreotti.—How often it happens that the sentiments expressed in the pages of some book bring to two people the realization of the existence of a bond of sympathy between them, which in time grows into love. It may be a mere trifle of a thought, but it is the spark which kindles the flame. The artist must have had this in mind when he painted this "Shady Nook," to which these lovers have found their way, under that mysterious guidance which always leads lovers to the most secluded and beautiful spots. The beautiful young girl looks down into the face of her handsome lover, reclining on the seat beside her. His eyes are speaking to her of love while his lips speak of the lines of the book he has been reading. The quiet solitude of the place, the murmur of faint breezes passing through the trees, and the fragrance of the flowers which grow wild and untrained, all contribute to inspire a certain sense of loneliness which brings them closer together. Surely this lover will not have to press his suit, for the heart which he seeks has been granted before he has asked it.







THE MOTHER'S DELIGHT, AND THE SENSES, by Luigi Ferrazzi and H. Sperling.—The central panel of this picture, by Ferrazzi, represents one scene, and the other two side panels the parts of another. The first is quite realistic, while the other two are allegorical. Recent artists have found a new theme in the delineation of the natural senses. In the two side panels we have represented the faculties of taste and sight. In the first, taste is certainly in the most active manifestation. The mother and the four members of her family are all engaged in helping themselves to food and drink. As for the puppies, they have no thought at all except to help themselves to the milk in their trough. The mother, while deeply engaged with her piece of meat, has a side-glance for her family. In the third panel, the sense of sight is strikingly illustrated in the cat chase. The three dogs of different kinds have given chase to pussy, who has clambered up the tree, thus putting distance between herself and her pursuers. They can see but touch her not. The central picture is well named "The Mother's Delight." The young and happy mother is tossing her first baby in her arms, and communing with the innocent in the joyous manner which only the mother-heart has discovered.







THE SENSES, by H. Sperling.—This picture is also from Sperling's studio, and is a sequel to the last. Sperling has attempted, in the three panels constituting the work, to represent the three remaining senses by showing the expression and manner of dogs under the dominion of the given faculty. In the first panel we have hearing illustrated. The shepherd and the pug are drawn in such attitude as to exemplify the action of that sense in the dog countenance. These animals are waiting for the opening of a door. The master is doubtless on the other side of the door; or the cook is there, perhaps, with the expected meal. Each of the animals has fixed himself in the attitude of attentive listening. The study has no doubt been taken from nature. The same is true of the expression and manner of the dogs in the second panel, illustrating the sense of scent. The pointers have scented the game, and, under their predominant instinct, have taken the well-known position indicating the place of the covey. In the third panel, the fifth sense, denominated feeling, is illustrated. It is not precisely the sense of touch as the same exists in the human hand, but it is the general sense which gives to animals and men alike the idea of position with respect to other material objects with which they are related. In two of the panels, beautiful landscapes open out on the visitor, but in the first the view is bounded by the room in which the dogs are confined.



IN THE PALM GARDEN AT SPA, by Nicolet.—Spa is one of the most famous watering-places and fashionable resorts in Europe. Its fame is international. Thither resort the *elite* people of many countries. Strangers from the Orient may be seen there in juxtaposition with the aristocracy of the Western Kingdoms and Republics. The place is essentially German ; but the associations which have accumulated around it, make it not only European, but universal in reputation and attractions. Perhaps the prevailing feature of the great resort is its fashionableness. In this picture, Nicolet introduces us to the famous Palm Garden, in which is assembled a group of visitors of several nationalities. The setting of the scene is one of extreme elegance. The immense palms spread their branches high and wide through the apartment, interrupting and diffusing the light. Some of the guests are met for pleasure and admiration. The two elderly men converse as aged *dilettante* may do in the after October of life. On the right two visitors—man and woman—have just entered with the air of those who inspect a conservatory of human and other plants. One of the most striking features is that of a turbaned and gowned Islamite, bearing on his arm a lady in elegant attire, who to all seeming and against all fitness, human and divine, looks as though she might be his bride. The scene as a whole, introduces us to one of the most elegant and at the same time cosmopolitan aspects of modern society.



A CORNER IN THE MARKET-PLACE, by Edward John Poynter.—The theme of this picture is wholly classical. The Greek market was one of the centers of Greek life. The market of Athens, instead of being thrust away in a corner and converted by its uses into a place offensive to the sense and taste of man, was made most elegant in all particulars. The market was of marble. The citizens—men and women—were there in fine apparel. They entered a place of sunshine, and of fruits and flowers heaped up on every hand. The scene depicted in Poynter's painting is a nook in the market-place. A woman and a girl are there with flowers and fruits to sell. The woman, we think, is the mother of the new comer. He holds a flower and looks mirthfully into the face of the girl, who responds with smiles and pleasure. This corner in the market-place may well be Capri itself. Indeed, we believe that to have been the thought of the painter. Love has stolen into this place of fruits and flowers, and if the woman be not the mother of the child, then the identity is close; that is, love has come and smiles in her face. Round about, everything is marble, cut in elegant manner. The figures are drawn from classical models, and the painter is of that simple yet elegant form in which the beautiful women of Hellas so much delighted.



THE EASTER VACATION, by A. Weiss.—This exquisite picture shows an episode of Easter. The work is thirty and realistic in every part. Perhaps the scenery is somewhat warmer than may be witnessed in the climate at the season represented; but the idyl is not more deeply touched with the prevailing sentiment. The handsome young man, just emerging from his boyhood, has come for a brief season from college. There is an Easter party under the trees, and a young maiden of the age has come with the company. Flowers are everywhere—young flowers, the first gifts of spring. The twain are walking together along the smooth road, carrying a blossoming branch, which the young man has broken for the girl. Nothing can be more exquisitely modest than the expression of her downcast face as she receives, with pleasure, the very first attentions ever paid her by a sweetheart. The young fellow is gallant and chivalrous. We may well be pleased with his manly and sincere manner. The couple are a proper subject for the envy of the rather cold and wholly unnecessary world, in which they are about to begin a long and toilsome journey. Fortunately, they know it not, and it were wicked to remind them of the difference between the ideals and the realities of life.



A HEAVY LOAD, by Fred. Morgan. There is not an apple half so sweet and inviting all in the basket as the bright-faced child who sits among them. Probably the sturdy little fellow holding one of the handles has that idea when he started with the pretty maiden who holds the other handle to carry the basket, with its fruit and its living freight, down the orchard to the farmhouse. The frolic has lost interest for him. He still bears his share of the burden, but protests his weariness. His companion would urge him on, and the wise passenger seems desirous of prolonging the ride. The boy is wasting time and strength in argument. The outcome of the discussion is problematical, but it looks as though this lively little girl will drag her companion along. She does not see the look of protest on the boy's face. Full of spirit, balancing herself with her left hand, she has her right foot planted firmly for an advance. How long can the boy hold back? Perhaps the end of it all will be that the living burden will be sprawling among the grass with apples scattered around her. Then all three will pick them up, the boy will feel ashamed of himself, and the little one will finish her ride after all. Those apples are going to the farmhouse, and the child is going with them if the bright-faced girl bearing half the load has her way.



THE DESTINIES, by C. Ehrenberg. According to the conception of this artist, three destinies prevail over human life—the Present, the Past, and the Future. The idea is analogous to that of the old Greeks who invented the fiction of the Three Fates: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—one holding the distaff, the second drawing the thread of life, and the third cutting it with the shears of death. The German concept has departed by much from the original, and yet preserves its outlines. Here the Present, represented in the central figure, rises sublimely over the Past and the Future. She sees the things that are, and rejoices in her conquest over them. The spirit of the Past, represented by the old woman crouching at the left, sees only the things gone. She has carved on each of the three sticks thrown down a score of rings to signify so many years. The fourth score is almost completed on the stick in her hand. On the right the spirit of Prophecy looks into the future. She sees afar the forms of things to be. She is carrying her prophetic visions in Runes on the tablets. On the head of the Present rise the outspread wings of victory. Her face flashes with triumph. Her flood of auburn hair falls around her even to her feet; she holds aloft the symbol of reward and glory—the crown of laurel.



THE EGYPTIAN GIRL, by Gustav Richter.—Richter may not be classed with the great portrait painters of the age. He is arrogant, however, in delineating faces and figures that are classical. He draws a type to perfection, concentrating the leading features of a whole race in a single face. His genius in this particular is well illustrated in the picture of the Egyptian girl. She is one of the lovely class of Copts, and as such represents, in fair measure, the Egyptian woman of antiquity. In the features as well as the eyes, with the long angular opening of the lids and the heavy, encroaching fringes. The mouth is also true to the traditional character of the race. The same may be found in the sculptures of two thousand years ago as well as on this beautiful face. The Egyptian manner is also perfectly preserved in the headdress and the Oriental arrangement of ornamentation, including earrings, head-cloth, and necklaces. The costume in every particular corresponds with the face. Perhaps, the chief excellence in the picture is the air of repose which has characterized the Egyptian race for more than four thousand years. This Egyptian girl can be posed from her photograph to stand in the highest possible contrast of fury or despair. This is Cleopatra living again in the nineteenth century.



STAGS FEEDING, by Christian Kröner.—In the picture Kröner has drawn an Eden-like landscape, stretching away from a foreground of wild flowers to a horizon of dreamy hills. The living interest of the scene is the three deer, sleek and timid, lithe and keenly alert, tripping the flowery herbage. This is their native place. The nature of the gentle, fleet creatures is depicted to the life. The dread of wild beast and of still more dangerous man, has awakened all the senses of the stag and his two does, and brought them to a state of nervous tension which in one moment may be converted into the swiftest flight. The head is thrown up, as if to catch the faintest note of danger, and the big, gazelle-like eyes are wide and luminous. The light, uplifted foot pauses while the stag listens to real or imaginary sounds afar. The bodies of the animals and their attitude are drawn with the skill of a Landseer. The wildwood, dewy-decked and verdant, harmonizes perfectly with the quality and beauty of the gentle creatures that give thereto its charm and interest.



THE VENETIAN, by Luke Fildes.—In this picture the artist has painted not one Venetian, but many. He has, however, made one separate in her kind. The rest of the group are all subordinate to the central figure, in the delineation of which the artist has exhausted his resources. It were not true to say that, according to Western standards, this Venetian beauty is in all things pleasing or adorable, but according to the standards of the Mediterranean she is perfect in features and form. She sits conversing with one of lower rank. It is a public rather than a private place, perhaps the stone steps leading down from the market to the water. It is doubtfully one of the landings for the gondolas. The men at the right are playing cards. This is one expression of that life of brigandage and leisure which they are leading. The group in the background on the left are modest people of the market place. All are bathing themselves in the warm Venetian atmosphere. The central beauty feels herself and smiles. She is conscious of her charms, and quite as consciously displays them. She exemplifies one of the aspects of a civil and social order, and which in its origin is the oldest of modern Europe, and in its development one of the most fascinating. All of the figures are delineated to perfection. The most pleasing and restful feature in the group is that of the mother with the infant.



THE ARTIST AND HER MODEL, by Ludwig Knaus.—The sense of this beautiful picture is, first of all, that the model standing ever before the woman soul, is love. Here we have an aspiring young artist in her studio. Of her skill and genius there may be as little doubt as of her beauty. She is still in girlhood. Her canvas is before her, and her fair face is lighted with the concept of the picture which she is painting. She fixes her rapt attention on the canvas, and the touch of her pencil is delicate and airy. There is a material as well as a spiritual sense in this work. The girl is painting a Cupid, and has taken one of nature's natural cupids for her model. She has tricked him out with bow and quiver, and wings, after the style of all cupids whatsoever. As for Master this outlaw-god, he is doing his part to perfection. He gazes at the artist much as the original cupid looked at his mother, Venus. But above all this little play there is the spiritual sense in the scene. The young woman is painting Love, and is so doing is transferring her own soul to the canvas. Love is her dream, not yet realized, but already an eminent possibility.



RETURN FROM THE BEAR HUNT, by A. Von Wierusz-Kowalski.—This is a scene from Siberia. The landscape is bleak and desolate. It is midwinter, and the plain, unrelieved by a tree, is covered with snow. This region is still infested with bear, and the hunt of this animal is a royal sport. The company here depicted are returning from a hunt of the kind indicated so. The chase has been successful, and the big game sacks thrown across the horses are filled with choice parts of the slain beasts. The rough natures here delineated are not lacking in the quality of daring. The hounds also know their profession, and would attack any formidable creature in the world. The roughness of the country, and the suggestion of bear caverns here and there may be seen in the position of the riders to the left, whose horses are breast deep, and clambering out of a ravine. The front rider is coming home with the air of Tartarin. His long hair and grey moustache, and wolfskin cap, make a suitable setting for such a face and character. The countenance of the foremost dog is a study. His eyes are absolutely fearless and merciless. In him the instinct of his kind has been developed to the highest pitch of ferocity consistent with domestication. The artist has the rare capacity of crowding a vast landscape into a small canvas.



AN AMUSING STORY, by Edüard Grützner.—The human face is never so attractive as when lit up by pleasant emotions. Laughter belongs alone to the human family, and is the sweetest music ever heard in the grand concert of life. The picture before us is charming in conception, and, to a thoughtful mind, very suggestive. These three priests, shut in from the outer world as it goes roaring by, alone in their plain rooms, consecrated and set apart to religious devotion, still show by their genial faces that human nature never entirely leaves the human heart. It is pleasant to see that austerity and gloom have given way, for the time being at least, to a choice morsel of fun. In fact, the religion of love can never be in a bad humor. "Peace on earth and good-will towards men" were never promoted by embittered spirits and scowling faces. One other suggestive remark in looking at this little group. They are soldiers of the cross, enlisted for life, and though they are now listening to "an amusing story," as other soldiers have so often done on the eve of battle, yet they may to the next hour have an order to take up their march to distant lands, to fever-laden jungles, plague-stricken cities, and to certain death. They will go without a murmur or a moment's delay. They owe their obedience to a church discipline more powerful, more exacting, and more enduring than the mightiest armies of the earth ever knew. The history of the world is full of heroic deeds performed by such as these.



THE TIRED GLEANERS, by Fred. Morgan.—The scene here represented is as old as the early civilisation of mankind. References to gleaning in the harvest fields are found in the poems and traditions of the oldest races. The home-people of ancient Arya, who founded the civilised life in the Valley of the Indus before the hymns of the Vedas were sung, had their fields of wheat and barley, which were reaped and gleaned in the manner here depicted. The Semitic races also, of Mesopotamia, and Palestine, and Arabia, had their harvest fields, and the idyl of the gleaner was repeated in song and sacred story. The artist has, in this picture, shown a wide expanse of wheat-field from which the grain has been reaped and borne away. But the sickle and the scythe always leave behind a portion of wasted grain. This the people of the country-side follow and gather for themselves. It is one of the touching traits of human nature that the usage of free gleaning has always been conceded by the owners of the harvest fields. The chief interest in this picture centers in the two little girls standing in the foreground, and showing, in face and attitude, every sign of childish weariness. The smaller girl is almost gone from her exertions in the field. The other sister holds her about the neck, and supports her on the way home. Each has a little bunch of wheat-heads gathered from the stubble.



NOTHING TO DO, by Antonio Rotta.—This picture is one of the best of the recent Italian painters. It was first exhibited at Venice, in 1881. It is a work full of character and pathos. It represents the last stage of an unsuccessful life. The old shoemaker sits at his bench with nothing to do. The wrecks of his humble art are thickly strewn around him. He has been looking among the ruins of the old shoes for some possibility of resurrection. Strange it is that the last feeble embers of hope and consolation glow in the old man's face, and sustain him with a slight warmth about the heart. Still stranger it is that his young daughter evidently understands the aberrations of the heart to which they have come better than her father. Her face expresses much. She is beautiful; but no smile rewards to testify of a happy spirit within. She is striving, after the manner of all girlhood, to make herself neat and pretty. She is, we think, about to go forth with a basket of flowers and fruit to earn a few pennies; for the shop yields nothing more, and they must eat or starve. One knows not which of the two most to commiserate—the aged and ragged father, or the young maiden just beginning the long contest with misery and sin. With him, the drama is in the last act; with her the curtain of consciousness has only risen.



MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, by Ch. Heyden.—There is a silent eloquence in every countenance, and here are two faces that speak. The stalish son-in-law tells you plainly that he is held in good esteem by his wife's mother. But he is not looking out so much as he thinks. She understands him. She is evidently, as his mamma very kind, to his faults a little blind. His look is no more knowing than hers. He acknowledges adulatory, and she acknowledges submission to it. Her expression suggests the story of a good old minister, who said of his son-in-law:—"Of course we all know he isn't a saint, but then he is a very charming sinner!" And there is something in her face that would warn the young man, if he could see it, that he cannot go too far. There is decision in those lips that are compressed even in a smile. Her smiling face has capabilities of sternness in it. So has the face of the man. Should the two countenances now looking out at you so good-naturedly, face each other in set determination, that of the aged woman would be the strongest. The change would be more marked in the man's face, and the mastery which he now exercises, or thinks he exercises, by cajolery, would disappear before the mastery of character. The picture makes one wish to see the unseen character in the comedy. There is a young wife whose feelings in their manifestation might bring these two faces out in other lights.



TRYING TO STEAL A KISS, by Otto Erdmann.—The painting from which this reproduction is taken shows our artist in his best mood. The subject is one which he delights to treat—namely, the caprices of love. Erdmann nearly always introduces into his pieces some whimsicality. Many of his best pictures, such as "The Secret Message," "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not," "The Rejected Suitor," etc., are in this vein. Here the elegant perfumed fop, out of high life, is willing to avail himself of the pretty face of the mother dainty waiting-maid. He may not well make love to her in the open fashion, so he talks to strangers. He will take what he can, and plants himself against the door. The pretty maid must go out that way, and both of her hands are occupied with the dish. Is she ignorant of his purpose? She seems so be, but a profounder look will show that she is not. She will face him on that way to the gate of heaven, and then shut it in his face. The study is full of suggestions. The dandy is dressed to kill; and as for the maid, her costume, for one of her station, is not to be despised. The furnishings of the room, in the Louis XVth style, are highly elegant. The main interest turns on the adventure. The question is, will he succeed in taking the coveted kiss? Many have ventured and some—have won.



A BOHEMIAN, by S. Russinol.—The type of character presented in this picture is modern. At least, if such character existed in antiquity, the evidence of it has not been transmitted in literature or art. The Bohemian is a product of the nineteenth-century society. The type is sufficiently well crystallized, and yet is difficult to define. The Bohemian is a man of the peopled solitude. His being is bounded by personal purposes and personal will. He is in society without taking of it. Bohemian life manifests itself in several ways. He is not a man without a profession or without resources, else he might be a tramp. The literary type, shows like no disinterest arising his books, and the artistic type, shows him abandoned to his studio or his quarters. The present Bohemian is taking life out of doors. It is winter, and he has sat down on a bench by what was in summer a fruit-stand in the street. The place is desolate enough, and the Bohemian is in a brown study about himself and the entertainment. It is a lonesome place in the outskirts of the city. The trees are stripped, and the ground is covered with snow. The artist has succeeded in depicting the solitary life of the subject with admirable fidelity to the facts. This wanderer has few connections with any human interest, and perhaps there is not one member of his own race to whom he is bound by any strong or lasting tie.



TRYING TO MAKE HIS PEACE, by A. Lubeu. This is a picture of unhappiness in one of its acutest forms. Behind the scene here delineated lies a long history extending into youth and the latter days of courtship. That this home is not what it should be is clearly indicated by the surroundings. There is a touch of desolation on every wall. The artist has succeeded in transferring the sorrow of these inmates to every crack and crevice. The dog is a full participant in the grief of his master and mistress. They are man and wife, but have been estranged. The fault is clearly his. He is an easy-going spirit who has no thrift or energy. His is not the crime of infidelity, but of neglect. Instead of devoting himself ardently to work and enterprise, he has gone off, like Rip Van Winkle, to hunt in the hills. This has been his daily vocation. Indeed, he has hunted until his gun is falling to pieces, and his dog dying of starvation. As for himself he has kept up spirit by means of his pipe and cheerful indolence. At last, however, he has come back to a neglected home. His sincerity of reform cannot be doubted. The hearts of all will be with him in his suit for forgiveness. Mark well the exquisite touch of sentiment expressed in the bunch of wild flowers which he has brought her, and which has fallen unheeded from her lap. The woman will forgive him, for she has no hope.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, by F. Hiddemann.—Possibly the legend of Little Red Riding Hood is the most widely diffused of any existing in the English language. Notwithstanding its improbability, not to say absurdity, it exists everywhere and is accepted as the climax of child-tragedy in all the world. The story has been done into all forms of art. It has been repeated in [illegible] and reasserted by them until it has become a part of the common tradition of our race. In this picture the touching but inevitable myth is represented in perfection. Hiddemann has drawn the little girl with the utmost truth to the fiction. Her artless innocence and simplicity are expressed in every line of her face and figure. In like manner the artist has given perfect character to the wolf. The beast has a smiling visage, but it is easy to see under his fat skull and in his malevolent eyes, the plot and purpose of his villainy. Both the figures are set perfectly in the truest landscape. Everything is quiet and solitary. His lying visage and the unwary innocence are looking, the one into the other. Note the sweet innocence of the one expressed in every lineament, from her sweet child eyes to the toes softly pressing the ground. Contrast these with the claws of the wolf, and the remains of his last meal.



ADRIAN BROUWER AND HIS MODELS, by Gustav Papperitz.—In this picture we have an artist's notion of an artist. It were hard to say at what time in the past the use of models was introduced. Certain it is that the Greek artists exalted themselves of living forms as a guide to the imagination in drawing. The sense of this picture is the interest which the two rustic models feel in the drawings of themselves. The man's look is that of sheer curiosity and wonder; but the woman looks at herself with all critical faculties and a troop of secondary reflections half hidden in the folds of consciousness. The artist smokes his pipe and is satisfied. For him it suffices that he has made adequate drawings of his subjects; but the woman perceives, under her peasant's garb, that she is beautiful, and the notion of it has sent her thoughts afar from her rude surroundings. Meanwhile, the fowl lying on the floor goes unpicked, and the cabbage on the other side unchopped. In fact, the whole process of life in this abode has suddenly stopped in the interest of art and admiration. The ambition which the model may feel to be transferred by the immemorial prerogative of beauty to the imperishable canvas, and be thus transmitted to after times, is without doubt a more worthy passion than is usually conceded by the over-severe and often cynical judgment.



A FAIR CRITIC, by Paul Thumann.—This picture is strongly classical and at the same time strongly romantic. The figures belong to Italy, and the romance to the Middle Ages. Perhaps we should say that it belongs to all ages, for it involves the affections and signifies the tenderness of two spirits in communion. The young artist is deeply engaged with the delineation of the figures on the vase. These he is relating preparatory to the burning of the vase. Delicate drawing is required, and he is absorbed with his task. He knows, however, that the fair critic is watching his work, and that she will applaud according to his skill. The fair critic is not unconcerned or wholly judicial in the attention which she is giving to the artist. She wishes him to succeed, and her thoughts reach as far as the stencil which he guides. The picture might have been entitled "The Partial Critic;" for any criticism that may be rendered in this task will be pervaded with partiality. It may be hidden under coyness or the pretence of severity, but at the bottom it will be partial. The outlines of the two figures are perfect in drawing, and the posture is such as an artist might wish his models to assume. One of the most elegant parts of the work is the vase itself. It is truly Grecian in form, though the ornamentation is of later style.



THE FIRST STEP, by C. H. Tremstead.—The conceit in this picture is especially happy. Mother and puppy are face to face with a trial effort. Should he master that step, it will be source of great pride to the maternal heart. Should he fail to spring or sigh and tumble for his pains, she will regret it, but she will believe in him still. It is a lesson of the beginning. Mark well there are many steps, and even above and beyond the topmost step of trial, a wide landscape reaching to a far horizon. Little Miss, with her water-pitcher and bare feet, represents the human element and completes the allegory—for allegory it certainly is. The picture means more than the mere trial of puppy to mount to the first platform. It hints at all such climbing, whether rational or irrational. The little maiden expresses the benign and curious interest of the superior in watching the attempts of the inferior to rise to higher levels. To right and left there is a profusion of wild flowers clambering around this place of rocky discipline; for in that manner does nature clothe with beauty and fragrance the scene of all endeavor. Aspiration is not left to exhaust itself in the desert, but is soothed with the presence of flowers, and lured upward with clear air and blue sky overhead.



GEBIRGSSCHLUCHT, by A. Anderssen-Lundby.—In "Gebirgsschlucht" the artist has chosen a scene from his own land of Scandinavia, when midwinter has blanketed the earth with snow. Desolation blows across the landscape like a ghost, and the pitiless sky is grim in its gray and stony impenetrability as a vault of granite. One sees beyond the precipitous verge of the foreground a savage and icy ravine, out of which rises a tempest-scarred and snow-crowned crag. One is deeply impressed by the utter silence conveyed in this picture, there being no evidence of human voice, nor screech of bird, nor roar of animal, to break the awful stillness. Even the winds are silent, and Nature has well fortified herself against all intruders. It is difficult to believe that the cañon which gives the title to the picture can ever be thawed and warmed by the sun's rays; and yet Summer will find its way there at last, and the stream will cast off its icy fetters, birds will sing, flowers will bloom, and cattle will graze on the slopes, while the herdsman carols his Norse roundelay.



FAREWELL, by C. Grosch. The moment of farewell has been taken by many artists as the subject of paintings. In this picture a young and beautiful woman has parted from her lover, who, we think, has gone to sea. Possibly his boat has just passed from sight. He has left with his sweetheart a wealth of flowers which she is taking with her to her departure. But her face is turned to the sea. It is in this attitude that the artist has caught her as the inspiration of his brush. The picture is beautiful to the point of fascination. The figure of the young woman is queenly, majestic, and her features are full of spirit and fidelity. While there are no active manifestations of grief, there is nevertheless, written in every feature the soul of longing and of devoted love. The firm closing of the lips is indicative of resolution that must carry her through long days of waiting ere he return. The fixed look of the eyes also betokens an earnestness and settled faith which it would require much to shake. This is the kind of woman who endures; and there is mingled with all this gentleness and beauty a spirit of fire and hope that would brave all trial and disaster—learn everything except the infidelity of the one beloved.



GEESE, by Henry Bacon.—For some reason, artists have many times chosen geese as the subject of their pieces. These have been more painted than swans, or indeed than any other form of domestic bird. There seems to be something in the manner of the goose provocative of drawing and caricature. Perhaps the sacred character of the fowls among the Romans has given a traditional value to it as art. In the picture the painter has delineated a farm scene, with the house in the background and a goose pasture in the foreground. The girl, mistress of the geese, and thoroughly familiar with their habits, has opened the gate for their exodus into a larger place. The geese are hurrying through obedient to her call. They glance at her significantly as they pass. They are in full feather; fat and plump. The foremost squeals her adieu and all are eager for the open field. The young goose-mistress is inspired with the early morning and the discharge of her rustic duties. It is a fine sunrise. The air is balmy and the dark green foliage redolent with the breath of early morning. Every part of the picture is instinct with the quiet holiness and hopefulness of rural life.



AFTER THE CHRISTENING, by Adolf Lüben.—Here we have a little party of happy people leaving the church where baby has just been christened. The scene is Slavic in its character and settings. In front walks the Russian father, unconsciously filling his pipe and consciously proud of his child. As for the young mother, she bears the little one tenderly on a pillow in her arms. They are only peasants, humble people; yet what a world of gentle love is in the face of the young wife and mother. Back of the parents are a few friends and relatives belonging to the same class. One is intent on readjusting the lace on her hat, while her companion looks on approvingly. An elderly dame watches the scene from the gateway. On the rocks just outside of the stone walls of the chapel sits the ubiquitous boy, with his dog by his side. He is a happy lad, in careless attitude and leather stuck in the rugged felt which covers his head. The little one in the embroidered christening robe is dressed with soft white lace. The angels might well be not far away. The boy wonders if he was ever so little as that. The artist is a native of St. Petersburg, and is mostly known for his humorous paintings; but in this picture he has substituted pathos and love for humor.



THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN, by A. Raudnitz.—We have here a modern picture, bringing as near to classic life and sentiment. It is a tableaumen scene in the free grove of a country park. A beautiful young woman has gone forth for her June ramble. She sits on a stone bench and muses on what she has been reading from her summer book. Her drapery is cool and elegant. Her dream is undisturbed by any creature, and her thoughts are far away. Is she alone? So far as human companionship is concerned, she has none. Nevertheless, the faithful guardian is at her feet. She has forgotten him for the moment, but he has not forgotten her. He is in that half-sleep peculiar to his kind. He may lie there long, breathing quietly, without other motion of his strong muscles, but his eye is not quite closed. He is asleep with a mental reservation. If the guard should pass and demand the countersign, Nero would be on duty in an instant. Sentimental men, under the influence of affection and love, many times aver that they will give their lives for the object of their choice. Sometimes, fortunately for humanity, such sayings are true. Nero never says anything, but he will do it all the same. He has not for years been in other frame of mind than to die for his mistress. If he have not a soul and immortality, he ought to have,



AN INTERESTING STORY, by Lozza.—Summer sunlight blazes in the palace garden, and a gay party have taken refuge in the shade of vine leaves, with the cool splash of a fountain, and the scent of flowers to refresh them. It is evidently the terrace of an old palace of Granada, by its architecture. Even in the black-and-white reproduction one can trace and appreciate the brilliancy of coloring of the original canvas. The spanish women, attractive in the picturesqueness, and splendid in the stateliness of their dress, are especially delightful. The quiet enjoyment of the story by the narrator is disturbed by the evident merriment it arouses in his hearers, and one speculates whether they are exchanging the latest tidbits of social gossip which will awaken malicious echoes in society's salons. It is not unreasonable to suppose such to be the case, in fact, it is almost evident from the eagerness with which the listeners are awaiting the denouement of the story. The picture is a fine example of Lozza in his most artistic and fortunate mood. In the background, the terrace steps rise to the avenue of trees which makes a massive wall of verdure against the blue of the sky. In local color and Iberian character, this page from the real life of the past has the dignified quality of history.



THE CARD PLAYERS, by Eduard Grützner.—The two fat men represented are deeply absorbed in their game. Character is strongly depicted on the face of each. The sinister and peculiar genius who sits at the end of the table is stuffing with comfort out of his diabetical hand. The two fat men, as may well become their constitutions, are jolly over the situation. They sit contentedly in a sort of defiance-to-create attitude, as much as to say, "Let him play anything: we are ready." The light is well arranged. The point of the game is unascertained. The ancient furniture of the room stands solemnly in its place. Against such background the figures of the players are clearly defined. A single ray of light, strong within reach of one of the fat men, leaves in the comfortable dim that has prevailed. The two characters at the left are already aged, but they are jolly and well supplied with spirits and blood. The attenuated member is of less vigour constitution. The artist, in sketching him, has a happy conceit of the caprice of the human countenance and form. For the moment, there is a check. The play has suspended, itself awaiting the issue of the thin man's hand. It were possible that out of his meditations he may still make a play that will bring back some measure of seriousness to the faces of his competitors.



RAIN IN THE PARLOR. by L. Blume-Siebert.—Children on pleasure bent never count the cost, and the zest of pleasurable mischief is seldom abated by thought of what damage may be done, or what disagreeable consequences ensue. The little ones live only for the moment that is passing, and even though they find that the cost of enjoyment is associated with the sting of punishment, the scent of pleasure remains when the sting of the thorn is scarcely remembered. Here is a picture of self-sought discomfort in the midst of luxury, and the faces of the two children betray no anticipation of the thunderstorm which will probably follow their mischievous pleasure. The boy, who is personating Jupiter Pluvius, has a most satisfied smirk on his countenance, while the little girl feels perfectly secure under the shelter of the umbrella. She looks like a laughing nymph in a dripping grotto. Her pathway is lit up evidently a bright one, and stormy weather, even in semblance, adds variety to her existence. The picture is a reversal of a familiar one. There is nothing worse against than the sunshine amid the shower. It gleams on her face and is caught in her golden tresses. It seems certainly true that when the mischief is discovered, the raining clouds will gather on the parental brow and the tears will rain from the eyes that are now laughing.



BROTHER BUTLER, by Edüard Grützner.—The monks have been deservedly made the object of many satires in both literature and art. Their disposition to indulge in pleasures, thus compensating themselves for the loss of society, has justly provoked the pen of the wit and the pencil of the caricaturist. The monks are commonly represented as fat and jolly. In this case Brother Butler has gone into the wine cellar. If we mistake not, his mission there has been to procure a basket of wine for the brothers upstairs. But, deeming himself safe from observation, he has yielded to the temptation of a hearty draught for himself. It is a long, full draught, most satisfying to the old miser, who believes himself to be absolutely unobserved. But not so. The brothers have sharp eyes for each other's peccadilloes. One of the fraternity, imagining himself to be a policeman of morals and judgment, has followed Brother Butler on his errand and is peeping around the stone pillar at the entrance to be witness of the thing done. Brother Butler is content in body with his hearty draught, and his conscience seems to trouble him not at all. From all this, however, he may be rudely awakened when he comes to understand that his sin has found him out. But he is too obese and contented to be seriously disturbed even under discipline.



CALLED TO HER CALLING, by Heinrich Rettig.—This picture represents a phase of woman's life which is peculiar to our own century. Becoming the equal of man, she desires to do many things, particularly those things which are artistic and beautiful. Underlying it all, however, are those undisturbed womanly instincts which in the long run will express themselves and dominate all the rest. This young artist has been busy with her easel. She has been in her studio making a great picture. A voice came from the parlor, and she has hastened out, easel and all, to see what the disturbance is. We think she knew the cause of it before leaving the studio. The effect is a little too fine to have been accidental. At all events, her lover was awaiting her, and he has suddenly called her to her own calling—that is, he has called her away from the calling of the brush to the calling of love. The artist wants that this is the supreme vocation of womanhood, and that all the rest is merely incidental and subordinate thereto. If the poem, well and good, provided she do not forget to neglect the supreme thing. These ideas are the inspiration of this beautiful picture. The young lover has easily triumphed over the artistic infatuation of the girl, and she is quite ready to abandon the studio forever and to be called to her calling.



AT THE MASQUERADE. by C. Sohn.—Masks and masquerading were invented in the earliest ages. It may not be denied that there is something peculiarly pleasurable in the sense of being concealed in public—of seeing and being seen without recognition of others. Hence the masquerade. This beautiful lady is in the dressing-room, where she has prepared herself for her appearance at the ball. She has completed her paraphernalia, and the disguise is perfected, all except the visage, which she will put on just before going forth. This last article—that is, the mask of the face—lies on the desk under the table. She chooses to leave it there until the moment of her appearance outside the carriage. She is in a high state of nervous expectancy. Will her own disguise seem elegant? Will other disguises surpass her own? Will her costume be praised and admired? Will any of her friends succeed in recognizing her in this garb? In particular, will A be able, as he has so often declared himself to be, to recognize her in any garb whatsoever? She will gladly deceive him if she can—but she wholly and fully. By some slight touch or other sign she will let him know before the dance is done that it is indeed she; for at heart she is anxious that no mistakes shall be made in this delicate particular.



BOAR HUNT AND WINTER SCENE, by Christian Kröner.—Kroener is noted as a painter of animal life, particularly in its natural aspects. He likes ferocity and strong action. He is the Landseer of the German woods. The scene here depicted displays his power in two forms of descriptiveness: first, in the delineation of a winter landscape, and secondly, in the drawing of the treacherous and dangerous beasts in the foreground. As for the landscape, it represents a German forest in the dead of winter. Snow is everywhere. Even the bare limbs of the great trees are weighted down under the burden of it. In this landscape three huge wild boars, in act of flight, are shown against a background. The picture is harmonious. The solitude of the forest and snow-covered forest accords perfectly with the craggy, gaunt and terrible beasts which constitute its life. The boars have been started from their lair; the hunters are not in sight, but the chase is on, and presently there will be fighting and blood and death. The pursuit and capture of such animals has been the favorite sport of the Germans ever since the days when Wittekind parted with Charlemagne on the Weser. It was the boar's head held high and borne in triumph that preceded the slain warrior on his arrival at Valhalla to sit down at the feast with the heroes and immortals of his race.



ARABIAN LADY BOATING, by Bredt.—The artist Bredt here presents us with a charming type of an Arabian lady, which is undoubtedly an idealized portrait of the highest type, in which every detail, from the luxuriant, raven-black hair, to the filmy drapery that veils the shapely arms, is rendered with a delicately sensitive hand. He shows her to us in profile, with a tender background, her fair face rather pensive in its expression, and her downcast eyes softened by the tenderness of dreams. She gazes into the river, whose water mocks the sky with flashes of opal and of pearl. The African servitors sit behind with complacent ease, while the Arab boatman steadies his oar to let the little maid gather the lotus flower for which she is reaching. In the drapery which trails over the side of the boat, the artist has carried the painting of texture and coloring to a high degree of perfection. The landscape is veiled in a transparent vapor and the mystery of the hour is in the air, and spreads through the picture a sentiment of complete repose and security from the rude disturbance of worldly brawls, embodying an idealization of "Araby the blest."



RIDERS OF THE CAUCASUS, by F. Roubaud.—The landscape presented here is wide and mountainous. It is true to nature as she reveals herself in the region from which the picture takes it name. The country here is the geographical origin of the West division of the Indo-European races. It was from this locality that the principal historic migrations were begun by which Europe and the Western hemisphere have been peopled and civilized. The country is now inhabited by Armenians, Georgians and Kurds—the residue of the ancient stock from which the peoples of the West are descended. The Armenians, under the influence of education and the city life, have become a people not unprogressive ; but the Kurds and Georgians have shown less promise of the civilized life. The wild men whom the artist has here so well drawn against the background of mountain and sky, are semi-brigands who are forth on adventure without the curb of society behind them. They are of the Kurd-Armenian type, and their costume and arms are in keeping with their historical character. It is in this part of the world that the habits of the oriental countries, such as the costume and personal bearing, give place to the dress and manners of the West. The figures of the three horsemen are finely drawn upon the rough, high landscape ; and the snowy range of mountain crests beyond gives picturesqueness and beauty to the whole.



LOVE'S FORTUNE, by L. Jiminez.—When good Queen Anne held gentle sway, and life ran with a sweetness and a smoothness quite unknown to-day, love-making was a subtler thing, with more of dreaming and more of romance than it holds for us of a busier and more restless race. Dan Cupid, decked in velvet waistcoat and fine silken hose, lolled listlessly about and idly twirled his triangular head-gear unmindful of the morrow, and careless of time's hasty flight. In the days of powdered wigs and gay brocades, the lassies were a coy lot, and the youths arrayed in lace and satin made a brave and gallant showing. Of this quiet period the man and maiden of the pastoral scene here given are a part. Snugly sequestered in a charming nook upon the river's verdant bank, the sheen of sunlit water and the feathery foliage of trees and shrubbery forming a finely contrasting background for their brilliant costumes, the two figures play at the simple game of love. It is an earnest game for both, and the chances are that man and maid will leave the place equal winners in the fascinating contest. He is a cunning lover, this sturdy but exquisite gentleman of the picture, and he will win his way to the tender heart of his fair companion by enumerating her charms, one at a time, as he plucks apart, petal by petal, a full, round daisy. His is a dainty ruse, and may he conquer any opposition that rankles stubbornly beneath the lily-pale bosom of his pretty vis-a-vis. Assuredly all the world loves a lover, and doubly so a clever one.



GIPSY BOYS ON HORSEBACK, by Karl Steffeck.—This picture reveals the German brush. The spirit of it is Teuto-Slavonic. Steffeck is a native of Berlin. His subjects and landscapes nearly all show a strong personality and a touch of his ethnic descent. In this picture he has taken as his subjects the progeny of another race. The Gipsies are the Ishmaelites of the whole world. How they live and survive is one of the marvels of modern times. Whence they came is the puzzle of history. They are the vagabonds-in-chief of modern civilization. Horses are always a conspicuous feature of the Gipsy camp. In what manner these are obtained, by their alleged owners, may not be inquired too diligently. It is not improbable that the four steeds in this picture are in the act of changing owners without the usual formalities of law. The countenances and style of the heads, as well as the looks of the riders, indicate some singularity in the manner by which the creatures were taken and mounted. The three Gipsy boys are a study in natural history. They are thoroughly nondescript in character. The first is a brigand par excellence. He has one virtue—courage. The qualities of the second boy are somewhat obscured by the concealment of his face, and by his position under the tree. The third has equal audacity with the first; but he adds a genius and character which might have been developed, under culture, into an artist or a philosopher. How they ride!



THE COAST OF IRELAND AND DUNRAVEN CASTLE, by Von Hafften.—Ireland is rich in magnificent scenery. Not only her inland regions, but her coasts are abundant in the sublime aspects of nature. Perhaps no part of the shore of the Emerald Isle is more lavish in its suggestions of beauty and sublimity than is that section which the artist has thrown into his picture. Here historical interest combines with the natural landscape and the tossing of the sea to produce one of the finest effects in the repertoire of nature. To this magnificent scene the brush of Von Hafften has done a full measure of justice. It were, perhaps, too much to expect that art can transfer the nobler aspects of cliff and sky, or the glorious warfare of the sea, to a voiceless and perishable canvas; but the imagination of the beholder assists the devices of art, and the pictured scene rises to the mind as the counterpart of the beauty and warfare of the natural world. The scene here depicted is caught from one of the storm days on the Irish coast. It suggests the mightiness of the ocean, the impotency of man, and the eternal resistance of the shore. The huge precipice that bears Dunraven Castle upon its immovable shoulders is exposed to the ocean's rage. The sea hurtles against the rockbound coast. Neither does the one yield, nor the other cease its warfare. It is a contest in which the puniness of man is strangely contrasted with the almightiness of the material world.



THE HEYDAY OF SUMMER, by L. Blume-Siebert.—This picture is German in every part. The sketch may have been made from the country of the upper Rhine. There is a hint that the Swiss mountains are not far away. The scene represents a company of young people gathered in a commodious apartment and in the act of greeting expected visitors. The two principal characters have been on an excursion into the hills, and have returned in high spirits, bringing a bouquet of wild flowers that they have gathered. Mirth and good humor are flashing from every face. If we mistake not, the good-natured and highly cultured German has his sweetheart on his arm. They have been climbing in some steep places, and the young woman, full of life and energy, has carried her Alpine stock to assist her in the ascent. Probably it was to gather mountain flowers from some almost inaccessible place ; but the adventure has been successful. The beautiful young women is claiming the honor of it, and her strong escort generously concedes that hers shall be the applause. The old half-Swiss patriarch, sitting at the right, thoroughly enjoys the outburst of merriment. Young master, barefoot, hardly knows what to make of it, and Trip is bidding welcome with his usual barkings, which may be construed as friendly salutations or hostile warning, according to the event. The drawing of all the figures is finely done, and the spirit of the piece is supported in every part.



PASTIMES OF THE CHILDREN, by Ludwig Knaus.—In this picture Knaus has given his fresh full swing to the description of the sports of childhood. The enjoyment of children is generally based on nothing at all. The exuberance within suffices. In after life, to be joyful seems to require some external cause of excitement—some emotion kindled by reaction from without,—but children abandon themselves to nothing, and are pleased with it. Here we have half a dozen little boys and girls loosed in the pasture near the village, where the swineherd is feeding his drove of porkers. The urchins are at play. One little girl is working at the edge of a pond. Master, at the left, has evidently bedaubed himself with mud. Tot, in the middle foreground, has found something and is bringing it to her sister. Another master's garments seem to need much repairing ; while the little one to the right, in a most housewifely way, is making her mud pies. All are careless and happy. Possibly the artist had contrasted these innocent creatures with their after selves, clouded, as they will be, with the conflicts and griefs of life.



BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY, by R. Handler.—The young man, Frank, has gone to sleep with his head on the shoulder of his sweetheart. It is an elegant place, a sort of marble semi-circle in an out-door situation under the trees. The young man is an alleged student. He has of late been engaged in the preliminaries of French. The gray aunt has come out to review him in the last few lessons. Gradually his answers have become indistinct and have finally ceased altogether. Hildah has not been studying French, but has made some progress in the study of life. She has taken the first lesson, and has made a good record. She and Frank are friends. She has been listening to his French, and has not resisted the gradual relaxation of his slender frame against her shoulder. She knows well enough that he is fast asleep ; but she is in no mood to disturb him. If she should look around to where the severe and scornful aunt is contemplating the scene, then her lover would be disturbed only to receive a scolding. The young man has become oblivious of all earthly care. He is a youth of the period, as indicated by his style, and in particular by the cigar, which second nature still preserves against accident. The whole group is *fin de siecle*, and the scene is provocative of mirth. The demure expression on the girl's face ; the utter somnolency of the young man, and the mingled despair and contempt of the teacher, are happily blended as warp and woof in the humorous conceit of the artist.



THE WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIZE, by Marchetti.—This scene is truly Parisian. The race for the grand prize is on, and Paris has sent forth her beauty and gallantry to witness it. The artist has taken his stand a third of a mile from the race course in a balcony overlooking the esplanade where the thousands are gathered. The race itself is thus thrown into the background. The idea of the painter has been to depict the enthusiasm and beauty of the multitude. The moment selected is that of the close of the race. The winner of the prize has shown himself ahead, with such near approach to the goal as makes certain the result. At this moment the shouts of the throng and the blossoming of handkerchiefs betoken the culmination of the interest. Many of the fashionable folk, however, are here merely for pleasure and fashion. The French ladies, those exquisite butterflies of an over-refined society, dipping after the manner of their kind into all the exquisite blossoms of civilization and extracting therefrom such modicum of ambrosia as their cups may hold, are here in their glory. It is the heyday of fashionable delight and dissipation. In another hour the winner of the grand prize will be in his elegant stall, fine as the marble stable of Nero's horse whom he had elected to the consulship; the scene here delineated will have cleared itself, and the gay crowds will be dispersed in interesting groups of two, said to be the "normal number" in Paris, on opposite sides of the dainty tables in the French cafés.



THE BANKS OF THE MARNE, by J. Scalbert.—This picture combines life and landscape in beautiful proportions. The scene is from midsummer. A gay and happy throng have gathered on the banks of the river and have spread a table under the trees. The harper is present to enliven the scene with music. The boat has just received a company of young people and is putting off from the shore. The ground is as smooth as the floor of a dancing hall, and without doubt there will presently be dancing there. The happy usages and manners of the French are seen in every costume, every attitude, every grace. The gaiety is quite unmeasured. One company has crossed to the other side of the stream and is seeking pleasure among the trees of the border. The two dogs have found perfect content, the one in the dish and the other in his repose. In the distance, under the trees, are seen the outlines of houses nestling among the foliage and bathed in the summer air. The oarsmen are stripped for their duty. One of these, with the body of an athlete, sits in the foreground ready to embark with his sweetheart for a boating excursion as soon as the outgoing company have returned. The fellow leaning against the tree has had his full share of wine and has become rather reckless in his protestation. The tambourine girl and the little fiddler are doing their part for the enlivenment of the company, and have attracted to themselves considerable attention. The foliage in every part is touched with the warmth and radiance of summer.



SONG OF SPRING, by A. Deyrolle.—The living part of this picture harmonizes perfectly with the inanimate landscape. The natural spring is painted with as much fidelity as is the allegory. The season has brought forth its wealth of flowers. Blossoms are everywhere. The earth rejoices in her new mantle of grasses and flowers. The big tree, holding out his arms in benediction as if saying, "grace, mercy, and peace," has been converted into one great bouquet by the sweet air and warm sunshine of May. Under his branches the four children, standing in the road with their hands full of flowers, are singing some pleasing song of the season. Perhaps it is "June, lovely June, now beautify the ground." The little singers have given themselves up to the spell of the day, and their carol is as the song of the birds. The boy, not less inspired than the little girls, has surrendered himself with the enthusiasm of his age to the joyousness of the May morning. He swings his bough of blossoms and holds his sister by the hand. The little one at the other side of the choir sings modestly, with her two bouquets, her mass of white hair, and her wooden shoes too large for the tiny feet. The other two, also, are in the heyday of girlish glee. It is said that old age is a second childhood, but it is not like the first; that comes but once. This picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1893.





CONGRESS FOR EMANCIPATION FROM MASTERS, by A. GILL, and RETURN OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM FROM THE BEAR HUNT, **by Julius Falat.**—This picture consists of two panels on different subjects and by different hands. In the first we have a remarkable conceit by Gilli, expressed in a congress of dogs considering the best methods of emancipation. The dogkind has become restless under the restrictions and limitations placed upon the species by the master race of man. This restlessness has grown into a social movement, leading at length to a convention of chief spirits in the interest of reform. The idea is that dogs in their several kinds have been oppressed and wronged, and the question now is how to abolish the evil, and institute a new order of peace and righteousness. This question the dogs are debating. In the center of the conclave the master's hat, cane, and gloves, symbols of his despotism, are lying on the dias. The wish is that these emblems of tyranny shall be removed, but the fear of the master rests upon all his serfs, and they hesitate. In the second panel the artist has drawn a winter landscape, with sledges and hunters returning from the bear chase. The sleigh of Emperor William is the third in the procession. All are wrapped in furs. The horses are harnessed after the manner of Teutonic and Slavic countries. Notwithstanding the desolation of winter, there is evidence of hilarity and good cheer among these strong men returning from the haunts of the bear.



THE INTERRUPTED MUSICIAN, by Kirberg.—Not only the musician but everybody else is interrupted when the kitten climbs upon the accordion player's back. The gossips had been exchanging verbal notes to the accompaniment of the music, and the good old mother was just about to draw the boiling water into the teapot. The old man with the pipe in his hand knows how the kitten got upon the musician's back, and he pauses in his smoke to watch the results. There is an air of anxiety about the maternal tabby cat. Her venturesome offspring monopolizes her attention, though another member of the family appears to be seeking recognition. There is an expression of amused wonder on the face of the musician as he looks around over his shoulder at the little climber, which gazes down upon the accordion as if inquiring how it can make so much and so many varied sounds. The old man wonders how the kitten will get out of it. He would like to see it get down without help, but the musician will fondle it and place it on the floor; the women will interrupt the caresses of the mother cat and fondle it in turn; and then, while the cats go off to a corner to enjoy the saucer of milk that the motherly old woman sets before them, the musician will resume his playing, the gossips will renew their discussion of the neighbors, the old man will finish his smoke, and the tea will be served.





GIRL OF THEBES and CETHERIS, by N. Sichel.—In these two panels the artist has well delineated the Egyptian type of beauty. His studies have evidently been taken from the Copts of Middle Egypt. The type is different in several features from that prevalent in Cairo and Alexandria. The absence of the well-known head decoration of the Lower Egyptians attracts attention. The artist has chosen to delineate his figures with as little raiment and as slight concealment of the form as possible. He has succeeded to admiration in the drawing of the girl of Thebes, whose attitude is such as might have pleased a Greek painter in the great age of Hellenic art. The figure and the face are everything. The background of the marble wall, against which the girl rests, is but faintly drawn. The basket of fruit is the only relief to the principal image. In the face we note the transmitted qualities of the ancient Egyptian countenance, touched perhaps with race influences out of Arabia or Fez. In the second panel the figure of Cetheris is drawn with like exactitude and skill. The tambourine girl appears to be very tall and to possess in every lineament the marked characteristics of her race. The observer will note the strong similarity—almost identity—of the two faces. In fact, we might suppose that the artist's study has been made from the same model, at least as to the head and face. In other respects, also, the pictures are strongly similar.



IN THE BARBER SHOP, by Benjamin Vautier.—The picture here represented may be defined as a scene from the middle ages of barbarity. The art of shaving, as here delineated, is in the rudest stage of development. The men of the Age of Bronze, if we may judge by the canoes which they left behind them, would outshave such artists as he who stands for the center of this picture. No other man was ever more conscious of the greatness of his profession. He may be said to reign. His razor is a scepter and his barber-shop a throne-room. One of the distinguished subjects of the fine art here practiced has been finished *à la mode*, and has risen to adjust himself before the glass. He seems to be, by far, the most stylish of the assemblage. Judging from his back and apparel, we should suppose him to be the aristocrat of fashion in the neighborhood. The artist is in the act of smoothing down the face of another of his subjects, and several others, in various stages of waiting, are seated on the bench at the left. One ancient citizen is just coming through the door, and is taunted, by the jokes of the company, with the fact that many are before him. The characters of those shown are uniform specimens of an uncultured humanity, are well developed by the artist, and are really wide apart in feature and mental state. They are, in a word, just such an assemblage as a frontier community, half-rustic and half-village in type, is able to send on Saturday afternoon into an old-fashioned barber-shop.



REACHING THE BANK, by L. Cagnoni.—This picture, by its wide reach of landscape, reminds the observer of some of the paintings of Turner or Bonnault, both of whom are noted for their capacity to bring vast stretches of country within the limits of a single canvas. The scene here depicted is strongly Irish in its characteristics. It is a moorland traversed by a winding stream. Evidently the sea is not far away. The boatman has been all day plying his work. He has filled his boat with peat-moss, or some such material, and is returning at evening. It is the summer season, and the air is balmy. A stillness rests in every part. Afar, some houses may be seen in the horizon. The boatman, an industrious young fellow, has been awaited by his peasant wife and child. They stand on the bank to greet him. The woman has also been gathering peat, and the day's work is ended. The boatman is in the act of tying his boat to the shore. The water is flecked with the light of the clouds and sky. The island over yonder is covered with marsh grass and adorned here and there with trees. In the remote distance, where the clouds come down to earth, there is the suggestion of a sunset at sea. The principal interest centers in the three figures, and suggests careless life of rustics and fishermen, undisturbed by the excitements of the higher civilization.



A WEDDING TOUR, by Outin.—A fort, with its flat stone walls and fierce artillery, does not suggest pleasure thoughts. Hostility, destruction, death, seem always lurking near; but, as the vine and flowers may cover and beautify an unsightly ruin, so does the presence of youth and love soften and brighten even these forbidding surroundings. The guard, with obliging dullness, is blind to all sights save the approaching vessel; deaf to all sounds, save the faint echo of her whistle. With the quick eye of a seaman he notes her course, her speed, and learnedly explains whence she came and whither bound. Even the cannon, with open mouth, is gazing toward the sea. Meanwhile the interest of the youth and maiden flags. The field-glass is lowered, and in each other's eyes they see a fairy vision of another voyage which they may make together. It is among young people, drawn together by congenial tastes and common interests—too artless to be mercenary, too inexperienced to be suspicious—that one finds ideal affection; and that affection laughs at guards as well as the proverbial locksmith. But "all's fair in love and war," and doubly fair when both combine as here, where love is set in the sombre frame of war's grim implements.



HERE'S A FINE BUSINESS, by A. Luben.—This catastrophe is half-ludicrous and half-pathetic. It is pitiful to see the rustic old paterfamilias thrown down in such a heap under the Christmas tree. He has upset himself and pulled over the trees with him. Long time he and elderly mamma have been devising this tree, and it is now Christmas eve. The little folks, of perhaps more than one generation, are snugly hid away. Everything is in full expectation about the humble home. The old man has been busy all the evening hanging on the presents. The work was nearly done ; the pine boughs, from the lowest to the highest top, were covered with humble gifts to be exchanged on the morrow. Only a few additional articles remained to be put in place and the candles to be lighted, before the household should be awakened to see what work Santa Claus had accomplished. The old gentleman stands unsteadily on his stool, and that strange piece of furniture gives down on one side. He makes a clutch at the tree, and here we are on the floor in a universal wreck! We believe that the venerable old fellow says nothing, though he clutches his elbow which has been injured by the fall. He has had many bruises in his life, and the way now is not long before him. He has not yet recovered from the shock sufficiently to think in what way he will restore the Christmas tree. He sits just where he has fallen with the ruins of the presents around him, and with his ancient wife looking on in bewilderment. If we laugh at the catastrophe, we may also shed a tear of sympathy for the old man's fall. There are not many more Christmas-eves for him on this side of the narrow exit.



LOVE IS THE JOY OF TWO HEARTS, by H. Koch.—Two people, youth and maiden, are alone on the marge of a placid lake. The ocean of life is before them, and they dream, perhaps, that it will be as placid as the lake. They? Yes, they; for both think as one. Love is the joy of two hearts. Parthenia told it all to Ingomar in the fastness of the forest: "Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one." Here we find the motive for many pictures. It is the inspiration of this one. Yet how differently souls express themselves. Love assured asks still for assurance. His face seeks the assurance of love from without, from the countenance marked with the spirit of introspection that is dealing with the same question and her hands toying with flowers, and saying—"He loves; I love; both love," just as it was with Faust's Marguerite and with maids of many times and climes. He knows what answer she will give, for it has been given; she knows the question that is in his eyes and quivers on his lips, for she has answered it before. The bird flitting over the waters does not fly half so swiftly as their thoughts wing their way into the future, wherein each finds happiness, dependent upon the presence of the other. For, as they see it, love is the joy of two hearts, making them never alone when most alone, and yet alone when so they choose to be.



THE YOUNG GAMBLERS, by Ludwig Knaus.—Two young rascals, of strictly democratic antecedents, escape from duty, and, hiding by an old wall back of the house, try their skill at cards. They are beginners, but will be experts by and by. They have an old log for a bench. Already the game has captured every faculty. The ragamuffins are in it as deep as their souls. The busy mother has committed the baby to one of them, and he holds it on his lap with no consciousness that he has it. His clutch is wholly automatic. Not even the child's grimaces and contortions disturb him. His attention is fixed on the face of his puzzled and doubting adversary. He has him on the hip. The sober gamin does not know what to lead. He has dropped his ace of clubs. The contrast in the expression of the two faces, and the complete absorption of both in the game are beyond description. As for the baby, he is not in the game at all. The little creature is suffering the horrors of neglect and constraint. The surroundings are in keeping. The water-jug and boots are utterly forgotten. The central idea of the picture is the intense interest of the players in the fascinating game which they have just learned. Knaus is famous for painting the common lot in such aspects as this. He is a native of Weisbaden, and belongs to the Düsseldorf school of painters. He is regarded as the foremost *genre* artist in Germany. His works are popular with Americans, by whom many of his leading pictures have been purchased.



THE SEA AND THE LOVERS, by Wilhelm Kray.—This beautiful picture might almost be called a revelation of the infinite. Both the poets and the painters are fond of taking us in their highest moods to the sea. This picture shows us the ocean waves rocking the fisherman and his sweetheart in a boat. The young man has taken advantage of the slumber of the old boatswain to tell his loved one the tale of his devotion. The face of the maiden is lighted with an ineffable smile. His ardent words have won, and her expression bodes well for all his wooing. Her face is turned away, but that does not signify ; for her heart has yielded and she is captured completely. The expression of the eyes, the plump figure and easy attitude of the girl, set off to perfection with the negligee fisher-costume, are worthy of all praise. The nets lie idle in the bottom of the boat. All the world is forgotten. Only this remains—that the young fisherman loves and is alone with his heart's captor. The perspective of sea and sky is elegant. Kray is seen in this picture in his best mood. A German himself, he has caught the spirit of universal humanity and revealed it to the souls of all.



SLEDGE RIDING IN LITHUNIA, by Alfred Wierusz-Kowalski.—Here we have another of the strong and spirited pictures of the Slavic painter, Kowalski. This artist is peculiarly powerful in depicting the scenery and manners of winter. This sleighing party is done to the life. Do you not hear the sleigh bells? The horses have caught the spirit of pleasure and high action. They toss their heads and do their best, as the driver, with his jolly face, urges them on. They are gaily caparisoned in the manner of the Russian and Polish harness. They are covered with bells and trimmings. Not one sledge but many are here. They are all out for sport. Sleighing may be called the national amusement of the Russians. What is cold to such as these—what but intoxication? Many such scenes as these have been painted by Kowalski. One of his principal works is now owned by a New York gentleman, who paid therefor $2,225. The occupants of the first sledge seem entirely contented and happy. They are wrapped in furs and are oblivious to everything except themselves and the exhilaration of the mad drive across the snow. The distant buildings and trees, all snow-covered, as well as the sombre sky, show the hand of a master painter. The snowballs fly from the hoofs of the horses. One can imagine himself shouting aloud in quick sympathy with the exciting scene.



THE CHOIR, by Frappa.—Much artistic genius is displayed in this picture. The group includes eleven faces, each of which is clearly and strongly distinguished from the others. The group of ten girls constituting the choir is admirably done, as it respects both the expression and the contrasts. In one particular the sentiment is common to all —that is a half-amused and half-reverential interest in the chart which the old father has begun from the *Introit*. As for him, his mind is wholly engaged with the music and with things above. Though he has not denied himself the comforts of this world, he has, to all seeming, bowed its pleasures. He is delivering a note of the church service, and the girls of the choir are waiting for the chorus. The interest is made to center around the principal figure, that is the singing father; but the attention of the beholder is readily attracted from him and his chant to the more varied beauty of the girl-faces around him. Each of these is perfectly individualized. All varieties of charming expression and sentiment are written on these faces. Each of them is a study that may well engage an artist and provoke the admiration of those who are capable of admiring art. The devout father looks through the smoke and fragrance to the world on high and to the angels of celestial birth, neglecting the terrestrial, but hardly less innocent and beautiful angels hovering around him.



IN NORMANDY, by J. J. Veyrassat.—Normandy is one of the most interesting countries in Europe. It possesses almost every charm which may belong to a country in virtue of its history and beauty. It is a land of poetry and romance, touched in every feature with pleasant memories and the charm of physical perfection. In this picture the artist has depicted with admirable skill two forms of animal life and, in a subordinate way, one type of humanity. The primary idea has been to delineate the three Norman horses, and to give to each the proper character of his kind. The fame of these Norman breeds is worldwide. They are among the most finely developed of the horse kind in all the world. As to strength and docility they compete for the very first place. The artist has succeeded admirably in his drawings. The foreshortening and coloring are perfect. The expression of each horse's face is given to the life. The large, dark animal seems to have had his primacy disputed, and is touched with the insinuation. Conscious of his power, he knows his strength, and is ready to defend his reputation against all competitors. The second animal is of a temper perfectly serene and placid. The third is a little offended at a certain want of attention on the part of his companions. As for the eight geese, they are plump enough for the table of any prince. They are also as silly and garrulous as such contented and half-witted creatures can be. The woman with the water pitcher is satisfied with the scene and with herself. The landscape is exquisite.



A GALLANT PROPOSAL, by F. Roybet.—In this picture we have the comedy of love exaggerated to the last degree. The artist has given himself the utmost license. He has drawn Venus of the feather-box and Don Juan of the wagon-road to perfection. The scene is a Dutch kitchen of the seventeenth century. Venus has been engaged for an hour in the vague preliminaries of dinner. The fowls and the game have been inspected and the plucking of one bird undertaken. Meanwhile, Don Juan has come, dismounted and entered to press his suit. The circumstances are highly favorable. His vocation is a mixture of hunter and gardener. Venus, we think, has been expecting this morning call. Though immersed in the duties of the kitchen, she has not forgotten her Don, and the episode now on is not unexpected. He bends over the table and begins his suit with sufficient earnestness. Though still holding the feathers in one hand and the fowl's leg in the other, she has inclined favorably to his cause, and is in what one of our poets has called "A high state of mirth and delight." Her pleasure is not concealed under any smirk of indifference. If her culture had been of a higher order, she would have learned to be less free with her smiles and premonitions of acceptance. But being bred to the kitchen and not having heard of the necessity of saying no with such an inflection as to mean yes, she gives the whole cause away with one broad laugh. The comedy is near the close. Venus will accept him.



WITHOUT THE ARTIST'S PERMISSION, by Benjamin Vautier.—The painter of this picture is one of the great artists of popular life. In early life he studied the peasant classes in the Black Forest, and in the Berne Highlands. The painting from which the present work is taken represents two peasant girls engaged in touching up the work of an artist during his absence. They have stolen into his studio in a spirit of mischief which gleams from every feature, and are ornamenting the half-finished portrait on the easel. One of the girls has discovered that a moustache is wanting to complete the picture. She has taken a brush, and is in the act of art, putting as well as she may, her concept of amendment into the portrait. The other girl enters into the spirit of the performance. Both are thinking how great a joke it will be on the artist. The younger girl holds her finger to her lip as if a little timorous and doubtful whether this business is wholly right. The studio is typical, and is admirably drawn. There is a camp-stool which the artist carries with him when he goes out to sketch, also the table, the oils, the box of paints, etc. The walls are covered with unframed canvases out of which portraits begin to peer here and there. The humor of the girl's work consists largely in this—that she has invented a moustache for the solemn-visaged monk, whose expression of piety she has resolved to amend with a touch of foppishness on the upper lip.



AUTUMN SOLITUDE, by Johann Gottfried Steffan.—In this picture we have another fine example of the product of Steffan's genius. The sketch is from nature. The artist takes delight in mountain scenery and tumbling waters. In our own country, he must have sought the wilds of the Yellowstone, the cañon of the Colorado, or the sublimities of the Yosemite. This picture exhibits his artistic preferences in full force. On the left, we have an inaccessible mountain wall of granite. To the right also, the mountain rises, but slopes backward from the foreground, forming a rugged valley with gnarled trees and abundant foliage. Life is represented by two deers standing near the water, half-concealed in the protecting shadow and thicket. There is a waterfall in the left center of the landscape that may remind the beholder of the Bridal Veil in the Yosemite. The rock formations in the foreground are suggestive of those which the traveler finds in such beautiful variety around the geysers in the Yellowstone National Park.



A QUESTION, by Von Czachorski.—This picture is a good example of the highest style of Polish paintings. The artist exhibits his nationality in every line. Richness of draperies and ornamentation is a characteristic of such art. The scene depicted is that of mock palmistry. The beautiful girl at the end of the table is tracing lines in her lover's hand, and is apparently deeply absorbed in finding for him the answer to what he wishes to know. Her companion, looking over her shoulder, watches the progress towards a solution, and makes suggestions when there is a puzzling point. As for the handsome lover, he watches not his hand, and if we mistake not, he does not hear with clearness the ambiguous and tormenting nothings which the girl is telling him. He fixes his gaze on her. She is his question-book, which he is more disposed to study than any palm, even his own. The difference in the ability of the man and the woman to act a part—of the one to reveal and of the other to conceal the current of thought that is floating within—is happily illustrated in this picture. The lover has given himself wholly away, as anyone may see, while the sweetheart appears to be wholly absorbed in the mysteries of the art which she is practicing over an outstretched palm—a palm which she, no doubt, intends to accept—by and by. But she will torment him for a while and then make him happy.



HAILING THE FERRYMAN, by Daniel Ridgway Knight.—This is a reproduction of one of Knight's most charming recent paintings. One might believe that the landscape is sketched from the banks of his own Schuylkill or Wissahickon on a mid-June evening. The whole view is a perfect quietude. Nature is everywhere at rest. The waters are asleep. There is not a breath astir in leaf or grass; not a ripple in wood or stream. There is not even a cricket-call or whirr of bird-wing anywhere. There are three living figures. The country-women must cross to the other side. They are returning at evening with their baskets; but they live over yonder, beyond the dim turn in the summer road. They know the ferryman well enough, and they would summon him to row them across. The elder does so by calling aloud with hand-a-mouth, and the other with gesture to the distant boatman. Both the call and the gesture are natural to the last degree, and perfectly feminine in manner. The boatman has heard and comes running down the road. The scene is complete and perfectly artistic. The figures of the women and their peasant dresses could hardly be improved. In a few minutes more the sleeping waters will be broken with the dipping oar, and the idyl will be completed with the disappearance of three figures under the twilight of the summer dusk.



THE VICTORS RETURNING HOME, by Franz Von Defregger.—The first scene and the last scene of war are very different from the intermediate parts. The middle acts are filled with blood and rapine. The outgoing of a young soldiery to the campaign and the battlefield is attended with applause and enthusiasm. Everything that can be done to cheer and inspire the youthful soldiers as they march away is gladly tendered. So, also, with the return from the conflict: The victors are received with shouting. The town gates are flung wide; all the windows are decorated with flowers. Beauty rushes into the street to hail the returning victors. The scene presented in this picture is from the later middle ages. War at that epoch had not become so refined as at the present day. The soldiers were more rude and boisterous. As late as the Thirty Years' War the armies were frequently made up of ruffians aud vagabonds. We are here at the end of such a campaign. The town is out in holiday to receive the victors marching home from war and conquest. The parade and review are by no means elegant and regular, as those which are witnessed from time to time in the streets of modern cities. Nevertheless, the welcome is hearty. The wine shops have been opened to the soldiers, and the effects of drinking may be seen in the hilarity of the flag-bearer and the manners of the whole cavalcade. In the distance the rank and file may be seen crowding through the opening. The architecture is of the rude mediæval pattern.



DOGGIE IS DRESSED UP, by M. Wunsch.—The painters have a penchant for contrasting animal and human life. One of their caprices is to transfer the qualities of the human being to some animal, and *vice versa*. It is food for a painter's fancy—if he be so humorous—to put human eyes and human expression into the visage of a dog or horse ; or under the reverse of the caprice, to put the features of an animal into a human face. The humor of this method also expresses itself by clothing animals in the manner of rational beings, or by putting them into situations that are strictly human. In this picture we have an example of this freak of art. Doggie has submitted himself to receive a headdress. He is done up in the style of grandma with her kerchief tied under her chin. Fred and Jennie have it all their own way with the poor relative. He is perfectly tractable, and you may fancy that he has entered into the spirit of the scene. He is grave, demure, complaisant and ancient. His paws hang limp over Jennie's white arm and hand. He would say, if he could talk, "I thank you, my dears, but my toothache has passed away, and I am much better this morning. After my breakfast and coffee I will go out walking with you. Fred will put away his rake and get his basket, and we will gather nuts in the woods." The wit of the thing is as gentle and insinuating as the beauty and truthfulness of the little comedy are conspicuous.



DINNER, by W. H. Trood.—This artist is noted for his ability as a delineator of the more delicate forms of animal life. He has the genius to express the spirit of beasts and birds—a gift not always possessed by artists who have essayed this style of work. The kittens and puppies are here at dinner, as are also the goslings, in the foreground. The chicks are feeding on what things they can pick from the sand. In this work the cooped-up mother helps them as much as she can. The main interest is in the milk basin, in the center of the picture, and with the fat and satisfied creatures that are helping themselves to the contents. The attitude and manner of the puppy-dogs and kittens is delineated to perfection. The main charm is in the expression of the faces of these creatures as they lap the milk. The father and mother are near by, watching with parental satisfaction and interest the table manners of their family. So also pussy, the matron, who sits in perfect complacency on the sill above. Not often has a cat been more correctly and elegantly sketched than in this instance. The drawing is faultless. The artist has succeeded in transferring to Tabby all of the motherly solicitude of her kind—a solicitude gentle enough in its undisturbed expression, but tempestuous when crossed with any trouble or danger to our kittens. Them we will defend with tooth and claw and all the feline savagery of our nature.



THE TOILET OF THE BRIDE, by Makowsky.—On the threshold of a new life the girl bride's companions in family of carrying ages, seated in various attitudes. The elders are most anxious for the present and busy themselves in making or inspecting the toilet. Some of the younger ones have their thoughts on the future, and one of them reclines at the bride's feet, looking up into her face with an expression of solicitude that is gently met with a caress of the forehead and interlocking of hand and arm. The bride realizes the solemnity of the occasion, and her face is serious but not anxious. She has no thought for the matters of dressing preparation that afford business for the other women around her. Nor is she conscious of the admiring looks of those who are not immediately engaged in preparing her for the altar. There are figures in the picture which suggest many stories. The scene is full of animation, and, aside from its character as a picture of Russian life, it is replete with elements of human feeling that knows neither time nor clime. The picture is a study in the expression on the faces, and is not much less interesting in the presentation of the rich but quaint festival costume of the well-to-do in the great Northern empire. There is a rare sparkling of gems in this famous painting, and a profusion of fine-textured fabrics that almost awes the sober imagination of our less luxuriant occident.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK ENTERING JERUSALEM, by Wilhelm Gentz.—Travelers in the Orient find it convenient, if not necessary, to change their garb and manner of traveling according to the condition of the country. The desert has its own methods. The dominant forms of society demand compliance with the existing order. The turban, the tent, the camel, all follow naturally in the wake of the desert and the Bedouin. This picture represents an incident of the travels of the Crown Prince of the German Empire in the Holy Land. He, with a company of generals, statesmen and friends, visited Palestine and the City of David. The cavalcade is just coming to the city. The round domes of mosques are seen here and there, and in one or two places stately minarets shoot up against the still horizon. The Crown Prince rides on his camel at the head of the company. Two Arab guides run before and reveal by their manner, their knowledge that they have an important mission with this company. The chief interest centers in the Prince himself. His Teutonic form and visage, representing one of the highest types in the civilization of the nineteenth century, is strangely set against the background of a country and race belonging to the past. On those hills beyond, Richard Plantaganet once whirled his battle axe. Between the mosques historical spectres are gliding. There Nechos' daughter comes in state to be wedded to Solomon, and still further on, the men of Joshua may be seen attacking the walled town of the Jebusites.



AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS, by Lorenz Alma-Tadema.—The painter of this beautiful picture is one of the leading artists of modern times. He is Danish by birth, but essentially British in his reputation. His mind is saturated with the splendors of Greek and Roman art. He delights in depicting the life of the aristocracy of the times of the Roman ascendancy. In this picture the artist has delineated three of the high-born and high-bred belles of the empire. They are reposing in the room called the *frigidarium*, or cooling room, of one of the magnificent marble baths of Rome. These are beauties of the most splendid order. The artist has greatly varied their character ; but all three are truly Roman—proud, serene, haughty, capable alike of loving and of killing. They are resting and reviving here from the soft pleasures of the *tepidarium*, or warm bath, in which they have indulged. They have re-robed themselves, and are enjoying the reaction which comes to such creatures under the influences of the bath. They are also dreaming of their lovers. One considers her face in the mirror, wondering how greatly *he* will praise it. Another stands by the marble wall, tall as a queen and as haughty and dangerous. Through the open arch an assemblage of other such beauties can be seen in the outer apartment, awaiting their turn for the bath. The artist calls this splendid bathing hall the "Shrine of Venus."



BITTER MEDICINE, by Fleischer.—The worst has happened and our hero is about to administered. The young fellow at the right has just returned from the apothecary, bringing the nauseous drug. The potion has been fixed up and paterfamilias is in the act of administering it. At this point, however, the usual insurrection has broken out with extreme violence. Mamma has tried her persuasion, and Jennie has coaxed the baby until it was believed that he would take the spoonful without opposition. But the sight of it has kindled memory, and a sudden outbreak has made force necessary. The father has constrained the insurgent into such position as to make the administration possible, but the uproar is great, and the scene amusing. The artist has done full justice to the expression on the different faces. The baby's visage needs no interpretation. The father, severe and kind, is watching his opportunity. The moment the orifice is opened, down will go the drug. The mother is kind and sympathetic. John is not wholly indifferent to the baby's struggles, and is considering the question how he would do it. Jennie appeals to papa to be gentle with the little one. For her part, she would never compel the little one to do anything.



IN THE WOODY BOWER, by Moreau de Tours.—This picture is French in every particular. The genius of the artist has transferred his race to the canvas. The other peoples are astonished at the lightness and enthusiasms of the French. There is an effervescence in the Gallic blood which gives to the national character a warmth and spirit unknown to peoples of colder climes. The French, above all modern races, with the possible exception of the Italians, are most attracted to the out-door life. The scene here delineated is out-of-doors. Tables have been spread under the trees. To the right is the bower proper, covered with heavy foliage ; but even this is too confined for the imagination of these people. They sit in the open light, and have extemporized a café in the manner of their delightful Paris. The serving-girl is typical of her kind. She too is Parisian in every lineament. She has just brought the roast fowl to the table of the two waiting guests. Their applause is intended partly for the service and partly for herself. These joyous people are about to feast under the green leaves, rejoicing in the freedom of nature and utterly oblivious of care. To the left two others—man and woman—have seated themselves and are pouring the wine. The gaiety is unalloyed. The heavy and severe spirit of the North is entirely unknown to this group. Their lives, though refined after the manner of their country, are unconstrained and reckless as can well be imagined. This picture was first exhibited in the Salon in 1893.



THE STORY-BOOK, by Silvio Rotta.—The lesson of this picture is "twice a child." The artist has happily illustrated the extreme contrasts of life. The old, white-haired woman has reached the last stage of her pilgrimage, and has become a child again. She is as much interested in the story, which she is reading from the book, as is the little girl by her side. Pussy, under the influence of the old woman's monotonous voice, has fallen into a doze; but the two children—the one old and one young—are deep in the mysteries of meaning. They are of the peasant class, and the homely surroundings show the torn and worn conditions of the household. There on the wall hang the remnants of last year's almanac, by the bunch of dried onions. The stone paving of the floor has not been relaid for many a year. It has become displaced and uneven under the patter of feet now dead. The old grandmother sits in the straight-backed chair with husk bottom. Her shoulders are stooped with age, and her head is tied with that quaint kerchief which the woman discovers as the last decoration and hiding-place of her faded tresses. The strongest feature of the picture is the profound interest which she has in the story. The little one is wide-eyed with wonder. She sits with folded hands, and is a study in every feature. She is absorbed in the story and gazes into vacancy. The odd little dress belongs to the humblest of humble children. In no long time the wee creature must have some other reader than grandma, for *she is going away*.



AN ACT OF COURAGE, by A. Weisz.—Midsummer is here. Driven from the heated city, a dainty little maid has come with mamma to the seashore. From their camp chairs they have watched the sailboats lazily gliding past and have listened to the gentle murmur of the waves. But inland sights prove far more interesting. They see a little country lass, and a childish heart gives an envious throb. How happy she must be! She wears no shoes, no sleeves, and has her hair pinned in a cool little knot. But, better than all, she has a pet calf—a real, live calf, with a silky coat, bright eyes and neat little hoofs. How far superior to all the toys she has ever seen! Quickly she runs, and, through the mysterious tie which binds all children, they are friends at once. With youthful curiosity she longs to touch the beautiful creature, but fear restrains her. "Wait till I set my basket down and I will hold it for you," says the proud little owner. Then, summoning her courage, with one hand she clings to her mother's skirts, and with the other strokes the glossy side of the pet. Truly, "an act of courage." Thus does the painter, rising above the babel of tongues, present his story in a universal language—a book of a single page.



BEETHOVEN AT BONN, by Leyrendecker.—The artist in this picture has set one of the acts of genius against a background of trees and flowering plants. Beethoven has sought the solitude of his own grove, through which may be dimly seen his home under the clustering branches. Here he is alone with the muse. The outlines of the city of Bonn may be seen in the left background. The highway lies near by, and one of the processions of the church is passing. To all this, however, the great musician is oblivious. He knows not or heeds not that he is observed. He is listening attentively to the harmonies of his own spirit, and is formulating some of those cadences whose echoes have awakened the delight of the people of two hemispheres. The man, as he sits there, is every inch a master. His Germanic character is displayed in every line. While the portrayal is that of a man of genius communing with himself in his highest mood, it is also that of a man capable of fashion and alive to the enjoyments of the world. But ambition is dominant over all other feelings and emotions. The big brain is luminous with visions unseen to any eye, and his ear is attuned to those sublime harmonies with which his name has become synonymous wherever the divine art of music is known. It is not to be wondered that the procession passing by the highway has suddenly arrested itself to catch a glimpse of something greater and more noble than landscape or ceremonial.



THE FANDANGO, by Albert Kindler.—The scene here is in the open court of a Spanish villa. The beautiful and graceful Spaniard is doing the fandango for the swarthy nabobs of her race. One of the latter is evidently of Moorish extraction. There is a clatter of tambourines and the twanging of the banjo. A rich oriental rug is spread for the dainty feet. All are absorbed in the scene. Two of the neighboring duennas look enviously through the opening between the pillars on the right. Even the cat is an interested spectator. The dancer is in filmy costume, which accentuates the rhythm of her movements, and dimly outlines her form. The beautiful neck and arms are bared and ornamented. A profusion of flowers are in the jetty hair. Delight is in the face of the younger spectators. Approval enlivens the countenance of the chief nabob, and admiration sits on his, who may be her lover, over by the marble pillar. The strolling players in their tattered garb accompany and lead the movements of the splendid creature who is the center of the composition. The scene is tropical and oriental. Albert Kindler was a Swiss artist who died in the Tyrol in 1876. His first fame was won in 1859. Some of his principal pieces are "The Bridal Procession on the Rhine," "Poaching," "Opening of the Dance," etc. The particular elegance of the "Fandango" is the grace, beauty and passion of the dancer, which have rarely been more beautifully portrayed.



THE LAST DANCE, by J. H. Williams.—This picture represents a side incident of an English ball. Two of the dancers, a young lady and her beau, have gone apart and taken their place on a sofa, but the dance is not yet over, and another admirer of the lady has come to claim the honor of her hand in the last set of the evening. The picture represents him in the act of soliciting the favor. The interest centers in the expression of the several faces and figures of the parties. The dress is *à la mode*, and the furnishings of the apartment most elegant. But the eye turns from these to study the features of the actors in the little play. There is no unfriendliness, but clearly a wish on the part of the two lovers that social courtesy had not obtruded itself at this hour and in this manner. Of course the lady cannot refuse her admirer the favor of the last dance, but she wishes that she were already engaged for that set. The lover finds himself suddenly interrupted by the unexpected invitation. In this attitude, half-embarrassed and yet thoroughly polite, the artist has caught the three characters, and drawn them to perfection. It is a clear case of competition between two gentlemen of fashion for the favor of one even more fashionable and perfectly bred in manners than themselves.



THE MORNING SOUP, by Norbert Goeneutte. *(Used by special permission of the artist.)*—It can be very cold on the steppe, and when a blizzard comes and work stops, as it happened some years ago, the soup-kitchen is instituted in order to tide the poorer classes over the winter. Work is demanded to clear the streets of snow, and soup tickets form part of the pay. "La Soup du Matin" formed one of the attractions of the Salon of 1880, and was shown again at the World's Fair in the French Section. His paintings are rare over here, more ambitious or better advertised men having so well filled the market, that his modest worth has been overlooked. A pupil of Isidore Pils, who painted the ceiling of the grand staircase of the Opera House of Paris, he has taken warning by the fate which overtook the ambitious canvases of that once popular artist. The garish colors and realistic compositions of Pils' "Visit of Algerian Chiefs to Napoleon and Eugenie" (1865) must have set him thinking. He turned from such pomps as these to the common life, and he, like the artists of Paris, only goes to the desert at times to catch "Arabs at a Drinking Place," or views at Biskara and Calais. His etchings have great vigor and a kind of Cyclopean strength. He paints with a broad and summary brush, refusing to sharpen outlines and harden surfaces, and preferring to indicate a curve and suggest a movement with a rapid stroke. Observe the group in the right foreground, a man sharing his only crust with his four-footed friends!



THE VILLAGE WITCH, by Ludwig Knaus.—One of the most deplorable superstitions with which the human mind has been afflicted is that of witchcraft. The sorrowful consequences which have flowed from such belief can hardly be estimated or imagined. One of the circumstances which have added to the grief of this superstition has been that *woman* has been almost invariably believed to be the one possessed. The picture represents the remaining results of the ancient delusion. And old and (we may admit) unlovely woman is coming home from the village with her basket and cane. She has in this neighborhood a bad reputation. They say she is possessed of familiar spirits. She is, therefore, an object of dread and detestation. This might not matter if the delusion did not extend to the children. A group of urchins just let out from school are playing and loitering on the road when the old woman comes in sight. One rascal has laid down his slate and books and taken a stone, after the manner of his ancestors, to kill the witch. Another gamin is having his spite in satirical actions. One little girl is pointing derisively at the old woman, and most of them are crying out. The artist has well delineated the effects of this treatment on the cross-grained old lady. She would beat the children with her stick if she could get at them. One point of merit in the picture is the landscape. Although it is summer-time a certain gloom has been thrown into the painting as the background of the baleful superstition which he would represent.



THE CAPSTAN, by Léon Lucien Couturier. (*Reproduced for this work by special permission of the artist.*)—French patriots looking back twenty years and passing in review the Salons at Paris may feel grateful to Léon Couturier. He has helped to vivify that flame of ardor in things military and naval which for good or for evil the French have cherished during the quarter of a century gone by. As far back as 1875, in "Attack by the Naval Brigade of Riflemen," he expressed the admiration Paris had for the brave sailor lads who defended the beleaguered city during the "terrible year." In 1886 the writer noted at the Salon "An Alarm Scene from the War of 1870-1871," and the following year there appeared a quieter scene from the same war. Yet Couturier was a pupil of Cabanel, the painter of sleek nymphs and languid ladies, big-eyed and ideal. The "terrible year" came just in time to prevent the pupil from imitating that sweet, effeminate style. But he did not study Cabanel's superb mastery of drawing in vain. Only those who have visited French war vessels know how true to facts is the picture of the whirling, straining, chanting wheel of Jack tars making the capstan spin. In all ages French war ships have gone to sea full-handed. This is no exception to the rule. The labor is almost a romp, inspired as the men are by martial music from trumpet and drum. This artist is inland born, notwithstanding his love of sailor scenes, for his birthplace is Mâcon. His best works are such pictures as the one above, which was shown at the World's Fair.



THE FIRST STOP, by Robert Assmus.—In this picture the artist has shown a German highway leading through the forest where a country inn has been built as a station for travelers. The scene represents the arrival of a company at the tavern, and their entertainment by the wayside. The horses that have borne them hither are heavy, well-kept steeds, gentle, and capable of enduring fatigue. The travelers are refreshing themselves with pipes and beer. They are soldiers, as indicated by their trappings and arms. But they are off on leave, and are ready to enjoy themselves at this forest hostelry. The drawing of the picture is remarkably good. The perspective of the road shows perfectly, and the light falls easily through the opening in the dense woods upon the humble tavern and on the royal arms and guests in the highway. The scene is strongly Teutonic in its spirit. The costume of the principal figures appear to belong to the close of the seventeenth century, though the trappings of the horses would indicate a more recent date. It is the summer season, and there is a suggestion of the mountain resort in the trees and atmosphere.



REMINISCENCES, by C. Schweninger.—Once more, but only in imagination, the young soldier is amid the scenes where he "sought the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth." Perhaps, on the field of battle, visions of the fair face now before him nerved him to deeds of valor, just as now the interest it betrays, brings memories to him of the stirring adventures through which he has passed. He has eyes for that sweet face alone, and his story is for her whose love and pride are speaking it. But there are other listeners. Even the dog seems to feel the spirit of the tale. One of the listeners, an elder sister, perhaps, of the chief auditor, watches the soldier's face with a rarer interest than that of the young women. The charm of the picture is found in the countenance of the two other figures. There is a matron on whom the years sit lightly, and a man who knows youth no longer. They too are interested in the recital, and their looks speak admiration. But the while they listen, they are living partially in the past wherein the matron listened to just such narratives, and the staid man who stands behind was the one whose story of dangers braved and grand deeds performed made her forget the agony of suspense that was here while he was off to the wars. And he, erect and soldierly, as still in love as that stalwart young man doubtless, for his counterpart, was just the same



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE, by Emile Van Marcke. (*Corcoran Art Gallery, Wash., by special permission.*)—Of all living creatures, perhaps cattle have been most frequently chosen by artists as the subjects of their work. The flock and the herd have entered into literature also; and much of the romance and poetry of life from the days of Virgil to the days of Rosa Bonheur has been associated with the same thing. In this picture Van Marcke has taken a wide landscape with English characteristics, and thrown his herd of cattle into the foreground, where there is a brook with grassy and flowery banks. The work is executed in a peculiar manner, of which the prevailing feature is the lack of definite outline in the drawing. This becomes almost a mannerism with the artist. Even the animals of the foreground are suggested rather than delineated. The dark-colored heifer is hardly distinguishable in some parts of her figure. At the left another animal is mixed with the peculiar foliage, and in the left-center a third seems to be a cow of shreds and patches. Everything is suggested, but the general effect is highly satisfactory. There are certain conditions of atmosphere and landscape that are especially favorable to this kind of dim drawing. The beholder, having his imagination, will not insist that the forms of living creatures in such a picture shall be more distinctly defined. The sentiment and general effect are sufficient.



THINE IS MY HEART AND SHALL BE EVERMORE, by H. Vogler.—How to pop the question is debated very commonly in the press, and women readily rush into print with advice to men. But that advice is generally by way of telling them what they should not do or say at that critical moment. It would be more interesting to hear from them how a woman should receive the news. They could then prepare the pathetic, the sarcastic or the denunciatory reply in case of rejection, and the proper phrase of gratitude in the event of a yes. We know how Heinrich Vogler, of Munich, would like it them. Clad in a most becoming costume of eighty years ago, he sits on a sufficiently hard accommodation. All about him falls mottled sun and shade; sweet forest smells draw through the leaves; brown wood-butterflies race each other to the tops and birds swell afar. Then he hears a light step, and Phillis, or, let us hope, someone with a more constant heart than Goethe's little minx, reaches the trysting-place. He puts his hat on the bench, catches her hand, and she listens to the story his love. (The next thing in this drama, ever fresh, no matter how many million years old, is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the handsome gentleman is seated and there is no room on the bench by his side.) The picture is a scene of true love, which is tender, respectful and destined to last



THE NEW MODEL, by A. Weiss.—In this picture the artist has introduced a scene from art. The smaller idea is set like a cameo in the larger. The two young artists have gone abroad in the summer morning to make sketches. The country is rough here and picturesque, though unadorned with trees. The artist in white has her drawing materials and is doing a piece "from nature." The nature in this case has been brought by the two girls to be used as a model, and she is taking her first lesson in pose. It is really a beautiful conceit to draw the little one, who has suddenly become conscious that she is to stand for her picture, in the attitude of childish constraint. If she were not told to do it, she would stand more naturally than any professional model of Florence, but being told, the charming creature has lost herself in the effort. The two ladies are trying hard to entice her, with sympathy and interesting sayings, into a look and posture of childish ease. But the little one has fallen under the dominion of an idea—most tyrannical things—and has put out her round arms as awkwardly as though she were a boy. Her indignation toward her tormentors, and the look of fixedness, which she is giving them in her trial, are almost pathetic; but the artists are greatly amused.



MOUNTAIN GORGE AND TORRENT, by Johann Gottfried Steffan.—The painter, to whom art is indebted for this fine work, has devoted his genius mostly to the reproduction of rugged landscapes. The scene, in this instance, is from a picturesque mountain region, in the canton of Gravus, Switzerland. Steffan relies for effect wholly on the wildness and sublimity of nature. He introduces living beings into his landscapes to so limited a degree as almost to violate the canons of art criticism. This wild and rugged scene has but a single human being, and no other form of life. A mountaineer appears near the edge of a precipice beyond the rapids on the right. But physical nature is most wonderfully and truthfully delineated. Note the huge masses of stone that have tumbled from the eternal ramparts, and are opposing themselves to the plunging torrent that breaks itself into foam and mist against them. In several places we have hints of what nature is able to do in planting trees where it would seem impossible for them to gain a footing. The artist might well have introduced himself into the foreground of this picture, as if to study the splendid outline of the landscape, and transfer its grandeur to his canvas.



VALUABLE INSTRUCTION, by Ludwig Knaüs.—The Israelite is in everything. He has been everywhere and involved in all enterprises for many centuries. Perhaps the strangest thing about his career is the complete transformation of his enterprise from the old aspect to the new. He began as the great commercial, and has closed as the most extensive among markets. The Hebrew of antiquity avoided the seacoast, he secluded himself and cultivated only a necessary and strictly limited internal trade. His descendant in modern times seeks the mart by an unfailing instinct, and surpasses all men in his passion for trade. Wherever any form of trade is possible, there he lives and flourishes. This picture represents one of the well-known aspects of his commercial life. He is here a clothing merchant. His place of business is a cellar. He is a dealer in second-hand commodities, a heap of which occupies a large part of his store-house. He is a man of means, and smokes an Arabian pipe with intense satisfaction. But the real thought in the picture is the instruction which the Jew merchant is giving to the boy, whereby the latter is inducted in the methods of Hebrew trade. Great is the spirit with which the old trader imparts, and still greater the enthusiasm with which the scion receives the lesson, drinking it up as water.



THE NARROW PASS, by Amberg.—The scene represented in this picture is a first at Thermopylæ. It is not as dangerous as the old pass where the Spartans stood against the Persians, but it is a place where hearts may be broken or captured. There is a narrow way leading from the park out into the open place, and through this beauty must pass on the way. The artist represents two girls in the middle of the defile making their way through danger to safety. It seems that they have been waylaid on either hand, not exactly by enemies, but by admirers who are sufficiently ardent. The girls are trying to appear unconscious of the risk to which they have exposed themselves. One of the admirers is young and uniformed to the extreme of the style of soldiers. The other is by no means so stylish, nor is he rather too advanced in years to give himself away to so strenuous a fashion. Both have been smitten with the beauty of the girls, and are anxious to receive some recognition of their attentions. The disinterested observer may discover, in the countenances and manner of the two pretty maids, a disposition to accept the proud flattery of their would-be beaux. The artist has made a pretty concert into a fine picture, not devoid of sentiment and touches of humor.



DUTCH ORPHAN GIRL, by John Frederick Lewis.—Orphanage is perhaps the saddest fact in the world. The helplessness of infancy and childhood is sufficiently emphasized, even when the father and mother are present, to love and protect. When these are taken away the child is left desolate. It is not merely the body that is nurtured, but mainly the physical life that is sustained, but the spirit also, by the mother's infinite devotion. The child that grows up deprived of parental guardianship and love seems to subsist on something foreign and remote from the warm of both body and heart. To her there is something wanting which the tenderest hand of strangers cannot supply. Girlhood comes, and after that womanhood with all of its emotion and spirituality. But the curse of the old bereavement may still be seen in face and figure. In this picture the artist has sought to delineate the features and spirit of the orphan as she comes to womanhood. The child that was, but is now child no longer, has been reading by the light of the candles. She is alone at night. New thoughts have arisen in her mind, and she lifts her face from the book. In this moment the artist has caught her expression and transferred it to his canvas.



THE STYRIAN GIRL, by Joseph Lieck.—Of all the themes of art, the face of woman has been the one preferred by painters. In every age since the first rude drawings were made by man, to the present day, the artist has escaped to the features of girlhood and womanhood as the highest expression of the beautiful. In this picture the painter has partly hidden and partly revealed his subject. The large and beautiful eyes, the delicate nose and smiling mouth are shown, but the contour of the head and figure in general are concealed by the draperies. This style is a part of the national costume of the Styrians. Over and around the head and neck is thrown a sort of plaid shawl, through the folds of which the features peep out in a manner almost Mohammedan. The face of this beautiful girl is typical of the Styrian race. It is half Austrian and half Slavic in character. We do not doubt that this portrait has been sketched from life. If it had not required another picture besides this, it would have been sufficient to establish his fame. The reproduction, as well as the original, is exquisite. It shows the timidity, the suppressed joy, the native and coquettishness of girlhood to perfection.



THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN, by Langer.—This picture, though very different, may well remind us of the famous *Angelus*. We have the same landscape, with the single church-spire dimly set against the horizon. The peasants are engaged in picking and bagging potatoes. Probably the scene is sketched from an aspect of Irish life. The character of the buildings to the right, and the swallows skimming here and there, remind one of the country just outside of Dublin. The autumn time is strongly suggested in every part of the landscape. The foliage is not yet tipped, and, indeed, the air is still warm with the remaining glow of summer. The costumes of the peasants show that no chill has been felt as yet, but the day of the frost is near at hand. One can feel in the atmosphere the premonitions of the great change which is soon to pass over nature. The evening has come, and the potatoes have been exhumed with spade and shovel. Some are gathered into baskets, and the old man, with his daughter, is sinking down a hogshead for the harvest. The scene is pervaded with quietude and peace. The day's work is nearly finished. The old man would gladly go to his rest, but his daughter will have, under the fading twilight, some dream and fancy which will reach beyond the potato field.



MAKE HASTE, by Chocarne-Moreau.—*The* French title *of* this picture—*Hâtons-Toi*—is difficult to render into English. The scene depicted, however, is not difficult to understand. The wine-boy, at the wine-closet, is serving his friend with a goblet of wine that ought to be reserved for sacred purposes. It is a business which has to be managed with care and expedition, hence the title of the picture. The actors are both aware of the nature of the thing they are doing, and of the danger to which they expose themselves. The drinker is much less concerned than the other about his act. The waiting-boy, whose duty it is to guard the wine from profanation, is troubled not a little, and looks eagerly to see if the priest is coming. The merit of the picture consists mostly in the portrayal of conflicting emotions and sentiments on the face of the repentant character. He has willingly yielded to the solicitation of his friend for a drink of the wine, but his trepidation is none the less on that account lest he be caught in the act. The strained look on his face and the position in which he is standing show clearly enough the effects of his temptation and sin. He is in great haste to have it over, but he does not as yet apprehend the haunting conscience which will follow him, even though unobserved by human eye.



RUSTIC HAPPINESS, by C. Heyden.—Rustic joy has attracted artistic genius more than the cynic. It would appear that nature, if she do not constitute the essence of every painting, must at least linger near to give it a touch of sentiment and poetry. In this work the artist has drawn a rustic scene of extreme simplicity, and yet beautiful in every part. A spirit of gentleness is diffused through the whole. There is a country home and an old fence, and a blossoming tree, and three white doves on the wing. In the foreground some gentle sheep are half-hidden in the grasses and flowers. They are the pets of the family. They know the young housewife, and greet her with innocent caresses. The little girl stands by one of the sheep, holding his nose, and looking at the lamb as though her sympathies were with that. Baby, also, looks at the fleecy creatures, and laughs. One of the flock lies sleeping; another ruminates, and the remaining three crowd close to their mistress with their faces in her garments. The affection of the speechless kind for humanity, and of that for them, is happily portrayed. The warm air of June bathes the scene in radiance and balm. Violence is far away, and anger sleeps in some unknown place, not to awake until this rustic happiness is broken.



THE WINE-TASTER, by Eduard Grützner.—This artist is a Silesian by birth, and the name which he has now delineated with such fidelity and spirit is also Silesian, though it might well have been sketched from the wine-cellar of any of the Germanic countries. The wine-taster, in the first sense of the term, is he who is the winery taster and decides upon the quality of the grape harvest—this for commercial reasons. The skill of the professional taster has become traditional. The labourer of the wine-cellar bears many streams of famous vintages who have been able to decide the number and kinds of wines mixed together in the same glass, even when half a dozen varieties are represented. This picture, however, is not of the professional wine-taster, though he is in every sense a professional. The old ecclesiastic has gone into the cellar to help himself. He appears to be in the act of drinking a health to his own reverence. Perhaps several other glasses have preceded this one. Certainly the evidences of wine-bibbing is written in every lineament. He is one of the holy fathers who is trying to make up, with the pleasures of drink, for his renunciation of other forms of pleasure. No distorted and sinful sense is this, but a rubicund and jolly father who reflects upon the many bottles he has emptied and the cups yet to be drained.



THE GREETING, by Gabriel Max.—The painter of this picture is a native of Prague. He has handled one of the most successful and prolific brushes of all the artists of his epoch. He has produced scores of paintings, many of which have attained an international reputation. Not a few of his subjects are classical. Others relating to the low Latin age of European history. The scene here depicted is one which the beholder will recognize at a glance. It represents one of the most tragical incidents in the annals of human sorrow. This is the last "Greeting" that the beautiful girl will ever receive under the circle of the sun. She is a Christian, and has been sent to the arena for destruction by wild beasts. It is the last hour of her life, and she knows it well; yet her spirit stands serenely in the presence of that ordeal from which all human hearts may well shrink and hide. Some of the wild beasts already glutted lie indifferent at the left. One ferocious tiger is coming from his den for his prey. At this moment some one from above has spoken down the last greeting to this daughter of infinite sorrow, and has flung the last rose at her feet. She looks up and acknowledges the salutation. In a moment more she will be clutched in the ravenous claws of the tiger.



IN THE PARK, by Lonza.—Love that was coveted has been bestowed upon another. That appears to be the story told here. Those two people walking up the path so lovingly are carrying happiness away from one of the persons in the nearer group. She whose face is averted from us as she gazes after the receding figures, has dreamed that the heart of the gallant, now so engrossed in another than herself, was at her own feet. Hers had been yielded to him, and now she is rudely awakened from her love dream to find that she has given her heart to one who had none to give in return. The boy, kneeling behind her to gather a posy, is unconscious of the tragedy which Cupid has wrought, but the quick eyes of the two women just beyond have fathomed the depths of the abyss into which their fair companion's hopes have fallen. One of them is saying to herself, "Just as I supposed!" The other has a more sympathetic look, not unmingled with surprise. It may be that after all it is only a flirtation which has caused such an intense interest as the pose of the central figure makes manifest. It is possible that the love that was coveted has not been wholly lost, but that there is a little conspiracy going on to make a loving heart betray itself. But this is cruel joking.



ROSE OF ALL THE ROSES, by L. Alma-Tadema.—In ancient days, no less than at the present time, men were a-wooing and maids were won by love's delicate devices. It is a fine old story this tale of love which the lissom Roman youth breathes passionately into the attentive ear of the beautiful girl at his side. She is framed the more attractive flower of the blooming background. It is an affair entirely under the rose, and not even the sphinx-like ornament of the marble seat is permitted to look upon the loving twain. One may be sure that the earnest youth, whose garb denotes his attachment to the royal folk of Rome, pleads his acceptance with an eloquence fanned by ardor and admiration for his attentive audience of one. The young woman is a striking example of Roman maidenhood. The declaration of his love has come so swiftly that she is mentally bewildered. She will quickly recover her straying thoughts, and that her answer will not be a negative one is readily foreseen in the kindly expression of her eyes. There is joy in store for both of the participants in this picturesque scene, and vestal virgins will soon be chanting a marriage hymn to Hymen. The world is ruled by love, and the old, old story of reciprocal affection will be repeated through eons and never lose a dot of its charming interest.



THE IDOL OF THE MONASTERY, by H. Horsch. The monastic life has a history of its own—a history which has entitled itself with a large part of the annals of modern Europe. Monasticism has by no means been peculiar to Christianity. The system appeared long before our era in the East. Buddhism strongly encouraged the form of devotion and service in which so many monks in Europe have given their lives. It is probable, indeed, that the monastic orders made their way from India by way of Egypt into the West. In this picture we have two monks, one of whom, the "idol of the monastery," has long since forgotten the life which he left behind in the outer world. But the younger brother has by no means forgotten. He has given up his former existence, but memory haunts him day and night. As yet, he is distrustful of himself. He has left his own cell, where he was sorely tried, and has come to the aged father for comfort and courage. The artist has placed the two figures in such relation with the open window as to give a strong suggestion of the sense of the place. The old monk sits with his back to the window, but the younger looks yearningly forth. While he muses sadly, the serene father looks in the book for the remembered words of consolation. These he will read to his sorely-tempted younger brother.



THE TOILET. by Alonzo Perez.—This picture introduces us to a manner of life quite prevalent in the middle and after part of the eighteenth century. The evolution of dress is one of the most important concomitant circumstances of civilization. Costume has varied its form and materials with every age and race, conforming to the spirit of the given people and the prevailing society. In France, beginning with the age of the grand monarch, elegance of dress and manner became prevalent to a degree never hitherto known. In the time of Louis XV., and extending to the age of the Revolution, dress and manners prevailed over everything. This picture by Perez introduces us to the dressing-room of one of the gay and refined members of the French aristocracy. He has been a beau for more than forty years without intermission. He has cultivated the art of adorning himself, until the grace of it has become grotesque in the sight of reason. The artist has here caught him in the act. He is preparing himself for the forthcoming reception and for an added conquest. The passion of frivolity and insincere love-making is so strong upon him that he is obliged to pause in his toilet and flirt with the waiting-maid. He is a type greatly prevalent of the age to which he belonged, but now, happily, almost extinct.



MUSHROOM GATHERERS TAKING A REST, by Vasily Andrievitch Columsky.—At the edge of a woodland a family of Russian peasants have laid down for a brief respite from their work of mushroom gathering. It is high noon, and they have toiled incessantly in search of the luscious little vegetable since early morning. A picturesque spot, indeed, have they chosen for the purpose. Through myriad leaves the sun's rays filter down, splashing the garments of the peasants with blots and flecks of pure gold, making their rags more radiant than if they were bedecked with precious metals. Ah, if sunlight was real, tangible gold, how rich these poor plodders of the forest would be! The business of mushroom gathering is a thriving one in certain parts of the Russian provinces, and it is no unusual thing to encounter whole families engaged in picking mushrooms in the sparsely grown places of the woods. The young girl, whose animated expression and backward gesture of the hand makes her the point of interest in the picture, has just returned from a part of the forest unvisited by the others. She bears the tidings of a spot where there is a wonderful abundance of tender mushrooms, which by sheer good fortune she has just discovered. The fullness of her basket bears out her statement, and even her apron is dragging with its load of the desired plant. The picture is aglow with sunlight, and was one of the prime art attractions in the Russian section of the World's Fair.



MOUNT CORCORAN (SOUTHERN SIERRA NEVADA), by Albert Bierstadt.—The first strong American landscape painters to depict the rugged splendors of our Western mountain lands, Albert Bierstadt, was in a double sense a pioneer. As a painter of towering peaks and cloud-capped summits, this artist stands alone. This superb work hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington, D. C. There is no object more impressive in all nature than a lofty mountain. Whether the traveler in his search for the picturesque climbs to the summit of Mount Blanc or views from below the grand outlines of the Bernese Alps, the towering altitudes of the Ivrea, the Jovian Adirondacks, or the peaceful Catskills, his eye beholds a combination of beauty and sublimity never presented in the level regions of the globe. Our country is rich in great mountains. New York and New Hampshire abound in vast natural elevations; Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina are but little less distinguished. Mount Whitney in California and Mount Tacoma in the State of Washington are of colossal height, single peaks soaring some 15,000 feet above sea level. It is not strange that mountains have always exercised a powerful influence on the imagination. Glimpses amid the ever-changing conditions of the atmosphere—glotted with sunlight, crossed by soft cloud-shadows, enveloped in a genial haze, often bathed in purple twilight, or asleep beneath the moon's mild radiance, the multiple charms of a mighty mountain defy description.



ADVENTURE OF THE FLOCK OF SHEEP (DON QUIXOTE), by Jose Moreno Carbonero.—The immortal figures of that admirable madman, Don Quixote, and his equally admirable companion, poor, old Sancho Panza, were never more realistically or sympathetically portrayed than in this picture. No artist ever before realized so fully the character and appearance of the remarkable pair of adventurers. To those who have harbored but a vague, mental image of the chivalric Quixote, or have molded their conceptions upon the caricatures of Doré, this picture comes like a revelation. There is as much of pathos as of humor in the adventures of the demented Spaniard whose peculiar doings have charmed away many memorable hours of the world's readers. In the picture, Don Quixote and his hale comrade are shown at the moment when the Don's distorted vision espies the banners of an approaching army. To Quixote there looms upon the plain a host of warriors, whom it is his strong desire to rout. The white banners of the oncoming throng are pointed out to Sancho Panza. It is a strain on his eyes to distinguish the enemy, but he can, at least, assent that his master's vision is the keenest. The twain will soon spur on their jaded steeds and make a bold assault upon the advancing enemy. Of course, disappointment awaits them, for Quixote's army and its white banners are but a flock of harmless sheep. The lesson of the tale is obvious. Too often we make for a giant victory only to find the spoils unworthy.



THE HARVEST, by Julien Dupré.—In no respect does the domestic life of Europe differ more strikingly from that of America than in the appearance of working women in the fields in the former, and their freedom from agricultural tasks in our country. The European country-woman works like man and with the man in the severe labor of planting and tilling and gathering in. She may be seen thus engaged throughout the Germanic countries, in rural France and in all rustic parts of England. The scene here delineated represents an aspect of farm-life that may be witnessed in summer-time in the larger part of the Continent. It is the heyday of harvest. The wheat has fallen before the mower, and the peasant women, along with their fathers and brothers, are throwing it into winrows and heaps ready for the wagon, the barn and the thresher. It is an idyl of the harvest field, but very realistic in both subject and treatment. It is a pictorial poem done in the manner of Wordsworth. These rustic women, with forks and rakes, are busy with the hard toil of the harvest, but, notwithstanding their negligé garments and muscular arms, they preserve a large measure of the beauty and modesty of their sex. The landscape preserves in every part the spirit of the season and the scene. Though there is toil, there is neither excitement nor symptom of bad temper in the face or manner of any one of the harvesters.



THE TWO MOTHERS, by Adolf Eberle.—Here, again, we have the human and the animal in deepest sympathy and contrast. The sentiment and thought of the three human beings are set in apposition with the lower sentiments and instincts of the poor relatives. The scene is drawn from the kitchen. The mother there with her two children has been immersed in her tasks, quite happy with apple-paring and other preparation. The little folks have been at their play. The four-footed family have come in for a share of the interest. The mother is looking into the mother's face, and the two puppies are occupied with the children. The families are thus thoroughly mixed and accordant. There seems to be no cloud upon the friendship of the parties. Little miss has captured one of the puppies, and she and her brother are deeply interested in the captive. The companion on the floor has lifted himself as much as he may for a like attention. One feature of the picture is the separate interest of the young folks in themselves. The two mothers are communing, face to face. It is probably a simple request on the part of one for food for herself and offspring—a request which will not be denied, if we may trust the pleased expression on the face of the human mother. For the moment all care has been forgotten.



THE RENDEZVOUS BEFORE THE HUNT, by Clairmont Galliard.—Among recreations none is more time-honored than that of hunting. Practiced by savage tribes as a means of livelihood, it has maintained its place among civilized races as a royal pastime which all classes and conditions of men may enjoy. The farmer lad hunts rabbits with his dog and shot-gun, and the professional sportsman decoys the wary duck or timid deer within range of his burnished weapon. Perhaps the most picturesque hunting scenes were those in the days of falconry. The gallant knight whose noble steed galloped close by the palfrey of his fair lady; the falcon, blinded by his crimson hood, sitting lightly upon the wrist of his owner, made a charming picture framed by the giant trees of some lordly preserve. With the downfall of the feudal system and the introduction of fire-arms, falconry fell into disuse, and the chase, a worthy successor, arose. The artist gives us a lively glimpse of the rendezvous before the hunt. Gentlemen and ladies, splendidly mounted, are gathering, closely followed by the eager hounds. The chief interest of the picture lies in the careful delineation of animal life. The upright ears, the head erect, the restless feet, show that the hunt is no new experience to the impatient horses. Nor are the dogs less expectant. Some quietly await the signal to be off; others scent the fancied trail; still others have overstepped the rules and are now yelping under the lash of their master. The picture is in every respect worthy of the artist.



THE BIRTHDAY, by O. Erdmann.—The scene here depicted belongs to the eighteenth century. The age of Louis XVI. was one of elegant ease in the higher circles of society. There was much fine dress and formal manners. Hints of the refinement of the epoch are abundantly present in this picture. The beautiful daughter of the house has reached her eighteenth birthday, and the occasion has been remembered by the family and other friends. Tokens of respect and affection have been sent and brought, not a few. One elderly and rather refined gentleman is in the act of offering his bouquets. Mademoiselle, however, is for the moment deeply concerned with a present intended for the finger and the heart. Not satisfied with her own inspection, she has taken it to mother for her approval. The two are wholly absorbed with the delicate thing. It may be diamond or other—possibly there is an inscription to be deciphered. At this moment the artist has caught the scene and transferred it to his canvas. The fine draperies of the women are displayed in full volume and sheen. The other characters of the group, with certain exceptions, have their attention turned to the central figures. On the left, however, Monsieur is concerned with the little lady in the chair, who does not seem to heed him. Master, on the right, is satisfied with his bunch of grapes. The chief interest in the piece is the profound attention of the two women in the little treasure which marks the climax of the birthday happiness.



THE BATH, by Adrien Moreau.—The original of this beautiful picture was exhibited in the French Section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exhibition. It shows the margin of a lake in summer, and five young people gathered there in the freedom and happiness of youth. Two of them are boys, and three, girls. One has passed the line of womanhood ; one is a maiden of thirteen, and the other a lassie of nine. The boys have determined on a bath, and the girls also are going to wade as far as safety and modesty will permit. The boys have greater freedom. As brothers they strip themselves to small bathing suits and plunge in. Little lassie, for her part, is afraid. She sits in boots and apron, holding her bunch of daisies and watching the sport. The country here is a highland. The sketch may have been made from the region of the Vosges. The landscape opens far and wide. It is midsummer. The waters of the lake lie still and warm. The figures of the graceful young people are beautifully outlined against the shore and water. The foreground of the picture, with its abundance of wild flowers and tall grasses, reminds the beholder of the paintings of George M. Boughton. Quietude is the prevailing sentiment of the work. They have strolled some miles from home. In the broad landscape, there is only a faint suggestion of human abodes seen here and there along the distant horizon. Modesty, grace and innocence are the prevailing qualities which the artist has given to the young bathers.



SCENE FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, by Loewe.—Perhaps in no other play did the imagination of Shakespeare run riot more freely than in the Merry Wives of Windsor. The piece from the beginning to the end is the climax of absurdity and grotesqueness. At the same time the humor is relieved in many parts with flashes of beautiful sentiment. Many of the personæ have become synonymous with certain types of human character. The play has transfused itself into literature and exists in the fancy of all well-informed people. The scene here delineated is the third, of the third act. It is a room in Mr. Ford's house. The plot of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page to play upon Falstaff here ripens to perfection. They have wheedled the old sinner into every form of folly. Taking advantage of his absurdity and insincere love-making, they have led him a merry chase, drawing him on into ridiculous situations. This at last culminates in their plot to put the monster into a big clothes-basket and to cover him with a mass of dirty linen. This, they persuade him is necessary in order to conceal him from the supposed coming of Ford, husband of Mrs. Ford, who is to appear in the character of the injured husband and do terrible things on Sir John. The old coward consents to be hidden in the clothes basket. Mrs. Page says, "Look! here is a basket: If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him. Send him by your two men to Datchet Mead."



PICHEGRU TAKES THE DUTCH SHIPS IN THE ZUYDER ZEE, by Charles Edouard Delort.—This picture represents one of the most remarkable scenes in the history of warfare. Never before, or since, were war vessels captured by cavalry, infantry, or light artillery. In the midst of a very severe winter the French brigades marched forth with an audacity unequalled in history. The object is the invasion of Holland. The infantry, the artillery, and the cavalry all march in double quick time, crossing rivers and bays with surprising rapidity. They venture out on the ice plain covering the Zuyder Zee, and succeed in capturing the enemies' vessels, which were immovably frozen in the ice. This episode of the campaign of 1794 is treated by Delort in the above picture, with a skill and an accuracy of detail which gives to the painting a character of simplicity and grandeur in harmony with the subject. The artist depicts the scene after the capture. The vessels, deprived of their crews, are silent. The French cavalry form long lines facing the ship, and contemplate their novel capture. These soldiers, accustomed to all the surprises of warfare, appear dumbfounded in the presence of the extraordinary result, due to the daring spirit of their commander and their own bravery. The dusky gray background, the sombre character of the whole painting, and the soldiers who sit motionless on their horses, all heighten the effect and add to the picturesqueness of the picture. This picture was in the French Section of the World's Fair and is reproduced in "Art and Artists," by special permission of M. Delort.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF, by Meyer von Bremen.—So we all played once on a time—Blind Man's Buff was one of the games I loved best. Indeed I think I must have been one of these boys in the picture, the fellow who "is seeing," as we use to cry. That was about my build, and how I did love to go barefoot in the summer-time, trousers tucked up to the knee, to race over the pasture and wade in the brook that came down from the moors. It is a good sixty years ago. The old pump has gone with the boys and girls, and the green valley among the moors is four thousand miles away. The life in this great city roars and rushes all about me, but as I look at this transcript from the hand of the good artist, I am there as he was once, or he could not have painted the picture. I know one of those girls—she was the miller's daughter. Her eyes were like sunny violets. I can hear her voice the best. She died years ago they say, but she still lives for me, and as I sit here and think, dear Charles Lamb steals in and whispers, "Why should everything be mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Is there not some child heart left in us all to respond to our earliest enchantments?" Surely, surely, I answer; and when boys make me wonder whether I could ever be so heedless as they are or where they got that yell—quaint old Master Fuller comes in and whispers, "You are one of them. They are chips from the old block! Wait on the Lord and believe in the boys!"



FISHING FOR SHRIMPS AT SCHEVENINGEN, by B. J. Blommers.—Typical of the Dutch School of painting, rugged in style and straightforward in subject, this picture was a marked attraction in the Holland section of the art display at the World's Fair. It is a joyous scene that the artist has given us. To combine profitable employment with pleasure has always been the great desideratum of man—and boy. Under a pearly sky and before a sleeping sea veiled by a silvery mist, the hardy scion of a Dutch fisherman trolls with a heavy basket for the elusive shrimp, which inhabits the shallow depths. It is great sport for the young shrimp seeker, and his amusement is shared by his plump, good-natured sister, and a younger brother, who from his perch upon the sister's back watches intently for the capture of the strange crustaceous prizes. The scene is a familiar one on the Holland coast. The children of fishermen in any country naturally take to the sea for their diversions. Old ocean is a good playmate for these youngsters. The waves are in a measure beneficient too, for out of the sea comes their livelihood, as well as their pleasures. They know well enough that this strong, giant companion and benefactor is not to be tampered with. They may not place too much confidence in those restless, far-reaching arms, for this same smiling sea has crushed the life from many of their relatives and neighbors, and cast their corpses on the beach.



THE FESTIVAL OF ST. ROCHE; BLESSING THE CATTLE, by E. Debat-Ponsan.—Among the religious observances common to the peasants of the French provinces, is the Festival of St. Roche, when the live stock of each farm is trotted to a spot convenient to the village church there to be blessed by the priest of the rural parish. To the peasant there is great significance in this ceremony. He feels more certain after the affair is over that his oxen will retain their helpful vigor; and that they will not falter at the plow, nor grow unruly under stress of pressing work. From the purely picturesque view, the Festival of St. Roche is very engaging. The beauty of the scene is realized by a study of the picture above. It is a bright day, and the young and old are assembled in close companionship with cattle and horses. Men, women and animals are lined up on either side of the pathway leading to the pretty church. From the porch of the quaint edifice the priest and two acolytes leisurely approach the waiting peasantry and their faithful co-workers, the cattle. Silent and with uncovered heads the assemblage listens to the exhortation which the venerable father reads from his prayer-book. At this, the most impressive moment of the ceremony, the young farmer in the foreground whispers his love to the girl by his side, and seeks—evidently not in vain—for some definite answer to his suit. The cattle are blest to-day in the humble village; a bridal pair may be blessed before another St. Roche's day rolls around.



THE INTERRUPTED PERFORMANCE, by A. Lonza.—In this picture we have a scene in the rough extemporized shanty constituting the anteroom of a circus. One of the acrobats has been injured in the ring, and is being carried out through the entrance to be revived by such means as his associate players are able to supply. The fellow is badly hurt, and lies in a swoon. The other players are gathered round. The two clowns have forgotten their clownishness in the work of ministering to their wounded companion. Alarm and anxiety are on the faces of all. Each is saying to himself, "This might have been I." The woman of the group shows by her face the intense interest which she feels in the wounded man. Mademoiselle, the rider, has come through the opening, mounted, to inquire about the injury done to her friend. She is in all the dress and undress of the ring, bedizened and laced about after the style of her kind; but she has become wholly human and wholly woman in the presence of this hurt to a fellow creature. The anxiety and sympathy of her face may well redeem her from the life that she is leading and enroll her with the good. The artist has caught the whole group in the moment of unconsciousness, in the presence of a probably fatal accident. These are only a group of circus people, but the man-heart and the woman-heart have asserted themselves in it all and triumphed over sham and paint and mask and tinsel.



A PLEASANT STROLL, by Adrien Moreau.—Serenely indifferent to all affairs of court, a merry party of richly-garbed gallants and ladies of the king's household are out for a stroll in the summer air. They have arrived in a skiff upon a little-frequented island, and in their dignified and courtly way they are enjoying themselves. They have dined and are at peace with the world. Of carking care they know nothing. It is the king's privilege to worry. If one may judge by an attitude or facial expression of the thoughts which flit through the mind, one may vouchsafe that the bravely-attired courtier in the foreground is much enamored of the lady by his side. It was natural for the company to divide itself into groups of two, and natural that the couple nearest the spectator should move apart from the rest. The day is an inspiring one for love-making. The air is balmy, the sky clear, and the wild blossoms inviting to the nostrils. The barge-man, busy with his boat, is quite oblivious to either the beauties of nature or the occupations of his gay passengers. His is a life of toil and serfdom, with few pleasures, and those of a very humble sort. The stream flows on with scarcely a ripple disturbing its mirror-like surface. The glint of sun-lit jewels, the sheen of colorful satins and silks, the richness of bright-hued velvets and gorgeous feathers are in pleasing harmony with the landscapic background of the picture. But the landscape is eternal, while the figures will strut for a little while across its face, will love and wed and die, and none will know their passions or their pleasures.



RETURN TO THE STABLE, by Franz de Beul.—This excellent painting, hung in the Belgian Section of the World's Fair Art Exhibition, affords a study at close range of the most helpless and beautiful of all domestic animals—sheep. The flock has returned from pasture, and both lambs and ewes are pressing through the door-way with the same senseless eagerness so often noted among a crowd of human beings. The hope of a change of fodder and a bed of hay may have something to do with the anxiety of the sheep to get indoors. The tired-looking shepherdess is doubtless glad enough that her restless charges are safely housed for the night. These weak and shambling creatures are to the woman a family whose individual whims and traits she understands as thoroughly as can any mother. The flock is to her a source of care, oftentimes relieved, as with all cares of life, by moments of happiness afforded by the pranks of her fleecy wards. In the work of corralling the flock, the shepherdess is efficiently aided by the business-like Collie—that best of shepherds' dogs. The sleek canine in the picture has struck an almost human attitude. His anxiety that all the sheep shall get into the fold and get there without mishap, is forcibly displayed. There is an air of importance in the pose of the Collie. It is as if he were saying to himself, "Now, this flock must be got in safely to-night, and I am responsible for their safe-keeping. Those lambs must not be crowded too much, and that ewe with a lame foot must be looked after."



BREAKFAST AFTER THE BATH, by François Alfred Delobbe.—This picture is another specimen of the art reproduced from the section of magnificent French paintings at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is an example of the prevailing French style, and shows the merits of that style to perfection. The scene is that of a modest young woman and a little girl, who have just come out of an open bath in the warm waters of a country lake, and are ready to be re-dressed and to breakfast. It is a scene of the early morning. The July sun has risen with full radiance and warmth on the landscape. The women have brought with them a basket of food, and the little Arcadia, at her sister's direction, has run to the basket and brings it to Eugenia a bunch of red, ripe cherries. This is the "Breakfast after the Bath." The artist has noted this moment in the attitude and manner of the girls to make his sketch. He has drawn them with supreme fidelity. Beauty is the prevailing element in this picture, beauty of the living figures, and quiet of the summer landscape. The features of the young girl, just blooming into womanhood, are charming in every line and wholly French. The figures of the happy creatures are beautiful to the limits of the term.



THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST, by H. Salentin.—Exquisitely beautiful is the artless scene presented in this masterpiece. The picture is full of tender care. A bright-eyed maiden of the Saint-a pastoral, rustic Venus—forms the chief attraction of Salentin's painting. The girl is the *motif* of the work, and the mouth of her shot lends color to the artist's conception. The scene is a bit of the great Black Forest where stately oaks and struggling saplings grow side by side in stark perfection. Nature is in her loveliest mood. The monarchs and the sirens of the forest are in the glory of new foliage, and the first white blossoms of early May turn their faces upward to kiss the sun. Through this verdant beauty walk the dainty maiden and the mastiff. The girl is dressed in the costume of the German peasant, and holds in her fingers a woollen stocking, which she knits as she walks. The mail is quite at home in this great woodland, and fears no adversaries. She has grown up among the flowers, has watched them fade each Fall, and been the first to greet them as they arrived each Spring. The simple forest child is herself a tender bloom—a million flowers of the woods. True to his mistress is the noble animal who stands by affection and expresses his perfect servility. No harm can befall the maiden when he is at her side.



SPRING BLOSSOMS. by M. Nonnenbruch.—The artist of keen sympathy and nature never tires of painting and depicting her analogies. True art is surely always a poem in its expression. It is a thing of sentiment, of thought, of suggestion. What it suggests is generally more than what it delineates. The hidden meaning of the picture is of greater interest and value than the visible features of the scene. In this picture the artist has delineated spring blossoms, but he has put the blossoms into the form of a Spring Blossom, more beautiful than they are! as innocent. She belongs to the same scene with the flowers. Her costume is as airy as theirs. Her smiles and her tears have the same sweetness and pathos as the smile and crystal dews of the blossoms. The figure of the young girl is finely drawn against the background of dark foliage. The trees, with their thick branches, make a perfect relief for the shapely figure of her who represents Spring Blossoms. Around her the meadow is thick with grasses and flowers. She walks on them in one of exquisite curves which yields its blossoms as she goes. The artist has shown in her manner and expression that, while she places each flower in the flower, her thoughts go from them to other beautiful things which she has dreamed, and which she may well hope will become realities in her life.



LEAVING THE STABLE, by André Plumet.—It is early morning at one of those quaint, old Belgian farms, so unique in aspect and so unusual in its arrangement. There is a mellow light over the whole landscape, and the sun has not yet burst forth in its effulgence. The trees and shrubbery of the scene are in their tenderest greenness—that soft and silver verdancy so pleasing to the eye. Vegetation is luxuriant, but not heavy. The air is laden with a mild sweetness, and the feathery foliage of the early tree accentuates the delicacy of the subject. From the dark interior of the stone stable a herd of goats is driven forth for the day's pasturage. Down the pathway toward the spectator come the shaggy flock. Just emerging from the stable door is a wise old goat, whose humped back and quiet mien bespeak a long experience on the farm. In the middle distance trots a frisky kid, upon whom the fresh air of the morning and the feeling of freedom have an intoxicating effect. Calling to the lively young goat is a buxom maid, the farmer's daughter, upon whom devolves the care of the homed herd. The curly kid is her particular pet, and upon him is lavished all the fondness of his mistress's nature. The young woman is a typical Belgian of the rural districts. A charming episode of homely life is the picture. The original painting was a part of the Belgian Section at the World's Fair fine arts display.



LOVE WINS, by Ernest Jean Aubert.—The Parisian artist has received many medals for his paintings during the last twenty years. Several of his most known pieces have had kindred themes to this, such are the "Mona of Love," exhibited in 1884, and "Amour Casting the Wings of Love," four years to the following year. In this picture a young woman and Cupid have been playing at cards. It is a sort of "He loves me, he loves me not." The game is of that crucial kind in which the fates would have one win. This is to say that the young woman, tall in figure, though yet girlish in expression, has put the heart of the impetuous little deceiver, and the winged cherub has been let in the game. He holds up his domino to show her that she has captured his heart and lost. The traditional cupid is in his usual jolly mood. Knowing himself the victor he shows nothing of his triumph. He rejoices in the discomfiture of his victim, and mocks her; for he is experienced in this sort of hearts, and understands no rule the mischief of his warfare but the consequences of his battles. The vanquished maiden with downcast face seems the spoils to her envy, and reads ruefully on what she has lost just now in the contest with the enemy.



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK, by Laura Alma-Tadema.—Few modern artists paid similar attention to their figures and still fewer attempt to deal with a subject where lively action is to be represented. In Mrs. Tadema's picture here reproduced the artist has accomplished both of these difficult things with skill and insight. There is a novelty of subject that first awakens surprise and then admiration. The room is essentially English as are also the faces of the young contestants. The interior is the *play-hall* of an English home, and probably that of the artist, and is used for the most part as a nursery parlor. Two young women, lovely in simple grace of attire, furnished with rackets and adroit with the mild excitement of the contest are testing their skill against each other. The moment of the picture is an interesting one. What is most striking in the pose of the girl who is "battling" is the slow movement of her figure as suggested by the artist. Anyone who has watched an English girl play Battledore and Shuttlecock will understand the quiet method here portrayed. In the picture the girl in the foreground has taken one step forward and awaits the falling of the shuttlecock. The younger girl stands with her behind her shoulder watching with quiet interest the play of her opponent.



THE AMATEURS. by Jef. Leempoels. Foremost in point of merit among the national pictures in the Belgian Section of the World's Fair Art Exhibit was the masterpiece here produced. The old collector of books and prints had become interested in the contents of the latest acquisition to his library. Students' examinations that be it all else in the world was as nothing to the attractions of his new treasure. That a deal of mischief was being done behind his back he never suspected. The tearing of paper, accompanied by excited barking and growling, has distracted the old man's attention from the prints and caused him to turn toward his tempting pets on the floor. There is consternation in the old man's face and anger in his gesture. Needless the mutilated picture can never be replaced. But that is nothing to dark-colored Tabby and gleeful Tower. They have had their fun and it is now for him to repair the damage wrought by playful claws. There was perhaps something in the new picture that offended the feline eye and jarred upon the native sense of art, and in their guise of experienced amateurs and members of an artistic household it seemed to fall to the lot of Tabby and Tower to put an end to existence the offending print. It is all too evident, however, that their efforts are not shared by their master. This way of art censorship is likely to win a thrashing for the censors.



THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING, by R. Koster.—A veritable symphony in silver is this dainty delineation of Springtide, offered by an artist of delicate impressions. A sweet softness is thrown like a veil of gauze over a whole landscape which strengthens, but in a not too pronounced fashion, the figures in the foreground. Like a setting to some fairy creature or a bit of scenery from a play in the theatre of dreamland, the vague but scintillant background is parted near the centre, affording a view of placid water and sweet greenery. From a pathway under the arching tree stroll a sweet-faced woman and her little daughter. A third figure in the scene is a big mastiff. The full, lion-like features of the dog are brought out in striking relief against the black of the woman's dress. From her attire we may glean that she is recently bereaved—perhaps a widow, whose grief is calmed by a walk in the woods. Absorbed in her own thoughts, the mother answers absent-mindedly the numerous questions plied by the little daughter. The artist has gained his point in this picture by simple means. The sentiment is not forced, but is felt just as keenly by the sensitive spectator. With idyllic, in the best meaning of the word, the scene is a real one with real actors. Under the soft influence of spring the mind naturally travels backward to other days.



LOVE-SERVICE, by Otto Erdmann.—At the foot of the elegant stairway the fair lady, robed in satin, adorned and powdered, has dropped her rose. Perhaps it was accidental! Possibly the equally beautiful and elaborately dressed companion knows whether it was set or accident: but no man knows! The marble statue standing here in the archway witness the little drama, but give no sign. The living actors are three. They are on the way upstairs to one of those elegant French dinners governed by the caprice of an over-refined civilization. The ever-present beau is here. He is nothing if not gallant. He is less than nothing if not complete. He is nothing but nothing if not perfumed and curled and in love. The fall of the rose has furnished him his opportunity. The scene, whether fancied or real, has given the artist the opportunity. The simple dropping of the two half-drawn heads has opened the way for the service of love. How long such love will last, how much it will endure, how great a strain of trial it will bear without snapping, is a question which the poet tells us the world are always prepared to decide. He delicately clasps the fingers of the lady's hand as he stoops to recover the rose. He sees and there is instinct in his eyes are lifted to his divinity, and his eyes have come into proximity with the exquisite little hand. The other lady sees it all—but knows it without seeing!



GRACE, by K. Dielitz.—The qualities and qualities of the spirit have often been sought by artists and made visible in portraiture. Perhaps it is one of the most difficult tasks for the painter to take an abstraction and make it tangible to sight and perception. In this painting the artist has taken Grace for his theme, for this being to represent that quality is a young and beautiful woman. Grace is a quality of both character and conduct. It shines from its inner manifestation because of a light within. Grace signifies more than merely being graceful. Such art as that might be correct and practiced until it is acquired. But true grace is a thing of the heart and soul. It shows from the face as a spiritual quality resident in the inner nature. To this inner light all things else are subordinate. The beautiful face of this young girl is only the mask which the artist uses as a translucent cover for the outshining of the inner radiance. The exquisite figure, the fine soft hand, the shower of dark hair dropping suddenly over the shoulders, the manner of bearing the casket, the slight exposure of the neck and breast—all these are but secondary to the luminous inner light, without which these might be gracefulness, and yet, as beauty, or even loveliness, lack in grace. Grace is the original signature from Certainly a maiden so beautiful and innocent as this will find favor alike of earthly and celestial beings.



ASTONISHMENT, by **Edmond Van der Moulen.**—The original of this picture was displayed among the Belgian paintings in the World's Columbian Exposition. The work is regarded as one of Van der Maulen's masterpieces. It represents the surprise of a rabbit at the entrance of a large cuttoo and his premises. The watchdog has known many kinds of offenders, but never like this. He seems to be saying in a most serious voice and way:

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! Be thy intents wicked or charitable?"

The sagacity of the great animal—his keen instinct with respect to danger—has given him warning of the supernatural nature of this intruder and of the difficulty which is on with respect to the crystalus of the enemy. Of course, Nose from nothing. That may be seen by a glance at his stern countenance. Mark those firm-set feet. They are feet that know not the possibility of turning from a foe. But how shall we attack this great dreaming crab? Can we bite through that shell and crush him? What is the fat and scrambling dragon to have for supper? He is in an exposing condition and has not expected to find in his pathway so prodigious and dangerous a beast. The astonishment is natural.



A YOUNG GIRL, by Mme. P. Fleury.—This picture is distinctly French in its subject and treatment. Historically, the Germans have the reputation of the greatest lovers of woman. It has been so since the days of Tacitus. But if we are to judge by the repetition of woman in art, then the palm should go to the French. The French painters—as indeed all Frenchmen whatsoever—see nothing ill nor gallant. Outwardly, at least, the Gallic race worships woman. There is always, when the French brush begins to play, a woman in the case—see indeed in the shadows of the distance, for openly in the foreground. There is in the deliberation of French art much delicacy, as well as much elegant sentiment. To him who speaks English, however, the sentiment of French paintings is not wholly universal. Much of such work appears to the man of our colder race to be factitious and shallow—not to say artificial or meretricious. In this picture, a young French woman, pensive and beautiful, clad à la mode, is the subject. She is taking her morning walk. The idea of the artist is simply to delineate a young girl and show her dress. The early day is poised on a fond amorist her. The faint green in many boughs above her head. She rests one dainty hand on her parasol, and with the other holds a blossoming branch across her face. She passes, with pleasure and modest face toward south, and dreams the day-dream of girlhood.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMILY GROUP, by Th. Schmidt.—This is a piece of artistic humor—very mentally, even scientifically, done. An old traveling photographer has come to this Dutch town—relic of the Middle Ages—and is going from house to house taking the pictures of the people. His appearance here has produced an immense sensation. To these folk it is the greatest event of the age. It were a curious study to find out who people laugh. Nearly all do it, and most in slight permutation. In this scene laughter is well nigh universal. The old artist is fairly able to express the hilarious excitement of his subjects. The group of little people behind him, are crammed with interest and enthusiasm. The old grandfather is trying for the first time in twenty years to look important. But with this looking important is a lost art. Jan, at the right, is such a study as we rarely find, even in the greatest pictures. The artist has done him to perfection. All of the subjects are well individualized. Nearly all are under the constraint of that consciousness which at once fills the door and spoils the portraiture without spoiling the picture. Meanwhile the old photographer is looking back the crowd of urchins with one hand, holding the lens cap in the other, and looking, after the manner of his kind, into the faces of the group, as if to keep them steady.



WINTER, by E. Semenowsky.—The figure which constitutes the theme of this picture was doubtlessly drawn from life. She belongs to the West Slavic type, and may be a Wendish girl of Bohemia. The landscape shows a snow-covered town in the background, while the foreground shows only some barren trees or a few straggling shrubs bearing the sandy leaves of winter. The young woman is clad for the season. It is difficult to interpret her manner or the meaning of her going abroad. The artist seems to have introduced a captive in her attitude and expression. We might well suspect her to be glorified and ruffled and to have hurry in her features and gait. On the contrary she seems to be contending with some invisible spirit. Her manner is as if she would warm her hands at the little fire on the ground in front of her. There she stands, like a silhouette of Chestnutzile, against the motionless expanse of snow. No other form of life appears. The young maiden, whom the artist has named "Winter," gazes wistfully at something which she seems wrestling invisible to all with save her own.



AUTUMN, by E. Semenovsky.—One of the happiest conceits of artists has been to illustrate the seasons by means of human figures. This may mean Spring has been done into art; also Summer and Winter—the latter being generally represented by an old man, bent-backed, and lean with age and gloom. Such figure scenes will to represent the allegory that artist in object never to return. In this picture the artist has sought to represent Autumn. However he may have succeeded with the allegory, it cannot be denied that the figure of the beautiful young woman, whom he has made to impersonate Autumn, is exquisitely done. In her expression and form reside almost every grace. Her face, with the large lustrous eyes, is a study which will ever be examined with new look or study. There is combined in the figure an element of peculiar grace with much novelty and spirituality of character. The allegory is made to turn about the ripe fruit which is suggested on every hand. The young woman bears a basket of ripe apples that the early autumn has just perfected. Another basket of such golden-red treasures sits on the floor, and luscious globes are scattered here and there. The picture may be praised for the spirit of splendor and repose in every part. As yet there is no perception of the blasts and chill with which autumn will be extinguished. Nevertheless, the catastrophe is near at hand.



THE SHEPHERD'S CHILDREN, by H. Salentin.—Two dark-skinned children—a graceful girl and a no less graceful boy—whose race is easily discernable as Italian, and whose parents, like their ancestors, stoop to lighter occupations than the herding of sheep. The true Italian shepherd is a decidedly picturesque character. He is an expert on the pipeolo, knows the stars and their signs as he knows his sheep. To him all nature is an open book. Each rock and tree is a companion. At midnight, when he holds lonely vigil with his flock, stretched at full length upon some grassy hillside, he weaves a motley rhyme about some yet unsung Italian maid, or composes a simple chant to his patron saint. The poetry and the romance of the ages has crystallized down and become concentrated in the person of the tattered Italian shepherd. Of such folk are the children of the picture. They in their turn will take up the crook where their father or mother let it fall, and go through the simple forms of coaxing and caring for a flock or two of wool-bearing creatures. As soon as a shepherd's boy can walk he is given a sheep to mind; the daughter of a shepherd's household is taught to weave and spin the golden flax the moment she can control the movements of her fingers.



THE GALLERIES OF THE "JUWEELPAND," by Pierre Jean Von der Ouderaa.—Of the masterpieces shown by Belgium artists in the Fine Arts Building at the World's Fair, none evinced greater study or more painstaking care than this stirring and brilliant canvas by Von der Ouderaa. It brims with animation and is aglow with rich coloring. The scene is at one of those famous sales of jewels, curios, and bric-à-brac, periodically held in the halls of the "Juweelpand." The wealthy people of that distant day were wont to travel many miles for the privilege of securing some coveted treasure. What could be more brilliant than this busy mart with its richly attired patrons, and its gleaming, colorful wares. In striking contrast to the costly costumes of the regular frequenters, are the white burnoose and head band of scarlet which adorn the person of the shrewd Bedouin squatted in the left corner of the picture. The stalwart figure of the rich burgomaster and his wife, who pleads for the treasure held forth by the Arabian merchant, are of leading interest in the composition. Just behind this comfortable looking pair is an aged monk—bare-headed and bare-footed, who, prayer-book behind his back, looks with longing eyes upon some bit of church plate. The lover to the right dickers with a necklace vender for a gem-linked chain for his sweetheart. Figures in various garbs are ambling to and fro. The hum of human voices and the clinck and clatter of wares fill the air. Trade is at its height and barter is the pass-word.



WOOD GATHERERS, by Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot.—This is a reproduction from the fine original in the Corcoran Art Gallery, at Washington. In France and several other European countries, the forest has been almost destroyed. It remains only in small sections and fragments around the rim of the open country, otherwise wholly cleared and divided into estates and farms. Timber, however, remains as much as ever a necessity of human life. The Aryan races have always borne the closest relations to the forest. The man of ruddy face, whether in Europe, Asia or America, has always had a close affiliation with the tree. Out of the tree he has built his house, made his cabinet and kindled his fire. The scene here delineated shows the rustic wood-gatherers in the act of collecting branches that have fallen off, and bearing them away to the home in the distance. On the right is the native forest with a roadway winding along, a rider and a dog. The sketch has been made on an early October day, on one of those afternoons when receding summer looks back with a final glance at frosty autumn coming across the hills. The birch trees still bearing the June foliage have felt a premonitory shiver. The chimneys of the distant house are still smokeless ; but when the two wood-gatherers return with their loads at evening, the fire will be kindled and a blue line of smoke rising against the far horizon will hint of happiness around the hearthstone.



FINE WEATHER, by Luigi Chialiva.—From the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington is "Fine Weather," a picture that is considered the masterpiece of the artist, Luigi Chialiva. The scene is a big daisy field, and two little girls and a flock of turkeys. To the right and in the distance is an old farm-house, with its wealth of surrounding shade and its complement of stable, kennel and barn. It is the month of May and the day is cloudless. The atmosphere seems filled with gold dust. It is a morning made for children and flowers. Two little girls, aged ten and eight years—youthful turkey-tenders—have come into the field to mind their feathered charges and rejoy the companionship of the daisies. The fowls are moving slowly through the grass and scratching, clucking, planing themselves and spreading their tails to satisfactory pride. They are plump and glossy and seem to be aware of their fine appearance. There is caste among them also, which is apparent by the proud attitude taken by those birds more finely feathered than the rest. The girls have gathered their hands full of daisies, intending to crown themselves in true May-day style. The elder girl has formed together a rude garland of blossoms and grass, and is arrying it among the dark curls of the younger maiden. The little one stands with head held forward, and a proud, happy look on her childish face. Both faces are lovely. The children are dressed in coarse skirts and pinafores, and small ankle shoes, unmindful and careless, among the snowy May blossoms.



THE MOTHER HAS GONE OUT, by **Toby E. Rosenthal.**—This picture is highly realistic and humorous to a degree. It is a comedy of distracted babyhood. The mother is indeed away. The half-grown girl has been left to care for the baby, to watch the dinner, and to knit. But she has become engrossed in a book of fairy tales. Doubtless it is one of Hans Christian Andersen's. The baby is no longer rocked. The little one has descended through the stages of fretfulness to outcry and terror. It has slipped from the pillow into a position both hideous and distressing. The self-possessed and perfectly-confident dog has reared up and is helping himself to the infant's breakfast. The child struggles for the remaining contents of the platter and clutches its bottle. On the other side the potatoes go unpeeled; the porridge on the fire cooks over, and the stocking goes unknit. The girl is oblivious with her fairies. The expression on both faces is characteristic and true to nature. The works of Rosenthal are not often seen in America. He is a fine painter, American born, but a German by education. During his twelve years of study at Munich, where he has his studio, he painted the famous "Elaine," which received the gold medal at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.



THE CRASH, by Bokelmann.—The painter of this picture was born near Bremen, in 1844. His career as an artist has been conspicuous. His pictures are familiar in several of the best galleries of Europe. The subject of this painting is taken from those financial disturbances which so greatly afflict the civilized nations. There has been a panic, and fortunes have vanished like the mist. Business has become stagnant at first, and then prostrate. Finally the banks have tottered and fallen. No hardship comes like that of the failure of the people's bank—the Volk's Bank of the picture. Here is a great savings institution in which the earnings and profits of hundreds and thousands of people have been put away against the day of trouble. The crash has come. The bank has suspended payment. The doors have been closed and barred. The throngs of depositors turn away from their lost fortunes. Some are in tears ; some are angry. Women faint under the stroke of their grief. The scene is unfortunately familiar in the cities of our own country as well as in the crowded marts of Europe.



YOUNG GIRL CHASING BUTTERFLIES, by Rossel-Granger.—For the very rich there are few novel pleasures in life. The commonest ways of genuine pleasure for him who can have all things for the mere asking There is such a thing as the burden of wealth, and the women folks of a millionaire's household are under its depressing influences no less than are the male members, upon whom fall the care of the family riches. Born to such circumstances is the young woman of the picture, the original of which caused much comment when it hung in the French section of the Fine Arts Exhibit at the World's Fair. Wearied of all pastimes purchasable with gold, this daughter of a modern Midas has taken to the free and gentle sport of chasing butterflies. She has perhaps become interested in the life of the insect world, and to her the wonders of the creatures lowest in the scale of life have been recently revealed. Be this as it may, she has found an occupation new and pleasing, with just enough excitement to bring the flush of health to her cheeks and arouse her mind to thoughts above the commonplace. The chasing of butterflies by a graceful woman is significant enough in a symbolical way. We all have had a turn with the frail net of fate, and many were the winged fancies after which we sought so vigorously but so often in vain. The greatly desired things of life frequently take wings and flit from our reach just at the moment when we are most certain of their possession.



THE FAVORED SWAIN, by Fred Morgan.—The original of this picture was exhibited in the English Section at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene is strongly English. It is an oat-field, and the heyday of harvest. The people of the hamlet, old and young, are out in full force, gathering wagon-loads of the mown grain. The artist has combined several elements of nature and of life in his charming picture. All of these, however, are subordinated to the little drama of the foreground. To the left and in the distance may be seen a stock of grain. Here also are the wagons and horses. Each of the figures, though dimly outlined, is a study in itself. Three are on the wagons. The old man and his wife have come with the dinner basket. One of the hired men standing near is trying to show them the danger to which the daughter is exposed. Perhaps he is jealous of what he sees, but the stooping father is too far gone into the borderlands of senility to be much concerned. The interest of the old mother is awakened, but the two ducks lying in the grass are satisfied with their own courtship, and leave the human lovers undisturbed. The girl's face gives her heart away, and the favored swain, with fork-a-shoulder and rustic garments, and suspender dropped down farmer-wise, is in the ecstacy of his silly but sincere passion.



THE VILLAGE ACROBAT, by A. Lins.—Physical sports are a natural part of human activity. In all ages the man creature has exercised himself for the sake of exercise and the display of his powers. Children take to it naturally. With a boy the display of his muscular power and agility is one of the chief ambitions. The artist in this picture has delineated a group of urchins gathered about one of their own number turned acrobat on a wood-buck. His trapeze is by no means elegant, but he is making the most of it, and his success is such as to elicit the applause of his fellows. Every one of the eight, from the baby to his nurse, is delighted with the display of master's powers on the crossbar—every one except three-year-old Tom, on the right, who has become enamored of a rooster, to the exclusion of all human interests. The drawing of the figures is particularly good. It is a summer scene, and the homes of the little folks may be seen across the warm landscape. For the nonce, the young man hangs head downward, and it is not clear that he will be able to right himself by revolution. Both men and governments sometimes occupy this position—with as little prospect of rectification!



IN MY GREENHOUSE, by Debat-Ponsan.—On this picture, and in every line, are the touches of French character and genius. The women, as ever with the Gallic imagination, is set in the centre. The fiction of the conservatory might almost be omitted from the title. Of the greenhouse and its treasures there are only suggestions and hints. The occupant is everything. Upon her the artist has exhausted his resources. If we mistake not, he has sketched her from life, and in doing so has chosen a divinity, at whose shrine he is himself no stranger. The type is unmistakable. The face and dress are French, and French only. In what other features could we expect to find so much of grace and hidden coquetry. This creature might be taken for one of the modern muses. She is neither Clio nor Urania; neither Thalia, Terpsichore, nor Melpomene. But she is a muse all the same, and has her devotees. It is in the element of the modern muse that she sits in the conservatory on this winter day with her street hat and her immense boa around the shapely shoulders, holding her card case in her hand. She looks afar, indulging her fancies unknown to any but herself, and dreaming of her triumphs in the social world. Whether she possesses one herself, there at least she conquers and mortgages many hearts.



TIME OF PRAYING IN THE CONVENT BEER-CELLAR, by Edüard Grützner.—Near Munich, in Bavaria, there has existed for centuries a monastery where the monks of the Capuchin order brew a beer which has become famous under the name of "Kloster-brau," or "Cloister Brew." It is said that a stranger may offer to pay dearly for the privilege of partaking of this famous beverage, but unless the monks are willing to admit him he will go dry, while another may drink his fill for nothing. The artist Grützner has his studio and home in Munich and is familiar with the customs of this place. In this picture he represents a party of laymen enjoying the hospitality of the monks, seated at tables with beer and turnips, which are always offered with beer when they are in season, before them. The air is blue with wreaths of smoke from the pipes and cigars of the visitors, and jests and laughter have been flying across the board. But in the midst of the merriment the cloister bell sounds the Angelus, or praying hour, when frivolity must cease, and all those who are in hearing of its warning must turn their thoughts in prayer to their Maker and to higher things than worldly enjoyment. It is the suggestion of contrast and the change from gay to grave, the moral light and shade, which make this picture a most impressive one.



A DRAMA OF THE WOODS, by Karl Uchermann.—The painting from which this reproduction was taken was in the Norwegian Department of Fine Art at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene belongs to the wilds of Norway. It is mid-winter, and the desolation is complete. The ferocity of the wolves has been whetted by starvation until their natural cowardice is overcome by appetite. Under their flat and grisly skulls dwells the dragon of cruelty. They raven across the snow plains driven by instinct in pursuit of flesh and blood. This gang of savage creatures has fallen in the trail of a Norwegian caribou, and has followed him until his strong limbs are exhausted. They have seized him with their fangs, and brought him down. He has struggled with them in the snow, but at last, with mouth flung wide, and despairing bleatings, and rolling eye, has given up to death. His relentless enemies have triumphed. Two of them are already at the feast. The other two, with diabolical snarl look down on the prey. They mount upon the dead monarch of the plain, and anticipate the pleasures of bloody gluttony. The remaining savage scavenger comes prowling through the snowdrift in the distance. There will be enough for him also. The artist has done full justice to this dreadful tragedy, enacted by savage beasts upon a creature nobler than themselves.



THE FORESTER'S HOME, by Ludwig Knaüs. (From the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.)—Game-taking and game-keeping have constituted a considerable section of the social and domestic history of mankind. Some of the most picturesque aspects of mediæval and modern life have been connected with the forester, his manners, and abode. The forester preserves the woodland estate and game of the nobleman. Time was when he was a woodsman militant, being ever on the watch against the poacher. This scene represents the home of a forester who has grown old in the service. The picture has gained great fame for the artist and itself in the Corcoran Gallery, where it is exhibited. Many particular features of the painting catch the attention and win the praise of the visitors. The glow upon the face of the house-wife reflected from the fire is especially remarkable, almost persuading the observer that the whole scene is real instead of portrayed. Three of the faithful dogs keep company with their master. The walls of the apartment are crowded with relics and trophies of the chase. There could be no mistaking whose home it is. In a humble secretary, fastened to the wall, are kept the game records of several generations. The old man's career, as indicated by his shrunken limbs, withered face, and far-off look, will soon be ended. He smokes his pipe, and dreams of his adventures. This picture is reproduced for "Art and Artists" by special permission.



MUSIC, by Van den Bos.—Music has ever been employed to express the emotions of man. Its power upon the mind is equally felt, whether inspiring courage by its martial strains, gladdening the heart by lively airs or turning the thoughts to grief by the mournful dirge. When to this natural impulse is added the quickened sensibilities which come with culture and refinement, the sway of music becomes all but absolute. What more fitting place for melody than a blooming garden beneath a summer sky! The table, elegant in its rich linen, its fruits and flowers, awaits the coming guests. Then, at the bidding of the hostess, a musician, young and fair, displays her art. As her slender fingers deftly draw the bow, her spirit rises with the harmony and she plays unconscious of all around. The listeners, too, yield to the spell ; the garden and the company are forgotten and thought wanders for a time in the realm of peace and tranquil beauty. Fortunate are those who possess this great gift, and who are able to delight and ennoble others. Not only among nations high in civilization do we trace the influence of music ; the taste is a universal one. Some one has truly said that there is no better index to a people's development than the character of their musical instruments. From the hideous war-drums of the savage to the harp and violin there lies a long ascending scale upon which a nation's progress may be marked.



THE ALARMED BOARDING-SCHOOL, by Toby E. Rosenthal.—This picture might have almost been named THE CATASTROPHE. The members of the boarding-school here represented have become alarmed by night. Strange and ominous sounds were heard outside of the cellar door. The denizens of the place, headed by the terrified matron, have armed themselves and gone in sheer desperation to investigate the noise at the cellar-way. Doubtless the robbers are there. But it is necessary to open and investigate. It seems that numberless articles, the *débris* of the establishment, have been piled in the cellar-way outside, and that certain cats have been performing their nightly orgy on the wreck. The serving-girl has been delegated to open the door. A fearful apparition has been expected, but as the shutter is unclosed there is a tumble of ruins outside including several cats. That is all. It seems that of the whole group only one little girl to the left has as yet realized the humor of the situation. She has seen it and broken out into laughter. All the rest are still intent on facing a ghost or finding a burglar. Terror is written on their faces. The defiance which the matron has attempted to assume is transparently fictitious. The only really defiant thing in this underground and otherwise feminine army is the poodle who, with the discernment and courage of his race, faces the enemy undaunted.



PUSSY'S TEMPTATION, by Antonio Rotta.—In this picture Rotta has introduced several interesting elements of composition. The children have a mouse in the trap and are tempting pussy with the prize. Each of the urchins is given up body and soul to the little play. The girl is exquisitely done, from her frowzled head to her bare feet. The principal interest centers in the temptation proper. In this the artist had to show the effect of the game on the contented and well-kept pussy. She has not for two or three years been dependent upon her own resources, having all the time plenty of the best. She has enjoyed the comforts of life until she has become fat and contemplative. With this, the old feline instinct has been modified into a sort of somnolent memory. The hereditary passion still exists, but is greatly weakened by the civilizing conditions which has played upon pussy, changing her views of life, and at the same time dulling her claws. So the temptation, though very present, is not strong. She does not bound at the mouse-cage with glittering eyes and velvety paws with sharp thorns thrust out, but must be lifted up and tormented with the smell of the little edible in the cage. The children do not exactly see why it is that pussy is so indifferent. To older people, however, her state of mind is sufficiently apparent. Satiety has its drawbacks. Pussy's indifference is a study.



THE BRIDGE AT SUNSET, by Henry R. Poore.—This is an American picture by an American artist. The subjects of many of his pictures have been drawn from the natural wealth of his own country, though many other subjects have been chosen by him from foreign lands and peoples. The scene here delineated is that of a bridge crossing the stream near a populous city. The throngs of people are passing and re-passing at the close of day. The lumbering cart, the covered wagon, the glittering equipage, the horse-back riders, crowds of common people, and idle sight-seers make up the *mélange*, which the artist has thrown together in his picture. The bridge is near the wharf, and the spars of foreign ships may be seen at the left. Huge and spectral telegraph poles, with their cross-bars and long wires tingling with the center messages of commerce, and the small notes of social greeting, are seen in the middle perspective. Farther on, but clearly outlined against the evening sky, is a great dome. The whole may well have been sketched for Philadelphia from one of the bridges of the Schuylkill. In the immediate foreground are the white dray-horse and his driver, a vagrant dog, a tall lamppost, and the suggestion of dust and summer heat. This picture was one of the attractions in the United States Section at the World's Columbian Exposition.



OUR DARLING, by A. Schröder.—The artist in this painting, "Our Darling," has told a pretty story of tenderness and love, and expressed in an elaborate setting a bit of domestic sentiment that most artists give only to humbler surroundings. The picture shows the richly decorated dining hall of a wealthy family. The time is after dinner, and a young husband and wife are still sitting at the board on which rests only a stand of fruit. The costumes of both persons show the style of the last century, and the richness of their dress suggests the idea of noble lineage. There is a beauty in the face of the young wife and a look of manliness in that of the husband. Almost a pair of lovers again, and they had, perhaps, been telling the same old story in tones a shade more tender when a tiny foot-fall is heard, and a dainty tot of three years comes timidly into the room and rests against her mother's knee. Just in this way the artist has grouped them. The baby girl makes a quaint appearance in her long brocaded skirt of ample folds and the straight stiff bodice that comes high up in the neck. A mass of sunny curls tumble down on the child's shoulders and frames the delicate face. She has spied the dish of fruit and stretches forth her tiny hand for an orange which the father playfully rolls to her across the table. It is at this moment that Mr. Schröder has put life into the faces of his figures. The situation is very real, and one almost looks for the orange to fall into those baby fingers.



IN A VILLAGE AT EL BIAR, ALGERIA, by Francis Arthur Bridgman.—This is a reproduction from the Fine Art Department of the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition. The painter of the picture is a native of Alabama, but his artistic life has been mostly passed in Paris and Northern Africa. Many of his special studies have been made in the latter country, particularly in Algeria and Egypt. He seems to have imbibed the spirit of North-African civilization, and his delineations of character from the countries of his choice are as true as any literary description. He is best known perhaps by his "Donkey Boy of Cairo," which has been reproduced in many forms. In the present picture he has introduced three or four types of character. North-Africa is peculiar for its inter-mixture of races. Here the ancient Hamites, moving westward from Egypt, have been affected by ethnic influences from many quarters of the globe. The woman sitting in the foreground of the picture, as well as her companion opposite, are both strongly infected with European blood. The old creature between them is almost negro in descent. The baby is a true Berber, with a suggestion of the Oriental in his physiognomy. The girl at the left is more like the Copts of Egypt. The scene itself is much like that of the Nile Valley. Here is still water and a background of cactus-palm. Through the opening may be seen a mass of tropical foliage—lotus below and date palm overhead.



ACROSS COUNTRY IN WINTER, by Alfred von Wierusz-Kowalski.—We need not be told that this fine and dramatic picture is by a Slavic artist. One must needs have seen and *felt* this landscape before he paint it. Such things come not out of books, but out of sight and touch and experience. Winter travel in Russia and Poland often bring such episodes as that which Kowalski has here so powerfully drawn. In these countries winter settles down with a rigor and terror unknown in Western Europe and America. Already in the last days of September vast areas of treeless plain are covered with a sheet of snow. Here a great expanse of frozen champaign, overarched with the leaden and merciless sky, is traversed with a sledge and its travelers. They, with their four powerful horses, are journeying swiftly across the illimitable field of snow. The episode is that of an attack by wolves. They are half famished, and therefore desperate. They plunge madly at the horses and the sledge. Their red mouths, white-fanged, are agape for blood. A battle is on—battle of man and beast. The participants are relentless nature, savage ferocity, and human intelligence whetted to sharpness and blood-spilling by the exigencies of the struggle. The picture in some of its features may remind the beholder of that which represents Napoleon I., driven in a sledge across Poland on his way back to Paris after the horrors of the Kremlin and the Beresina.



A QUIET LAKESIDE, by A. Zonaro.—The day is one of unusual calmness. The water is scarcely ruffled by the vagrant zephyrs ; the trees stand motionless in the afternoon sun. Yet it is not hot. It is late in the spring and the full warmth of summer has not yet made life in the open air uncomfortable. At the end of a flower-decked terrace, near the water's edge, sits a beautiful young woman, pleasantly occupied in weaving a garland of dainty blossoms. Her face has a touch of Hebraic sharpness as it is seen in profile, and her simply-clad form is round and pretty without being voluptuous. There is the suggestion of tender reverie in her expression, and doubtless her thoughts are of an absent lover. To the beautiful figure there could be no more charming or appropriate setting than the background of bright blossoms and rich foliage. The picture is enhanced by the presence of drifting boats with curving hulls and lateen-sails. Nature in every part of the scene has made for quiet beauty and reposeful grace. But take away the white-robed girl and the greater interest of the picture is instantly destroyed. She is the life and soul of the artist's exquisite conception and the bright particular flower of the artistic presentment. The dog and doves are pleasing accessions and add somewhat to the stir of the scene, but should the young woman with all her delicate charm be cut from the canvas and framed apart from her surroundings, we should still have a picture meriting highest praise and visual enjoyment.



EMBARKATION OF EMIGRANTS AT ANTWERP, by Edgard Farasyn.—This painting was exhibited in the Belgian section at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is a picture full of interest. In it are displayed the sentiments from nearly all parts of the epic of life. The scene is the departure of a company of German emigrants for America. It is but one example of hundreds of such that have been witnessed in all the northern ports of Europe. Time and custom have dealt upon the nations, and tyranny had laid the last straw upon the back of suffering humanity. Under such conditions there is only one thing left for men and women, and that is *to escape*. Of all the European countries Germany and Scandinavia have poured out most of the overflow of their sorrow. In this scene we have both sorrow and hope. Some are weeping, some are consumed with eagerness ; some are still capable of smiles ; the little ones, knowing no grief, regard it as a holiday ; some are going and some are here to see them go—never to return. The great black steamer is ready to receive them. After ten days the New World will take them and assign them to strange homes. Fatherland and mother-tongue will be remembered for a generation, and then the descendants of these emigrants will belong to another nationality.



THE HOLY LEGEND OF GMUND, by Friederich Hein. The picture represents a famous legend. The story runs that the criminal about to be beheaded might here present himself before the statue of the Virgin and appeal to her to attest his innocence. If the Virgin gave no sign, then the criminal might hope no longer. He was immediately taken to the waiting cart and there decapitated. Each one of the condemned, however, was permitted to make the appeal. The prisoner on such occasion was attended by priests, and there was nearly always a congress of people about the place of execution. In the present instance the condemned man is a violinist. In the manner of Orpheus, but under very different conditions, he has sought to win the favor of the Virgin and to save his life by playing before her image. This is the scene which the artist has depicted. The condemned man has been prepared for execution, but has been given the opportunity of appealing to the Virgin. Kneeling on the stone steps before her effigy, he plays as one may well play for his life. The holy priests standing by have caught, as well as the prisoner, the expression and act of approval on the countenance of the Virgin. She has become suddenly and for the moment human instead of stone, and by this blessed sign the condemned is to go free. The executioner sees also that his task is to be omitted. General joy and a deep sensation pervade those assembled, though in some instances the desire of seeing the beheading has triumphed over the sense of mercy.



THE FIRST PRAYER, by Silvio Rotta.—To the mother belongs the holy task of first turning the thoughts of children to prayer. Nor can the world furnish devotion more heart-felt than that which rises from infant lips. The artist beautifully portrays this truth in the scene before us. The home is rude and bare. A bunch of modest daisies alone tell us of a love for the beautiful. The day of busy play is done. The ball is dropped, the garments laid aside, and with chubby hands raised with painstaking exactness, the little one kneels. Awe and reverence are written in the earnest face and up-turned eye. And though the surroundings are poor and the shrine an humble one, the petition is none the less fervent and acceptable. Years may bring change of life and scene ; the old home be far away ; the mother gone and few memories of childhood remain. But among the lasting impressions, more distinct perhaps than any, is the vision of a patient mother and the evening prayer. Early training does not always lead to a noble life ; for often the stubborn will overpowers the timid monitor and takes for itself a wholly different path. But, however sullied with sin, however hardened to all outside influences for good one may become, memory does not desert her post. For years she may seem to sleep, but when a fitting time arrives, she wakes again and with faithful persistence brings back the early lesson. History holds many a life reclaimed by the persuasive recollections of the first prayer.



TO THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE, by J. Agrasot y Juan.—This picture, reproduced from the much admired original in the Spanish section of paintings at the World's Columbian Exposition, is thoroughly Spanish in subject and style. The features and costumes appear to the beholder much more remote than in most of the pictures of the present collection. Two or three of these faces, particularly those of the men standing on opposite sides of the table, show clearly the strong admixture of Moorish blood. The bride has features distinctly European, though her coiffure makes her to be of Andalusia. The scene is that of the bridal dinner. It is what Americans call colloquially an "infair." Guests are gathered at the home of the bridegroom, where a feast is spread, and where rejoicing in the name of the newly-married couple is the order of the day. This is an ancient abode in Southern Spain. The friends of the wedded pair have met to do them honor. They have feasted and have come to that point of hilarious excitement when the health of the bride is formally proposed. Those most given to revelry hold their glasses aloft. The old father at the bride's right sits thoughtfully. The well kept priest at her left smiles approval and watches the play of her features. It is the acme of the feast—the crowning scene in the festivities with which the married estate is ushered in. Before this hour there has been romance ; at this hour there is the full glow of hope ; from this hour will begin the long journey of toil and doubt and trial.



CONVALESCENCE, by E. Carpentier.—All languages abound in maxims and proverbs concerning the value of health, and all alike agree that health is not valued until sickness comes. To one full of life and vigor, entire sympathy with the afflicted is impossible. He understands neither the physical conditions nor the mental tension of the invalid. But one who is no stranger to pain, sees in the sufferer an object of anxious solicitude and has for the convalescent a wealth of kindly congratulation. Days pass with leaden feet when one awaits returning strength. The wasted hands and trembling limbs refuse to do the bidding of the restless mind and naught remains but to bide the lazy lapse of time. In the scene before us, the invalid is once more in her chair, but is no longer pale and listless. She smiles, and, for the moment, forgets her weariness. The glad assurance has come to her that, though separated from her associates, she is still remembered. Before her stands a happy group of friends who bring with their offering of flowers the more welcome gift of hearty good-will. The mother, to whose constant care the recovery is due, looks from the door in pleased surprise. A charming scene of peasant life is this; one which speaks of the world of cheer a kindly act may bring. This painting was exhibited in the Belgian section at the World's Columbian Exposition.



WEANING THE CALVES, by Rosa Bonheur.—This picture is a section from the pathos of animal life. Motherhood is still here, though the possessors of it have four feet and two horns. Childlove and child-grief are also here. The scene is from the farm—a rough pasture field, broken with stones and weeds. The time has come when the calves must be taken from their mothers. A rude barricade of trees and brushwood has been put between the offspring and the maternal love. The cow standing in the foreground, with her face across the fence, is almost vindictive in her grief as she listens to the pleading of her child. The other mothers descend from among the rocks, less grieved, but faithful. It is the milking-time, and the young animals are as restless as the mothers. Only one, of stoical temper, lies indifferent—willing to let the world go as it will. All of these creatures are depicted with the skill which has made the name of Rosa Bonheur famous in two continents. Once asked why she had not married, she answered, "I am wedded to the art of painting animals." Her reputation has extended around the globe. During the Franco-Prussian war her studio was respected by special order of the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick III. Among Rosa Bonheur's most noted pictures in the United States are the "Horse Fair," now exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and "The Monarch of the Glen," which excited so much praise at the World's Columbian Exposition.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF, by Wilhelm Schütze.—This celebrated painting was first exhibited by the artist in 1836. It has been regarded as one of the masterpieces of the distinguished painter. We should hesitate to say that anything more [illegible] has ever been produced. It is a picture of young people done into fun dress in a country manner, and playing at the old game of blind man's buff. The innocence and glee of childhood shine through the excitement and paraphernalia of the little comedy, and the amusement is tinged in every part with that unalloyed happiness which only the child-soul knows. Note the complete absorption of all the actors in the game. Study well the sweet expression of so much of the little lady's face as may be seen under her blindfold. Around about are all the concomitants of the play. On the right hand one young master seems to have been counted out. What is the matter with him only the artist can tell [illegible]. Possibly he is one of those misconstructed children that have no play in their souls. On the floor baby is engaged with basket making havoc; another is borne away by one who is only recently old enough to think. In the background sedate paternity has his little group around him, but he looks on well pleased. He once played blind man's buff himself, and at this moment memory stands him well in hand.



LIFE-SAVING FROM A WRECK, by Pierre-Marie Beyle.—This picture introduces us to a distinct phase of modern civilization. True, the light-house was known to antiquity, but no ancient people made any definite preparation for the rescue of drowning sailors from the storm. There seems indeed to have been in the old world a shocking indifference to the loss of human life. The same sentiment pervaded the Middle Ages. Only in our own century have the feelings of mankind been deeply stirred with the purpose of salvation for them that go down to the sea in ships. In this philanthropical movement France led our own country. England also was in advance. This is a French picture, by a French artist. It shows a light-house, a long breakwater extending into the sea, and a company of life-savers with their friends attempting to rescue the drowning from the ferocious ocean. The manner of the effort shows the earlier stages of such philanthropy before the invention of the complete apparatus and improved methods of our own day. Beyle has painted several pictures representing scenes sketched from the French coast, this being the most striking of all. It represents the sacrifice and sympathy as well as the sorrow which afflicts the friends and families of sailors. While the muscles of the men are strained with rescue, poor women fling themselves into each others arms in tears, or look despairingly at the roaring sea.



AN OPPORTUNITY, by E. Debat-Ponsan.—They are two French peasants, a young man and a young maiden returning home from their labor in the fields in a lumbering cart drawn by oxen. The sun is low on the horizon and the quiet of evening is coming on when everything conspires to fill the heart with poetry. They are at some distance from the village, and a clump of trees prevents them from being seen from at least one direction. The young man is standing with his ox-goad in his hand, leaning against the side of the cart and bending over his companion, a young girl just budding into womanhood. The opportunity has come to him when he may tell her that secret which he has long guarded in his heart. It may be easily seen that he is speaking to her of his love, which she has doubtless divined, but which the presence of others has prevented him from telling her before. The words which he speaks in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper and trembling with emotion fill her with joy, even though she turns her smiling face away to hide the blushes which tell that his love is reciprocated. He awaits the answer upon which his future happiness depends, while the oxen are left to find the road as best they may. There can be no doubt what it is to be, and it is safe to believe that by the time they reach the village Jean will be able to say that Marie is to be his bride.



THE CRICKET, by Antonio Rotta.—This fine Italian artist has done many exquisite pieces of work, but hardly anything superior in its kind to the picture here reproduced. Two children, sister and brother, have a cricket in a cage. They are thus able to examine the agile insect, and to experiment with it according to the whimsicality of childhood. It is easy to see that the girl is the least disposed to do actual mischief in the treatment of the prisoner. But the boy is not so particular. In him there is enough of the original imp to warrant cruelty, if thereby he may have amusement. So he is hunkered down by the little cage and is proceeding with his torments. He will see master cricket jump and beat himself against the wires. The faces of both children are a study to anyone who will curiously scrutinize them and find what is expressed in them. All the other parts of the picture are subordinate to this supreme interest delineated in the countenances of the urchins. Chair, basket, and overturned hand-trunk, hat and sideboard, are all incidental. The artist draws the attention of the beholder irresistibly to the children, to their faces, and from their faces to the little cage with the diminutive prisoner. We believe that the girl will presently raise an issue with her brother about the treatment of the captive, and will open the door for his escape. The boy will proceed to execution, but his sister will relent and her sympathy—true to her sex—will provide some avenue for the cricket to get away.





DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH, by Paul Sinabaldi, and RUSSIAN GIRL, by Karl Venig.—In this picture we have presented the very extremes of the Aryan races. The daughter of the Rajah is a conspicuous type of the oldest, as the Russian girl is of the youngest development of the Indo-European family of mankind. The race of Brahm in the Valley of the Indus had already an ornate mythology and efflorescent literature as much as twenty-two centuries before the Christian era, while the Slavic race, represented by this Russian girl, emerged into the civilized life only in the later Middle Ages. It thus happens that though these two pictures show the form and features and costumes of kindred—although they are, so to speak, cousins by birth—they are separated in their development by a span of fully 3,000 years. Apart from this historical interest, the two pictures possess remarkable relational merits. The daughter of the Rajah is in the bridal dress of the East. She stands for the highest type of native civilization known to her. The Russian girl also displays the striking peculiarities of her race and country. There is one sense in which urbanity and affable manners have developed with the progress of the races westward. In the same sense haughtiness and reserve have remained in the East. But so far as the forms of observance and intershow of life are concerned, the case is reversed. The Orient is haughty and formal, while the Occident smiles and strives to please.



APOLLO BELVEDERE, by Carl Becker.—This picture represents Pope Julius II., Raphael, Michael Angelo, Vittoria Colonna and Bramante viewing the exhumed statue of Apollo Belvedere. Among paintings, those treating of historical subjects cannot fail to please, for they come to us with a two-fold interest. While delighting the eye with beauty of color and grace of outline, they call from out the past faces and scenes which the world should not forget. The occasion presented by the artist must have been a memorable one to Pope Julius II., always the liberal patron of art. Outside the portico the guard keeps back the curious gazers who are not fortunate enough to be among the invited guests. Within, gathered about the Pope, are those most noted in painting and sculpture; and, for once, His Eminence is not the centre of attraction. All eyes are turned toward the wondrous man of stone. From his long-forgotten grave at Antium, he has at last arisen and boldly stands a messenger from another age. Called into being from the insensate block of stone by a hand long since returned to dust, he proclaims the skill of one whose work has outlived his name. He tells of days of manly strength, bravery and beauty. How gladly would they know all of his past; but the marble lips are mute. He guards, as if with religious care, the secret of his creation. A problem was he to them four hundred years ago and a problem is he to-day. Oblivious to all discussion, indifferent alike to criticism and to praise, he speaks from age to age of the genius of his time.



AT MY FRIEND DUPON'S, by Jean Guillaume Rosier.—Original exhibited in Belgium section of the World's Columbian Exposition. A square little yard leads to the studio of the artist. A small dark-painted wooden door, opens on the threshold. A penetrating odor of humidity floats in the air, and the eye is at a loss at first to fix the objects in the great confusion of white and gray. The artist wants space to freely circulate around his masterpiece, so he has relegated to a corner his casts of studies, busts and reliefs. The freshly kalsomined walls are bare, and this primitive background sets off most effectively the athletic muscles and heroic posture of a model who, placed by the wood stove, is in the attitude of making a last struggle to subdue the unseen foe. In the center of the studio stands the colossal figure of the hero strangling the lion. This giant of brown clay seems animated by the strong breath of life, and in his decisive effort his pores seem fairly to perspire—so near is the illusion brought to reality by the clear drops of the water with which the artist has been sprinkling his group to keep the clay fresh. On a rough step-ladder stands the artist, gazing with his keen eyes upon his creation, into which his glance seems to infuse the reality of life, making the muscles of the Samson rigid, and the claws of the beast terrible. One almost expects in a few seconds to see the man stand forth, lacerated but victorious, and the beast to fall dead, but still ferocious in death—and the artist will thus have added a new leaf to his laurels.



THE WATERING TROUGH, by L. Barillot.—Hardly any aspect of animal life appeals more strongly to the lover of nature than the cattle-pieces of the best masters. There is something so wholesome in the sleek-coated, clean-limbed, soft-eyed creatures; and notwithstanding nature has seemed to sacrifice beauty to utility in every angle of their ungainly make-up, they have a peculiar grace of their own—in part the "beauty of utility," which is a fundamental principle in the creed of art, and partly derived from the obvious appropriateness of their attitudes, at rest or in strenuous movement. One of the most promising of the younger painters of cattle and landscape is Barillot, who has won many medals at the Paris Salon during the past ten years. Like the great master, Troyon, his cattle have the grand movement of nature itself, and he paints not only their physical side—their shining skins, splendid color, superb motions, steaming breath and gleaming eye—but he infuses them with life and soul, character and individuality. The oxen in mighty effort under the burden, the wild-eyed bull undaunted and at bay, the reposeful herd at the evening watering, and the different breeds of cattle with their peculiarities of build and of character, all are carefully and accurately discriminated. There is just enough landscape in this subject to carry out the thought, of the return from pasture before the twilight. From the church tower of the little village the vesper bell will presently ring, milking time will soon be over, and the cattle housed for the night.



RETURN FROM THE MARKET, by Jean Baptiste Dufaux.—A peaceful scene in the picturesque mountain and lake country of upper Savoy. This is the region of the highest Alps, where the water-courses, fed by glaciers and broken by sudden changes of altitude, become veritable torrents, except where they broaden out into lovely lakes. In such a country the best and cheapest way from one point to another is by boat rather than by a road, and those who till the soil—they do it on so small a scale as hardly to be dignified with the name of farmer—utilize the waters of the lake to get their produce to market. Arable land is so scanty in this rock-ribbed country that not an acre, scarcely a square yard, of it goes to waste, and even the steepest declivities of the mountain sides are with infinite toil put under cultivation. The living to be wrung out of such a land is very meagre, and among the poorer people one is glad to get chestnuts as a substitute for bread. The market-gardener who can own such a boat as we see in the picture is comparatively well-to-do, as the thrifty appearance of the men in the boat, and the tidy, comfortable aspect of the little family gathered on the shore to welcome them clearly indicate. It has been a good day at the market, for the baskets are all emptied ; and very likely the husband has brought home a bright ribbon for his wife, and some toys for the children. A good supper awaits them all, and a happy, contented life, which they manage to fill with a brightness that no struggle for subsistence can dim.





THE ILL FED, by O. Da Molin.—The scene of the upper picture of this page is laid on the northern shore of the Adriatic Sea. Here is an immense stretch of land, covered with swamps, where rice grows abundantly. Thousands of people are employed on meagre wages in its deadly cultivation. Misery and death are the portion of these hard toilers of the earth. It is among these people that Professor Da Molin has lived for some time to study their emaciated, though interesting type, and whose pathetic faces he has painted with such skill on his canvas, "The Ill Fed." Francesco Ricci, the painter of the lower picture of the two, has a peculiar method of creating his pictures. Strolling around Rome with his color box and his stretcher, he will sketch an old castle, depicting the arches of the massive door-way. He repeats his visit to the spot until his sketch has reached the desired consistency. Then the fantasy of the artist is set at liberty to people the prepared scene with figures always cheerful and rich in color. This picture represents a portion of a 16th century tavern. It has been ransacked by unscrupulous soldiers and civilians. They have prepared a banquet, and around the festive board in real guests are seated. A mendicant monk has been given the best place at the table. After copious libations, outraged nature has compelled him to indulge in a nap. His reckless companions, by loud and discordant noises, try to disturb and awaken him. The originals of these pictures were exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition.



LUNCHEON UNDER THE TREES, by Realier-Dumas.—(*Exhibit in French section of the World's Columbian Exposition, and reproduced by special permission of the artist.*) The aspect of life presented in this picture is peculiar to modern times. The Greeks and Romans knew it not. Modern civilization, for the most part pent within the barriers of houses, finds vent in summer season, and escapes under the trees. Then we spread the white cloth, open the basket, fill the cup, and enjoy the feast in the open air. This implies the equality of man and woman—a thing unknown to antiquity. It signifies the equal service of one to the other in society, and the adaptation of both in mutual intercourse. These ideas are unconsciously developed in this picture. Four young women, one young man and a boy have sought here the freedom of the forest for the noon-day luncheon. The cloth is spread ; the teapot smokes ; hats are thrown aside, and the luncheon is served by the kneeling guests, the one to the other. One girl to the left, seizes the overhanging boughs and makes them into a swing. The place is profoundly umbrageous. The heavy canopy is hardly penetrable by the full sunlight above. The earth is covered with a thick carpet of grasses and wild flowers. There is content in this picture, mutual regard and the hint of affection. The girls are clad in summer suits, and the young man serves in negligé, happy in his office.



EPISODE OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, 1808, by Caesar Alvarez Dumont.—The fine painting from which this reproduction is taken was exhibited in the Spanish section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene relates to the struggle of Spain to recover her independence from the domination of Napoleon Bonaparte. That remarkable warrior had overrun the Spanish peninsula and set up, instead of the native rulers, his own brother and other adherents of his dynasty. The action was a part of that gigantic scheme by which the Latin races of the continent were to be united within a common empire under the leadership of France, but the Napoleonic *regime* sat unsteadily in its place. No sooner did the magician withdraw himself, than the native spirit of the Spaniards rose against the usurpers. Insurrections broke out in the Spanish cities, and one French army after another was sent against them. The scene here depicted may have occurred in Madrid, or Ciudad Real, or Saragossa. The place is the yard and vestibule of a church. This has been seized and barricaded by the insurgents, and the guns of the enemy are thundering against it. Here men and women are falling and dying for the independence of their country. One fair creature lies dead before the very crucifix. Others in the vestibule are fatally shot. The place is full of smoke and terror and heroic death. The artist has succeeded in giving the verisimilitude of battle to this struggle of the people for their liberty.



MORNING IN THE NURSERY, by Weese.—Cleanliness means tribulation for the little fellow in the tub. He has no appreciation of the benefit he is to derive from the treatment to which he is subjected, nor does he realize that he is the star performer in an entertainment which engrosses the attention of even the dogs. The father, ready for the day's hunting, has seen the act in the tub so often before that he is more interested in the efforts of his little daughter to reconcile her baby-brother to the necessary application of water and soap. Holding the edge of the tub, and standing tip-toe, she is giving him the assurances she bases on her own experience. He is listening to her, but is not silenced. The oldest scion of the house reclines gracefully between his father's knees and looks with a feeling of superiority upon the younger members of the family, among whom is a boy who holds a slice of bread poised in his left hand halted on the way to his mouth, while he gazes inquiringly, as does the great dog on whose neck his right hand is resting, upon the little fellow in the tub, and the pretty mother who laughs as she applies the cleansing water to the crying child's face. It will all be over soon. The tearful one will be digging in the dirt by the roadside; the father will finish his smoke and go with the dogs to chase his prey.



BRER RABBIT AND BRER FOX, by William H. Beard.—Foremost among the animal painters of America are the Beards, of whom the painter of this subject is the most widely known. Without sacrificing an unerring truth in the portrayal of the living animals, he has succeeded in infusing them with a degree of human expression, both of face and of posture, which has enabled him to hit off many of the failings and foibles of weak humanity with the keenness of a consummate satirist. The numerous fables thus told in his popular canvases have fastened on him the appellation of "The American Æsop." Monkeys, bears, goats, owls and rabbits have been his favorite *media* for letting his fellow-men see themselves as others see them. Here is a family party of rabbits out for an afternoon gambol. They have been careering merrily over hill and dale, and are about to plunge into the thicket, continuing their sport or seeking a favorite nibbling-patch, when, *horribile dictu!* right in their path, nearly concealed by the spreading ferns, lies that crafty old rascal, "Brer Fox," the "dearest foe" of all their house—one eye shut, feigning sleep, but asleep, fox-fashion, with one bright eye wide open. "Oh, my!" screams Papa Cotton-tail, and tumbles backwards in dismay upon the astonished Mamma Bunny; while the younger fry, who never have met Brer Fox before and know not his wily ways, peer curiously forward to get a good look at him. The artist seems to have come away just then, so we must finish the story for ourselves.



RETURN OF THE FISHING FLEET, by Jules Dennedin. Those who know the dangers that beset the fishers of the sea can best appreciate the pathos of this tender scene. These people live by their fishing, and the return of the boats from a successful expedition means to them comfort in place of distress. Yet, more precious to them than even the means of subsistence, is the safety of their dear ones who have braved the perils of the deep. This youth has just completed his first voyage, a voyage on which he was permitted to depart with many misgivings and tears, and his return fills his mother's heart with a joy that makes her for the moment oblivious to the success of the fleet, or to the presence of her husband behind her. His sisters—one of whom has taken his "kit" and the other his fishing boots—and his aged grandparents have come down to the shore to join in the happy greeting; the baby brother has been brought down and tugs away at the salt-crusted whiskers of its fisherman father; and the boy's pet terrier leaps upon him appealing for recognition—but in vain, until the mother's kiss and benediction have been bestowed on the lad now returned to her arms by his faithful companions. In the distance other villagers are clustered about the wagon that will bear to market the harvest of fish, with which, laden in baskets, the men are wading ashore. Two boats of the fleet are already at anchor, while a third is approaching under sail, bearing its share of the catch and its quota of the home-returning fishermen.



BEECHWOOD IN AUTUMN, by Peter Paul Müller. The original of this exquisite piece was an ornament of the Fine Arts Department of Germany at the World's Columbian Exposition. The beech-tree, from its universal prevalence, has lost much of the interest which it would otherwise possess in art and letters. Beech forests have covered the larger part of northern Europe and the great central belt of North America from the earliest recorded annals. In our own country it is the beech-tree that has stood in the way of the civilizing axe, and yielded only to stroke on stroke. The scene here sketched is out of the German woods, but it might have been drawn from any one of several countries. The merit of the picture consists not so much in the subject as in the treatment. The painter who makes his sketch from a common theme, seen by all eyes, and known everywhere, must needs delineate it with unusual skill. This Müller has done in the picture under consideration. The heavy beech-trees are here shown to perfection. The season is the late autumn, when the hardy leaves have been mostly cast to earth ; else the dark shadow would have prevented artistic delineation. The trees are drawn with great fidelity. The sun is in the distance, casting his shadows toward the observer. The sides of all the trees looking to the foreground are darkened. The heavy, superficial roots are shown above the ground, and the smooth white bark gleams with the peculiar lustre for which it is famous in at least two continents.



A GRAND PARDON IN BRITTANY, by Jules Breton.—Brittany is the paradise of painters. Its quaint and ancient architecture, its customs venerable through centuries, the picturesque costumes of its peasantry, who are characterized by nobility of feature and dignity of aspect, even under the drudgery of field labor, have furnished themes for the brushes of some of the greatest of French artists. By none are these features more sympathetically portrayed than by Jules Breton. Scenes of peasant labor and the unique ceremonials of the church are his favorite subjects. We have here the Grand Pardon, or Plenary Indulgence, representing the moment of the procession of the Host around the exterior of the Church, on the day of the patron saint of the village. To this festival come thousands from considerable distances, bearing candles for offerings and the banners of their commune. The participants include those of all ranks, from the marquis to the shepherd. The bright costumes, the white caps of the peasant women, and the curious combination of rural surroundings with the pomp of ceremonial, lend a varied interest to the scene. The skill of the artist is strikingly shown in the vast number of figures he has crowded into his canvas, and yet without sacrificing the opportunity for interesting incident, among which one will notice the little children exchanging lights for their votive candles and partaking in the solemnity. This painting is in the Wolfe collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



DANCING DOWN THE HAY, by George H. Boughton.—(*By special permission of the artist.*) This reproduction is from an original which was exhibited in the English Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. Boughton is one of the most distinguished of the contemporary artists of the English-speaking race. His pictures have made him famous in two continents. He it is who has had, in nearly all of his works as a characteristic feature, a profusion of wild flowers in the foreground. This feature appears less distinctly in "Dancing Down the Hay" than in most any other of his works, though there is a faint suggestion of it at the left. The scene may be either English or American, but is most likely English; for American women are seldom seen in the harvest fields. The incident is that of settling the hay in the stack by tramping it down with the feet. This stack has only been begun. We may believe that the men are doing most of the work, leaving the sport for the women and girls who dance from place to place on unsteady footing, tumbling down now and then, only to get up with a laugh. The hay-harvesters are gathering in the mown grass from the surrounding meadow and heaping it up into what will presently be an immense stack, near the farm-house. There is in the picture every evidence of good cheer and English jollity. The chickens have come out in full jubilee, and the luscious grasshopper is the object of their diligence. The picture is a fine example of photo-engraving.



MATERNAL ANTICIPATIONS, by A. Moradei.—Here is an artist who is at the head of that sentimental Italian school, so full of simplicity and charm, which, like an echo of the great old masters, seems to reflect the nobility of their aspirations. Signor Moradei possesses all the most desirable technical qualities that an artist requires, and he always finds inspiration in the simple life of his country-fellows, born in that noble region, Romagna—where everyone cares only for his love and for his own creed—liberty. This happy young couple of honest laborers expect that a cherub will soon appear among them and be the cherished tie of their affection and the blessing of their modest home. The man, for once in his life, has been out shopping, and with tender solicitude lays before the future mother the tiny garments that will soon protect the newcomer. The woman, deeply touched by the delicate thought, with her beautiful eyes wandering, anticipates the joys of maternity and thinks, with an emotion till now unknown, that soon the inarticulate accents of a new voice will resound within the rough walls of the happy household—the dainty features of a little creature, fresh like a rosebud and full of dimples, will add new life to the quiet of the home, and add, if possible, another share to the great love that already unites the two devoted hearts. The original was exhibited in the Italian section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition.



COMBAT IN A VILLAGE, by Emile Boutigny.—Perhaps no other part of human action is so difficult to portray as battle. Yet battle-scenes are among the commonest of all subjects chosen by artists for their works. The difficulty is that painting requires a design, and battle has none. In the beginning of modern painting, battle-scenes were drawn ideally. Long lines of well-uniformed men were set in engagement as if it were a tourney. The thing painted was wholly unlike the reality. The reality is simply havoc. Battle is a *melee*. It is not order, but confusion. It is death and blood, carnage, smoke, turmoil, dust, fire and uproar, mingled in the indescribable. Literature as well as art has essayed in vain to depict it. Here we have battle in a village. The loose outlying wings of the armies have here flown together. The conflict is in the very streets. Shade tree and fountain have become barricades. Each soldier here makes war for himself. It is virtually man to man. Peace has fled. Save the combatants, no living thing is seen. Though this is only a skirmish, death and ruin are its concomitants. In the foreground one brave fellow lies dead clutching his bugle. Another bugler, full of duty, kneels by a tree and sounds the call. When the blast of battle passes, the mark of ball and sabre-cut will be seen on the walls and shrubbery of the wrecked village. The original was exhibited in the French section of Fine Art Department of the World's Columbian Exposition.



TURKEYS, by Auguste Durst.—(*Exhibited in the French section at the World's Columbian Exposition, and reproduced by special permission of the artist.*) This is a French picture by a French artist; but it might have been American. The scene is a farm-house, and the act that of feeding the turkeys. The mistress of the flock has come forth with her basin of grain, and given the call which the turkeys know so well. They have assembled according to appetite and habit. Some come flying in their haste, others look up as if to say, "Bye-and-bye." Some note the summons as if they would reflect about it for awhile. These may be regarded as the finest of all the birds. They are by no means so great in stature as the ostrich or the extinct dinornis of Madagascar, largest of winged creatures, but they have graceful form and feather, as well as manner, not wanting in pleasing characteristics. The turkey in our own country has competed with the eagle for the rank of the national bird. But for the fact that violence and ravening rather than peace and complacency are still the order of the world, the turkey might have appeared as the emblem on our standard. This flock shows among other things how far the law of domestication may extend in bringing down the winged denizens of our primeval forest to associate with mankind in the narrow enclosure of home and field. These birds, all unwitting, yield themselves to the training and desires of their masters, and are fatted in perfect content for the festivities of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.



HUNTSMAN BLOWING THE RETREAT FROM THE WATER, by Paul Tavernier.—Original exhibited in French section World's Columbian Exposition. The painter of this picture is a Parisian by birth ; a pupil of Cabanel, and Guillaumet. In nearly all of his pictures, such as the "Stag Hunt," "The Chase," the "Stag at Bay," the "False Start," etc., he fixes his attention on the development of animal form and action. In the painting from which this elegant reproduction is taken, he has seized a particular crisis in the stag hunt. The stag, hard pressed, has, after his manner, taken to water, striving thus to elude his pursuers. The hounds and the huntsmen, following hard after, have come to the edge of the still forest lake, and the dogs have plunged in, in pursuit. Some are already far out from the shore. The surface of the otherwise still lake is broken into white by their splashings. The principal figure is the huntsman, who, in full uniform, mounted on his magnificent white-and-dappled horse, seizes the situation at a glance, and with his French horn a-lip sounds the retreat from the water. This is the moment in which the predominate instinct of the hounds is suddenly arrested by the call of the master. The landscape has probably been sketched from the woods of Normandy. The scene presents another of those striking aspects in which men, surfeited with civilization, return for relief to half barbaric sports.



ANSWER OF THE COSSACKS TO THE TZAR, by Elias Evanowitch Repine.—The remarkable picture is a reproduction, by special permission of the artist, from the original painting exhibited in the Russian Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The turbulence of the scarcely half-civilized Slavs of the farther Russian provinces is well known. The reduction of such subjects to order and obedience has been well-nigh impossible. The old instincts of nomadic barbarism are still strong upon these peoples. They yield only to the despotic pressure of arms. This theme shows the answer which a band of lawless Cossacks are in the act of preparing to a threatening message received from the Tzar. There is complete unanimity in the subject-matter of the answer which they will make, and difference only in the degree of contempt which they will express for the royal mandate. Scorn, utter recklessness, mockery of the Tzar's orders, uproarious and outrageous jocularity and fun-making at the expense of authority, are the sentiments and manner depicted in every face. In this motley assembly are gathered the representatives of at least half a dozen different races, but they are all agreed in one thing—to hurl back the Tzar's message with every sentiment of contumely and disregard. This work has been painted by a strong brush under the influence of a vigorous imagination thoroughly informed as to the manners and character of the characters introduced into the picture.



"AS THE OLD, SO THE YOUNG," by Ludwig Knaüs.—It has been said that men are but children of a larger growth. Here is a charming scene of festivity which shows how much of truth the thought contains. The occasion is that of a fête or family reunion, and a repast has been prepared for young and old in the open air, under the trees. In the distance are the tables at which the older people are enjoying a bountiful dinner, and near them is a band of musicians who have taken their places in the shadow of the trees. In the foreground are the tables set apart for the children. The feast is nearly completed, and that exhilaration, which always comes from dining in the open air, from the music and the wine, has captured both the little ones and their elders. It will be seen that the enjoyment of the children is the counterpart of that of their parents, save that they with their youthful spirits enter into it with greater zest. Their mirth and their manners as well are but a slight exaggeration of those of their fathers and mothers near by. It was a happy thought of the artist to make the similarity more apparent by representing them in the costumes of a period when the fashions for young and old were alike.



THE TURKEY-GIRL, by G. Pelouse.—The title of this picture might well have been The Early Morning. The idea is to depict a country scene at the first sunrise. The picture is French, as is the landscape, and also the design and execution. The suggestions of atmosphere and foliage indicate the genial warmth of the South. The great trees, branching out over the head of the turkey-girl, and in the left of the picture are willows; these are pleasantly relieved from the distant background of open sky on the right, and from hill on the left. The half-dozen big Norman turkeys are up with the day and abroad in quest of food. The native instinct of seeking in the grassy cover for beetle and worm still survives in these fine birds, though subjected to the influences of domestication. The lordly cock, in the immediate foreground, struts and gobbles in honor of the lady by his side. To her, for to-day at least, he pays his devotion. The turkey-girl in the center is here in the double character of guardian and feeder of the flock. She has already attended to the latter duty and now stands listlessly, dreamily, against the broken remnant of a rustic fence. The artist has emphasized the idea of the early morning. Note the strong and far extended shadows of the willow-trees running out broadly to the foreground. It is the first moment of the appearance of the sun above the horizon. All foliage and blossoms are covered with dew. Nature is awake for the June day which will soon bathe all the landscape with its glory.



THE EVENING BREEZE, by H. Siddons Mowbray.—The original of this elegant but weird picture was displayed in the United States section, Fine Arts Department World's Columbian Exposition. It has been from time immemorial a fancy of artists to make the winds concrete in figures of human beings. To the present day the remains of this mythology are in the mind. The ancients, in speaking of the winds, always gave them sex and character. Old Boreas, the North Wind, was a snow-clad demi-god, blowing forth polar blasts. In this picture the artist has represented the vesper breezes by the figures of beautiful women and girls lifted on high, bearing musical instruments in their hands and gently delivering their music to the pulsating atmosphere of the evening sunset. One figure carries the cymbals, another touches the lyre, a third holds the harp which she dreamily visits with her fingers; a fourth in like manner draws the magic bow, and a fifth twangs the mandolin. The picture is essentially an allegory. The beings who constitute its interest are lifted into the clouds and float along without motion of their own. Below them is the half-developed landscape of earth, covered with summer grasses, and wild flowers lifting here and there. Above all is the serene sky. The observer is made to look down upon the *top* of the clouds—a thing original in art.



FOUNTAIN OF GRANADA, by J. Worms.—This picture is also reproduced from an original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at New York. The scene introduces us to one of the most remarkable places in Europe. It is the heart of the ancient marble palace of the Moorish kings of Spain. Here it was that the art of Arabia, modified by its long movement through Northern Africa and somewhat by contact with the Ostrogothic civilization of Spain, wrought its greatest wonders. From this spot issued one of those social forces which, going forth to the conquest of Europe, clashed with another force, producing a conflict whose details constituted the essence of the romance and poetry of several centuries, transmitting a residue of glory to all the fiction of modern times. At the present time the old palace and, in part, the ancient fountain, are measurably reduced to ruins. Here the peasants enter, here servants come, carrying their water-jugs, and fill them from a stream as historical as any in the world. Here a young rider from the country, with his Spanish steed, followed by his greyhound, rides in to water his horse out of the very basin where the proudest kings and royal ladies of the Moorish court once laved their delicate hands. All this may be borne in mind as a lesson by him who remembers that even the Coliseum is gradually sinking into dust and oblivion, and that over the shrine of the Delphic oracle the rude peasants of the neighborhood have built a stable for their cows and goats.



PULL FOR THE SHORE, by J. G. Brown.—The artist who painted this picture is a member of the Academy of Design. The original painting was exhibited in the United States section, Fine Art Department, at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene is that of a company of boatmen pulling for the shore. They have been abroad coasting for a considerable distance and are now returning to the beach not far away. The object of the artist has been to delineate these strong men as they lean upon the oars, pulling heavily for the landing. They are typical American boatmen. The summer season is now turning to autumn, but the rowers are in their shirt sleeves, and pay no heed to the coming chill. They have little need, indeed, for the fires of life within burn high with food and exercise. There is in the company considerable variation in age, expression and attitude; but all of the eight belong to a single class—they are men of the coast—'longshoremen, as they are called, in the phrase of the day. The artist has succeeded admirably in his drawing of the light boat, strong and well-handled, under the pressure of the oar and waves. He has also succeeded in his mingling of sea and sky. The horizon, where the one ends and the other begins, is barely discoverable, but may yet be traced, thus giving the sense of distance. Each man has a home not far away, where the supper waits the return of the father, and the evening sports are ready to conclude the excitements and dangers of the day.



THE WORST OF ALL, by Stefano Novo.—The original of this painting was shown in the Italian Exhibit of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. This is a Sewing-school. A bevy of little girls has been gathered into this nursery of needlework and set to their tasks, under the capable but rather severe instruction of a mistress. The little ones have been put at their tasks and are compelled against the waywardness of the child-mind to proceed in the work. In the mind of this severe young matron of the school her pupils are classified. There is a best, a fairly good, a medium and a bad. The picture shows the fate of the worst of all. The little one in black, more wayward and restless than the rest, neglected her task, looked about, and probably committed some other offense. She is made an object lesson for the two others of the class who sit in front of the teacher. They, too, have been either dull or neglectful. At this moment they are sharply reminded of the tendency of the downward road. Here then is the whole gamut of human happiness and woe, from its highest to its lowest note. The girl in white is in ecstasy of innocent glee ; the one in black is in the depth of grief. Between the two there are gradations of pain and pleasure. The drawing of the sewing mistress has been admirably done. She is not to be wholly condemned, for she has flowers in her hair, and her severe face has under the mask, as it seems to us, an expression that might easily be softened into affection and good-will.





BROTHER AND SISTER, by W. Bouguereau; and CHARLES THE HUNTER, by Ch. Herrmann.—The first panel of the picture, the original of which belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, represents a brother and sister ; the first hardly out of babyhood, and the second old enough to think and to love. The boy is in charge of the girl. She has led him abroad into the woods, and, tired with rambling, has sat down on the edge of a rock, taking the curly-headed urchin on her lap. We may suppose that they are in search of a brook, in whose clear water they may wade and splash at will. The loving sister holds him close, and gazes steadily with her Madonna face, as if she saw in the distance the vision of things unspeakable. The filial tie is the master sentiment of the piece. The second panel is somewhat in the manner of Van Dyke. It shows young Charles Stuart while he was still Prince Charles, before his father's fate had driven him into exile. By common consent he possesses as goodly a person as royalty is often favored with. Here he is painted in his character as hunter. During his whole life he surrounded himself with dogs. Sir John Evelyn declares that there was a multitude of them in his death chamber. We may note in the picture, not without pleasure, the glow of health and spirit which the Prince possessed, and, which in after life, he succeeded with so much difficulty in quenching by his dissipations.



FELLAHIN AND CHILD—THE BATH, by F. A. Bridgman.—This reproduction is from an original which was exhibited in the United States section, Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. In it the artist, Bridgman, has made a profound study of a figure which can be seen in only one country of the world—Egypt. The Fellahs constitute the lowest class of the modern Egyptians. They are a degraded race, and yet they have preserved something of the physical characteristics and much of the restful expression of their remote ancestors. The Fellahin is the wife of a Fellah. This is she, and a child in the bath. Islam exacts cleanliness. The Koran insists on many bathings of the person, and the modern Mohammedans, whatever may be said of their other virtues or the lack thereof, obey the Koranic injunction. This bathing scene differs little or not at all in its main features from what may be witnessed in every civilized country. The manner of the thing is common to all. The body and features of the child are such as might belong to the curly-headed urchin in Europe or America. But the Fellah, with her long eyelashes and retreating brow, and sphinx-like mouth and neckchains and bracelets, with background of black hair—she is of Egypt, and Egypt only.



PALACE REALE, by Rico.—This picture is a reproduction from the original painting, which is one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. It represents a scene in Venice. On the left, rises the marble palace; through the center extends one of the principal canals, spanned at the right by a bridge extending from side to side, in the manner of the celebrated Bridge of Sighs. If the traveler through the south European countries does not pause at Venice—does not ride in a gondola, which, in this quaintly-built city, takes the place of the carriage—then his travel may be said to be in vain. Venice is remarkable in this, that as a civil power and an architectural exhibit, she has remained intact for a longer period of time than any other city on the continent. This was the ancient town of Aqueleia. This was that mediæval metropolis where the Crusaders gathered before their embarkation for the East in the Holy Wars. Time, war, flood, fire, have wrought on the city, and yet one of the greatest of modern painters and critics has taken the "Stones of Venice" as the title of his most remarkable production. In no other spot in the world lingers the memory of greater tragedy and woe than in the "City of the Sea." The styles prevalent in the age of great buildings may be seen in the palace. The gondolas float on the shadow-haunted water. Listlessness is everywhere, with the hint of luxury, and, over all, the baptism of the summer air.



A CONCERT GIVEN BY RICHELIEU, by J. Leisten.—Richelieu was the prince of diplomatists. True it is that in his age diplomacy was still an intrigue. It had begun in the Middle Ages with the principle that the representative of the other state was the greatest of liars, and that the representative of your own state should out-lie him. Richelieu may be said to have reigned throughout Europe. As he grew old, he would fain amuse himself. He had his court where beauty and wit and genius, each supreme in its kind, were gathered. Fashion and wealth were also there. They who would seek the favor of the great minister flattered his tastes and his desires. Nothing was wanting to his happiness—but happiness. All manner of pleasures and social intoxications were poured at his feet. Leisten has here depicted him in the evening of his days, surrounded with social glory. It is perhaps the highest pride of such a man that beauty does obeisance to him. This is a concert in Richelieu's own apartments. The mountain has come to Mohammed. The cantatrice is in the act of singing to the master of Europe. A great artist is at the instrument. Other artists are in the chorus. Beautiful women stand at his left hand. Great ecclesiastics are there. He has been placed in a luxurious chair, with a cushion for his proud feet. Though it is so near the sun-down of life, the smile of triumph still lights his visage. Note well the expression of his eyes and his whole manner as he listens, with what soul remains in him, to the song of the beautiful singer.



DONKEYS ON THE SHORE, by J. H. L. de Haas.—This scene is from Holland. Yonder, in the distance, is what the old Lowlanders of the Middle Ages called the "ferocious ocean." Now, however, the North Sea has been tamed by the genius of man, and dyke and ship and garden-land may be seen by the observer as he turns his face around the horizon. The interest of the picture, however, is not in the landscape, but rather in the living creatures that occupy it. Three philosophical donkeys, harnessed for their tasks, but for the present driverless, stand contemplatively in the foreground. They have the peculiar manners and expressions of their kind. Their huge ears stand out listlessly, and a look of satisfaction pervades each face. This may well be, for the beasts have been fed and groomed with care. Their owner believes that the donkey is worth his hire. This fact seems to be known to the animals, and they have cultivated an air of dignity and independence somewhat above the average of their species. Indeed, notwithstanding the rustic harness and covering, they do not lack much of rising to the rank of aristocracy. These animals have been left for the nonce by their master here on the seashore, and he has gone his way knowing that the contemplative mood of his donkeys will keep them from straying. With these beasts self-possession is a primary principle and rest has become second nature. The original was exhibited in the Holland section, Fine Art Department, World's Columbian Exposition.



"THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT," by O. Heichert.—The force of this celebrated picture is felt at a glance. Its ease and tranquil simplicity recall the immortal Burns and his "Cotter's Saturday Night." The venerable mother is reading the Psalms to a wayward son in mid-life, to lead him away from dissipation? The artist has seized on Psalm CXIX, 130: "The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple," as showing the implicit faith in the wonderful book, and so she is administering holy instruction and consolation as the chief necessity of her broken son. When Sir Walter Scott was dying, he asked his son-in-law to read for him. "What shall I read," Lockhart asked? Scott replied: "There is but one book!" Sir Isaac Newton, in dying, laid his hand on the sacred oracles and sweetly entered into the joy of his Lord. In the hour of his departure, Cowper laid aside his pensive task and pressed the New Testament to his bosom. It was a dark night in this poor mother's heart, and she lit her lamp; her cup was bitter, and she brought out her cup of manna—sweeter than the honeycomb. Her son listens as the music of heaven floats under the lowly roof. She reads no absurd fable from the Koran; no artistic poems like those of Milton. Its words whispered hope and peace to her wayward son. Its simplicity brought solace to his soul and strength in his weakest hour. Truly the light is sweet, and brings to the lowliest cottage all the realities of a man's immortality in the blessings of salvation.



UNDER THE AWNING, by José Bermudo.—This picture is Spanish in every part. It is by a Spanish artist, and his taste and manner have been formed by those of his own country. The scene is a seaport. The city with its spires lies in plain view across the placid sea. Vessels are seen here and there. One great steamer of modern build lies near by at anchor. In the left background, a sailing-vessel, under full canvas, and with distinct shadow in the water, glides away. In the center, the outlines of the distant shore is seen against a summer sky. The foreground is the deck of an ocean-vessel lying in the harbor. Visitors are on board, or, possibly, these are the wives of the officers in the brief holiday. Over their heads is drawn the heavy tarpaulin, and the sun's rays in the semi-tropical season are completely shut away. The artist has given to the figures of his painting the air of mingled content and interest. One woman sits reflectively by the capstan. One sees her dreams reflected from the water. One converses with her sailor-boy, and thinks of the day when he, as captain, will tread the deck of some great steamer. Still another, clad in white, lifts her glasses and scans the far-off city, to recognize, perhaps, some well-known figure in the streets. The original was exhibited in the Spanish section at the World's Columbian Exposition.



READY FOR THE PROCESSION, by P. De Tommasi.—The original of this picture was a part of the Italian exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene delineated is sketched from an Italian subject; that is, from an incident in the society of Rome. That ancient city has been the scene of a greater number of pageants and processions than any other in the world. From the days when the Roman triumphs thundered up the Appian way, to the days when the church festival and the carnival turn themselves into the streets and make merry with the throwing of bon-bons and masquerading, the pageant has been a part of the social history of the city. This scene is from the interior of a Roman home of the humble class. The Italian family are preparing themselves for witnessing the passing of the procession, a section of which may be seen through the open doorway. The principal interest centers in the preparation of a little girl cherub, properly rigged with wings and garlanded with flowers for the occasion. All the members of this family are absorbed in the apotheosis of the little sister. The brother is trying, in the boy's poor fashion, to appreciate flowers and wings. Such things are better understood by the half-grown girl on the other side. The little one with a wreath of flowers is to have a place in the procession, and the rest are expecting to applaud as her carriage goes by. It is a happy country; and Rome, notwithstanding her sorrows and degradations, is a city of merry-making, as well as a city of great memories.



AUTUMN IN LORRAINE, by L. Barillot.—The scene from which this picture is sketched is one of the most lovely landscapes of central Europe. It is with good reason that France and Germany—the Gallic race and the Teutonic—have contended for generations for possession of the beautiful regions bordering the Rhine on the west. Geographically and climatically, they belong to the French, and the inhabitants and manner of life are also Gallic; therefore picturesque. As in many other instances, the artist has in this picture attempted to allegorize the season. He has attempted to depict autumn by means of concrete images. In doing so he has chosen a landscape and peopled it with living beings all in sympathy with autumnal days. The trees have not yet lost their foliage, but the touches of frost are upon them. On the right, the huntsman with his pointers and gun traverse the stubble. On the left, the old stone-wall marks the limits of an enclosure of pasture-land. Here Bonny Bessie with her milking pail, brings the shapely Holstein cow and her overgrown calf home from the pastures. These creatures are docile to a degree, and in the language of Ingelow—"Follow, follow Bessie to the milking shed." All this the artist makes into an allegory of autumn. It is near sunset; the sky is overcast with hazy clouds, but through these, as through a transparent gauze, the dying colors of the day fall on forest and meadow. The idyl is pervaded with a sense of quietude, and summer seems to look with her last glance across the copse and old stone-wall.



AMONG THE TREES, by A. Andersen Lundby.—To an appreciative eye, a fine tree is perhaps the most beautiful object in nature. Its wealth of foliage, its aspect of vigorous life, its symmetry of form, appeal forcibly to one's sense of harmony and proportion. Whether seen in the vast primeval forests; in the dense and fragrant pine woods of the Adirondacks; in the beautiful oak-openings of Michigan or Wisconsin, or in the magnificent giants of California, there is always found in trees a perennial charm. A single isolated specimen, planted and reared for shade and ornament, frequently forms the one pleasing and redeeming feature of a place destitute of all other attractions. Not less attractive to the true lover of nature are the trees in their winter garb. Shorn of their leafy habiliments, they stand out in all of their native strength—like giants stripped to the skin and proud of their sturdy symmetry. In this interesting state are the trees of the above picture. Who has not enjoyed, as among the foremost pleasures of summer life, the shadow of an umbrageous forest? Inhaling with every breath the balsamic odors of the woods, one may thank Heaven for trees. Happy the city or the town whose people have been wise enough to plant trees in every street. It was a felicitous thought of Secretary of Agriculture Morton, when a citizen of Nebraska, to propose an Arbor Day in the spring of each year, on which the people should plant trees. No less than forty-two States have now adopted this graceful custom.



YOUNG TALENTS, by A. Luben.—Within a typical Tyrolean home, an amusing incident, in which two children are the principal actors, has engaged the fancy of the artist in his picture here displayed. The midday repast of the three sturdy mountaineers has long since been finished, and they are now content over their mugs of beer, and their pungent pipes. The well-dressed man at the right end of the table is a wandering naturalist. He has come up into the wild Tyrol mountains in search of rare geological and botanical specimens. His outfit is a simple one ; the most important part of it is the oblong box, with shoulder-straps attached, flung on the floor. While the favored guest is being served by the buxom daughter of the house, the two boys of the picture have looked with envious eyes upon a jug of cream. Their mutual desire for the contents of the tempting jug, came with the recognition of each other's covetousness. Each of the boys became a strategist, with the pitcher of cream as the object of his strategems. Chance pushed the longed-for prize within the reach of the boy nearest the spectator, and childish endurance could no longer resist so great a temptation. Action gave place to scheming, and in a twinkling the jug was at the lips of the bold one. Boyish fury and jealousy smote the farther child, and he has reached impulsively for the handle of the coveted pitcher. But, all too late, for nothing can stem the flow of cooling cream that courses gratefully down the throat of the young victor.



CHRISTMAS EVENING, by Fritz Von Uhde.—This picture was reproduced from the original painting, exhibited in the German section of Fine Arts, at the World's Columbian Exposition. In it the artist has displayed his full power in depicting the desolation of nature and the human heart. This is the prevailing sentiment of the piece. The landscape is a wide expanse of snow-covered plain, broken here and there with trees, and in the distance, dimly suggesting towns and churches, and homes of men. In the middle and left distance are seen sledges whirling along through the snow. So deep is the snow that the fences are almost hidden. The principal interest centers in the outcast woman, who, wearied almost to despair with her journey, and not sufficiently clad to protect her in this bitter weather, has sat down or reclined, half sitting, on the fence, looking intently in the direction of the town or church. The relief of this dark creature against the background of gleaming snow is painful in its suggestiveness. On the face is written the whole story of despair. She has been a wanderer. Perhaps years of absence have intervened since the day of her going forth. Here in the gathering gloom of the evening, the shadow of all her recollections and sorrows are upon her. As for tears, the possibility of that relief has long since perished, and yet, she is shapely, delicate, and might be beautiful. The artist has wreaked the whole force of his ability in delineating the hopeless look with which she gazes in the direction of the place where she was once so hopeful.



PEASANTS, by E. Debat-Ponsan.—This picture is thoroughly and completely French. It seems to apply, in its subject, to southern France—possibly the ancient Provence. The artist is, himself, a Frenchman of the French. The picture is simple enough in all its details. The young fellow and his sweetheart, on opposite sides of the well, belong to the humble class; but despite their low estate they possess, according to the artist's delineation, a measure of refinement. The girl, indeed, is modest to a degree, and her peasant beau is making his appeal across the well curb, with honest, if not refined phraseology. The picture is an idyl. As usual, it is based on a bucolic incident. The cattle are to be watered here at the old trough. The thirsty beasts have come, or, are coming to the accustomed place. The young swain must draw the water with the old-fashioned sweep. Perhaps it is the girl's duty; but he has interrupted her in her task, and relieved her of it. By these happy two, however, the cattle and the task are alike forgotten; they have no world but their own. With them, nature, though expansive and beautiful, has been for the time narrowed to the circle of the heart. Meanwhile, the gentle cow, with mouth deeply immersed in the cooling water, takes no note of the human drama so near at hand. Her companion also is oblivious, and the calf approaches the trough as though the end of existence for all alike were veal.



THE CLOSING HYMN, by William V. Schwill.—This is a reproduction, by special permission of the artist, from a celebrated painting exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition. The artist is an American, but most of his work has been produced from European sketches. The picture was painted in Munich. The subject is out of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It represents the last hymn sung in a Bavarian chapel at the close of religious services, and this virtually tells the whole story of the picture. The sketch has been made with extreme care and fidelity. The style of the high benches against the wall at the left may be noted with interest; also the dress and wigs of the serious worshipers occupying them. In the front row, we have only women. These are mostly girls in the first blush of womanhood. They are strongly Germanic in the type of countenance and in the serious manner in which they enter into the services. Though the Germans are capable of great hilarity, they are also a race of most serious moods. At the right, we have the preacher, dimly seen, with his open book and two bouquets of flowers, outlined against the dark background. All are intent upon their devotions. In the center, at the rear, the choir may be seen through the crossbars that separate that body from the people below. The place has an aspect of gloom, well befitting the sentiment of religion as it was delivered to people by the clergy a hundred years ago.





ANDALUSIAN DANCER, by Rafael Arroyo; and YOUNG GIRL OF TOUGOURTH, ALGIERS, by Chas. Landelle.—The Andalusian dancer, in the left-hand picture, is a type of her race. Few women-dancers of any country are quite so graceful as those of sunny Spain. There is poetry in their natures, which finds its expression in the rythmic actions of their bodies. A Spanish-woman appreciates the value of a shapely hand and a well-turned arm, and these are brought into play in harmony with the patter of feet and toe. There is very little twirling, and a great deal of graceful posing in the Spanish style of dancing. The artistic posture of the black-haired woman in the picture is charming. Her tri-skirted dress, the rich, old tiling of the wall behind her, the tambourine on the floor—all combine to make this a most pleasing subject. The sad-eyed girl of Tougourth, presented by the brush of Mr. Landelle, brings forcibly to mind the stifled life of children in the Barbary States. This child of Algiers, beautiful amid her mean surroundings, and graceful in her tattered garments, is an illustration of the degraded condition of the Moors. The girl in the picture, with her pensive expression and great, sad eyes, afforded the artist an excellent study, but the pity of it is that some wealthy student of social conditions was not present with the artist to help solve the problem of the gradual decline of this model's once-powerful people. Both canvases were exhibited in the department of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition.



OLIVER TWIST—"HE WALKS TO LONDON," by James Sant, R. A.—Perhaps the story of human wrongs has scarcely ever been more graphically or pathetically told than in the picture which Charles Dickens presents to us of poor little Oliver Twist in his boyhood. The story is familiar to everyone, and few can read it without emotion. Born in a workhouse, and subject to cruelty and neglect, all that was good and generous would have been chilled out of his young heart "if nature or inheritance had not implanted a good, sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast." At length, driven by the cruel treatment of his master, and the still more cruel taunts of his fellow-apprentices, this "work'us" lad of nine years of age runs away to escape from his tormentors, and undertakes to walk to London. Suffering and fatigue nearly wore out his childish body, and an unutterable sense of loneliness distressed his heart as he lay down to sleep beside a hay-stack or under the shelter of some hedge; but still he did not lose courage. Early on the seventh morning, after leaving his native place, he was approaching the little town of Barnet, and it is probable that Mr. Sant selected one of the commons to the north of that historical village as the scene of his picture. He has represented the little traveler, worn and foot-sore, limping along the rough and stony road in the gray of early morning. The air is damp and chill. The figure of the boy is thin and wasted, and the face expressive of hunger and pain. But the brave spirit still holds sway over the enfeebled body. The head is raised and there is still hope—which is to be fulfilled—in that young heart. This picture was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition in the English section.



ARABS ON THE MARCH, by A. Schreyer.—The Arabians have furnished many studies for painters. The race itself is a picturesque fact in human history. The country likewise is, in its eligible parts, one of the most beautiful and romantic in the world. Out of such sources, Western writers have drawn a great deal of material which they have woven into song and story. Since the time of the Crusades, the European imagination has always been infected with influences proceeding from Arabia and its half-wild inhabitants. The scene here delineated is that of the advance companies of an army of Arabian cavalry crossing a treeless, but not desert, region. They are in full tide of progress. The old sheik, mounted on the white horse in the foreground, shows, by his manner, his rank and place at the head of the advance. Of course, a painter under such circumstances will do full justice to the Arabian horses, conceded to be the finest in the world. The animals here delineated are certainly of the most magnificent type. They are alive in every nerve and muscle, with the dignity and spirit for which they are proverbial. It may be seen that most of the figures bend forward and look eagerly in the direction of the march. Those to the right converse as if they had caught a glance of the foe. These desert-soldiers have a discipline equal to any in the world. As riders, the Arabs have no equal, and their steeds, whether bridled or unbridled, obey the wills of the masters as though both horse and rider were of a common purpose and passion.



LITTLE FOLKS, by A. Lins.—Childhood is never so poor as to be deprived of all its pleasures, and requires little to satisfy it for the moment. It has been aptly termed by the poet, "the time of roses," and is the one period of life in which flowers bloom untouched by a canker of care. In "Little Folks," the artist, Lins, has portrayed an incident of child-life in its most vivacious freedom and unrestrained pleasure. The village youngsters have assembled for a ride in the hay-rick, and two of the older boys fill the rôle of a prancing team, while a "wee" one, held up by a little sister, acts as postilion. A bonny group are the passengers, and their faces betray as complete and joyous satisfaction as though they rode in a coach and four. Behind them, a ruddy boy plays driver, and with crack of whip and lusty voice urges on the team to greater speed. The toddlers who form the spectators are everjoyed at the pageant, and the gayety of all is as light as the birds whose carols form a chorus to their voices. The pretty group is indeed well characterized, and is painted with a hand in full sympathy with its employment.





CAVALRY CROSSING THE FORD, by José Cusachs; and HORSE-FAIR AT ROTTERDAM, by Otto Eerelman. The originals of both these pictures were exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition. Art has displayed some of its noblest energies in delineating the horse. This is true in both painting and sculpture. To the horse may be given the rank of the most spirited and distinguished animal in the world. The upper panel represents a regiment of Spanish cavalry fording a stream. Part of the skill of Cusachs is shown in this picture in the drawing of the fine cavalry horses, part in the dignified costumes of the riders, and another part in the delineation of the landscape. In painting such a picture, the artist must needs be uniform in his treatment of all the characters produced; they are alike. Variety can be shown in but little. This is sought for by the introduction of occasional white horses and by touching the helmets of the cavalrymen with smaller or larger flashes of light. In the latter panel we have a display of magnificent horses at a fair in Holland. In America all ideas of the horse-fair are gauged and estimated by the recollection of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We may admit, however, that the scene here delineated fairly rivals the remarkable work referred to. These splendid Clydesdale and Norman horses show in their form and action the same fine qualities of development that have become a pleasing recollection from Bonheur's celebrated picture.



FISH-MARKET IN CORNWALL, by Mouat Loudan.—(*Special permission of artist.*) Paintings differ greatly with respect to the number of figures and the extent of elaboration which they display. Some have only a single figure, and that done with little regard to details. Others, like battle-pieces, introduce vast numbers of characters, and in some instances, descend to the minutest details. The picture here presented is of the latter character. It delineates or suggests as many as thirty-two human beings and a multitude of fishes. To each of these the artist has given a share of close attention. Some of these have been thrown into the heavy shadow of the background, but all have been carefully studied. The scene has evidently been sketched from life. In no part of the world may the fish-market be better drawn than from the fact as it is witnessed in the coast-towns of Cornwall. The fisheries of this region are among the most extensive known. The artist has here seized the moment when the barter in fishes is at its height. The examination and sale of the product is going on with eagerness. Some are weighing, some are considering; all are here on business. The market-master stands at the left with his memorandum and pencil to record the transactions and supervise and regulate the business of the place. The original was exhibited in the English section of the World's Columbian Exposition.



A SHOWER, by Luigi Chialiva.—On the crest of a grassy hill which slopes gently away to the dim horizon, two young girls and a flock of sheep are huddled together during a passing rainstorm. The children are snugly ensconced beneath a big umbrella, and are lavishing caresses upon a milk-white lamb—the pet of the flock. The sheep have gathered closely together, their woolly backs adrip with rain, and are waiting with that patient gaze peculiar to their kind, until the clouds have emptied their aqueous contents. The two little girls are quite unmindful of the drizzle and dampness. They are well protected by their umbrella from both rain and wind. The youthful shepherdesses are too much engrossed in their pleasant task of fondling the most recent addition to the flock to give much thought to the weather. The usual melancholy expression of the sheep is in admirable keeping with the moist dreariness of the landscape. To the left and winding through the distant center of the scene is a broad stream, opalescent and opaque under the pearl-gray sky. There is a feeling of brightness in the picture, despite the temporary gloom thrown over it in consequence of the shower. Through all the atmospheric depression so finely rendered by the artist one cannot help but feel that behind the milky mist the sun is brightly shining, and in a short time the scene will be a sparkling and a joyous one. The original of this picture is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington.



POTPOURRI. by J. H. Lorimer.—This, also, is a reproduction from the Fine Arts Department of Great Britain, at the World's Columbian Exposition. The potpourri is the small jar filled with fragrant things, mostly the petals of roses and the redolent leaves of aromatic plants. The scene represents the mother and daughters of a household in the act of preparing the potpourri. They have gathered the fragrant treasures of the garden, and have come into one of the summer-rooms of their home to make up the scented treasure that shall last during the season when flowers are not. The act is a sort of poem. It involves the preservation of a form of beauty and life that must otherwise perish with a day. The members of the group are all busy with their respective parts of the task. One little girl holds the vase; another lifts her cluster of flowers to a larger sister to know if they suffice in beauty and sweetness to be deposited; little Maud, at the right, comes through the open door with a basket full of floral offerings; the mother sits complaisant at the left; baby Tom, who has not yet reached the age of appreciation, spills over his curly head a wicker full of blossoms. In the foreground, the unsentimental pup seems to be the only living creature not absorbed in the common task. It is in this manner that art frequently accentuates the sentiment of a picture by throwing into it some small fragment of the heterogeneous, as if by way of contrast.



THE ROSE-HARVEST, by H. Siddons Mowbray.—This beautiful picture is a reproduction from the original painting exhibited in the Department of American Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. In the whole series presented, there is hardly a more exquisite piece of work. By common consent, the rose is the queen of flowers. All civilized peoples have regarded it as an emblem and token of love. The scene here delineated is in Persia, the native place of the roses. From this Oriental region have been derived nearly all the varieties of rose-plants known among the Western nations. In the romance and poetry of Persia, the rose is everything. Much of such sentiment has drifted into the literature of European countries. Indeed, wherever the rose blossoms, there it is woven into song and story. Once, at a critical period, it was the emblem of a great war, in which eighty princes of the English blood royal were slain. Lancaster wore a red rose, and York a white rose, in those battles which constitute the dark background of the modern history of England. Here, the old Persian, with a bevy of maidens beautiful enough to be the houris of the Mohammedan paradise, have gathered the fragrant treasures. Before them, around them, on every hand, the roses blossom in the utmost profusion, until the senses are burdened with the fragrance and beauty of the scene. For the moment, all have paused, as if it were a sacrilege to gather more. At this moment of rest the artist has caught the scene and transferred it to his famous canvas.



OLD OCEAN'S GRAY AND MELANCHOLY WASTE, by William T. Richards.—This is another example of the fine work exhibited in the Department of Fine Art at the World's Columbian Exposition. Only rarely does a painter reproduce a picture which is unrelieved by any touch of life. In this case we have indeed a "gray and melancholy waste," for this is the true world of waters. The sea spreads away into the infinite distance. Not even a gull or sea-mew laps the surge with his wing. Not even the outline of boat or ship is seen—nothing but illimitable sea and sky. The artist has happily chosen that particular mood of the ocean which expresses the sentiment of the title. This is not the perfectly-smooth and glassy plain of the South Pacific as he lies reposing for weeks together unruffled, save by the slight resistance here and there of tropical islands. Neither is it the stormy sea of the north—

"Where descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic storm wind of the equinox."

Rather is this the medium mood of old ocean, ruffled but a little with the pressure of loving winds. By such scenes as this, the imagination of the greatest poets has been aroused.



AFTERNOON IN THE VILLA PMPHYLI, ROME, by P. Joris.—This picture happily blends the recent and antique. It is a scene of to-day, mingled in its surroundings and settings with classical antiquity. For more than two thousand years, the atmosphere and sunshine of Italy have remained the same. Now, as in the days of the great Romans, the Italian landscape spreads out like enchantment. The rivers and the hills are the same. Much of man's work still possesses the similitude of the classical ages. As for the people, they are greatly changed ; but in some respects, the modern Italians have preserved the tastes and passions of their ancestors. The love of splendor, which so strongly emphasized the character of the old Romans, survives in their descendants ; so, also the love of ease and luxury. The dispositions manifest themselves in architectural elegance, and artistic decorations. Here in the splendid villa a company of guests are gathered to a banquet in the open air. This is one of the retreats—a part of the so-called Roman garden. Here, flowers abound. Here, white-winged doves dip down, and sit on the marble pavement. The main interest, however, is in the *élite* assemblage. and the feast. As of old, these modern Romans deny themselves nothing. The original was exhibited in the Italian section of the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE BALLOON, by Julien Dupre.—The original of this fine picture is one of the ornaments of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at New York City. The scene delineated has become familiar to nearly all the people of the New World. Almost every fine day and festive occasion has its balloon ascension. Occasionally the western plough-boy, waist-deep in the green corn blades of June, sees drifting high above the field of his toil, the shapely, silent balloon with its almost invisible dependent car. The group of people here depicted are hay-harvesters, and their attention has been suddenly arrested in the manner just described. They were busy making the hay. It is a family group, all the members being at work in the field. One noticeable feature of the picture is the spectral, camel-like aspect of the group of trees in the central background. These six trees with their light foliage look, to the imagination, like the moonlight apparition of Omar the Great mounted on his camel, journeying across Arabia. In the distance, meadow, land and sky are blended into one. Meanwhile, the rustic harvesters, with attentive faces, are oblivious to all things except the mysterious balloon, drifting away comet-like through the ethereal space.



AN IDYL, by Luis Gesch.—(*Used by special permission of the artist.*) This reproduction is another example of fine work from an original in the Spanish Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. It would be impossible to produce a picture more thoroughly and completely Spanish than this. The idyl—as most idyls are—is that of courtship and love. The serenader has been abroad in the summer evening, and has found, with infallible instinct, the window of his lady-love. Here he has twanged and sung his sentimental ditty, bordered with romance, in the hours of twilight. Her ears, also acquainted with like sentiment, have heard the music make her window. The artist has done a delicate thing in training up, outside the wall, the drooping vine which reaches about to those that bloom in the window itself, in such manner that love-song below may be said to reach up about to answer and fruition. In this case there has been a complete response. The lady, somewhat against the strict etiquette of the duenna, has descended the stairway, and stands reverse outside, while the lover, now no longer requiring the voice of his guitar, appeals with upturned face to the object of his adoration. At this moment the artist has caught the scene and transferred it to canvas.



THE BIRTHDAY, by Franz Verhas.—This younger brother of the more-renowned Jan Verhas has attained great proficiency in the specialty of the elder—genre and figure-painting. He has brought together, in this simple subject, a great variety of rich decorative effects, and a number of separate objects, apparent when the picture is studied, which it requires much skill to introduce, as he has done it, without over-crowding the canvas, and all contributing to the general effect. This graceful maiden is dressed to receive the friends who will presently assemble to celebrate her "*fête*"—as they call the birthday—and, just before the arrival, comes this lovely surprise, a beautiful *jardinière* filled with magnificent roses. But there is something in the letter that comes with it that makes this last-comer among the birthday gifts especially significant. Perhaps she is not in the habit of accepting such considerable remittals from gentlemen who write their notes on *crested* paper; that would account for the slight air of hesitation with which she looks again at the flowers, after reading the letter. And yet, she is *mightily pleased with it*, too. Let us hope that her positive manner betokens good fortune for the giver. The original painting is very rich in color, as those who saw it at the World's Columbian Exposition will recall.



A CHILD OF THE FIELDS. by A. Savasi.—When we see a figure-painting like this, we feel sure there is nothing more picturesque than one of these dark-skinned, black-eyed, sunburned Italian peasant girls. They have the artless graces of childhood; but with them they show a certain progress towards early maturity, which is not diminished by their being brought, in the years of their tender youth, face to face with the hardships of life. And so there is a kind of womanliness about them, even before they cease to be children. We have here a delicious combination of maturity and childishness, in this sweet little figure, which we may enjoy for its picturesqueness, until the sadness of it all is forced upon us. This child should be playing with other children; yet here she is at work in the field, gathering stalks of Indian corn for cattle-fodder, and bending her tender body backwards under the load. Her more reverent brethren she will learn to carry on the head, and when she emigrates to America we shall see her trudging through the streets, stunted in growth by her toilful life, but square-shouldered and erect. We are accustomed to think of Indian corn as essentially an American product—and it is a native of the Western Hemisphere; but, under the name of "maize," it is extensively cultivated in many parts of Europe.



PRAYING, by Felix Ehrlich.—Since the earliest ages of art, painters and sculptors have sought to express in color and form the sentiment of prayer. How many upturned faces and clasped hands may be seen in the galleries of the world. The face of life has been so sorrowful, that the spirit of the sufferers have been ever crying out to the supernal power for help. This sentiment, perhaps, is most beautiful in the young; they who have really learned to pray, pray most easily, and in truest faith. Rarely has the attitude and expression of prayer been better portrayed than in the face and manner of this beautiful girl. Her life has not yet been sufficiently obscured to close her eyes and bend down her head in her petition. So she looks up, and raises her plea with hands gently clasped at her breast, and open lips, breathing such thoughts as rise in her young spirit for intercession. The picture, considered as a portrait, is admirable; but the quality of the portraiture is unnoticed under the spell of the prayer. The artist has happily caught the difference between the sentiment which expresses itself in the faces of children calling for their parents, and the profounder mysteries of the soul appealing to the power on high.



IN FULL FLIGHT, by Alfred Paris.—The original of this strong and spirited picture was a part of the French display of paintings at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene delineated might well be the afterpiece of the picture entitled, "Arabs on the March," by Schreyer, already described in this collection. At any rate, this is a rout of Arabian cavalry—perhaps we should say Persian-Arabian, for the visages of the defeated warriors appear to bear that type. If we mistake not, the artist has sketched his landscape from the mountainous country to the west of the Gulf of Oman. It is not the landscape, however, that conveys the principal interest of the figure. An Eastern battle has been fought. The Arabians have been routed, and are flying from the field. They know the country as a plain knows the sea. They have turned pell-mell through a defile, and are pressing their way in full flight to a place of safety. As for the art, that lies in the delineation of horse and rider, and in the expression of sullen defeat, seen on the dark visages. Not much of the rage of battle is here displayed. One riderless horse, still keeping his place in the ranks, is seen galloping in the foreground, but for the rest, they are the spectators of the fight. The horses, as well as their riders, seem to understand that this is defeat, and not victory.



MEMORIES, by Manuel Villegas-Briera.—An interesting picture from the Spanish section of the Art Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. A youthful nun, who has been led, by her devotion to a life of religious seclusion, to renounce the world and all its vanities, sits at eventide in the garden of the convent, taking a brief respite from her pious duties. Surrounded by the gayest beauty of the rich and fragrant flowers, she has breathed in the soft summer-air with a fresh sense of its freshness; she has, perhaps, looked beyond the garden, whose, in the distance she has seen the spires of her native village; and, without lessening any jubilancy of her vows of consecration, she has unconsciously dwelt on the memories of the free and happy past, when she, like others, enjoyed the harmless pleasures of life among her companions. If it did not make her just a little pensive to recall these days, there would have been little merit in her having sacrificed them to the holy life to which she has devoted herself. The vesper-bell in the convent tower, already summoning her away from her memories, and her duties will soon absorb her once more, while the precepts and encouragement of her Superior will reconcile her again to the life which promises a brighter crown in the life eternal.



A VENETIAN TERRACE, by M. Dominguez.—This is a reproduction from a fine original painting exhibited in the Spanish section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. In it the painter demonstrates his right to be ranked with the great contemporary artists. The figures in the picture are sketched with a perfection which lacks nothing. Note well the perfect ease of every one of the persons represented. The scene is sketched from one of the many terraces of the "City of the Sea," looking out to the lagoon, but in this case revealing little or nothing of the city itself. It has not been the artist's purpose to display the architectural monuments, the canals and gondolas of Venice in the usual conventional way. The prow of a single gondola is seen at the right. The characters introduced into the picture are not wholly Venetian. The refined lean is French in every lineament—thoroughly cosmopolitan, completely gallant, quite irresistible in conquest. In this instance he has found a match. She also may be French, for her Italian residence has given her a most sceptical perfection. The old gentleman reading the paper is a wealthy Englishman, and the two ladies opposite are his daughter and her cousin.



TRUMPETERS OF THE CHASSEURS, by **José Cusachs y Cusachs.**—This is a remarkable picture. In it, the genius of Cusachs has displayed itself to the best advantage. The original of the work was exhibited in the Spanish section of Fine Arts, at the World's Columbian Exposition. The artist has shown his originality in a striking arrangement of the figures of the piece. Four of the men are set with their backs to the foreground, while the fifth has his face to the observer. This places all of the horses in a position where they must be skillfully foreshortened. Two of these are set almost perpendicularly to the plane of observation; the other two are placed at an angle, and the drawing is correspondingly less difficult. The principal figure and his fine white horse are delineated with a strength and precision rarely surpassed. The greatest merit of the picture is the artistic skill displayed in the drawing of the horse. The animal is in the act of cropping the grass at his feet. This brings down his neck into a line almost parallel with his legs. Nevertheless, the difficulties of drawing are overcome to perfection, and the position of the horse thus delineated is as easy to the eye as it was in the case of the original animal. In the right hand and distance may be seen the Chasseurs, whose trumpeters constitute the chief figures.



EVENING, by August Hagborg.—The original of this fine picture was exhibited in the Swedish section of Fine Arts, at the World's Columbian Exposition. In it the Scandinavian brush has attempted, as so many others have done, to delineate, but allegorically, the close of day. It is the evening hour in Sweden. It is the heyday of harvest. Into the remote regions of country represented by the picture the harvester has not yet entered. Cutting and binding the grain still remains for the hand of the laborer. It may well be doubted whether the more refinish forms of civilization have been improved by the large transfer of toil from the man to the machine. Certainly, happiness and content have dwelt with the humble laborers of all lands. Here the man and the woman have worked together in the field. Both are equally imbued with health and energy; both have felt the strong stimulus of exercise. The day's work is done, and they are now returning to their humble home. It is the moondawn of the evening. In the distance the orb of night rises from the clouds. There are the low Swedish houses. The man carries his rude scythe on his shoulder, and his wheetstone in the leathern socket. The young wife carries a sheath of grain and looks into her husband's face. They walk and talk together in the evening shadows.



THE EGYPTIAN GIRL, by Gustav Richter.—There seems to be about the Egyptian face something that charms the artist. Perhaps the type of beauty which is present in such faces surpasses any other type for artistic purposes. The modern Copts very well preserve the lineaments of the ancient race. From the monuments we are able to trace the features of the old Egyptians to an age before the foundation of Athens or the reign of David. In this painting, Richter—famous for his skill in such delineations—has surpassed himself. Of the beauty and slumbering passion of this Egyptian girl there can be no doubt. While the features of her race are well preserved, they are not strongly emphasized in any part, except in the mouth, which has the same cast that art has preserved since the days of Cleopatra. The profusion of hair, wild and black, is a characteristic of Egyptian beauty. We note also the nature of the headdress—Coptic cap—and the elaborate head-chain, extending over and falling about the forehead and face to the shoulders. The drawing is exquisite. The contour of the arm, and the pressure of the face against the hand-carved palm, and the indentation of the thumb against the soft throat, are admirable details of this beautiful portrait.





A SIOUX CAMP: and GOT HIM! by Henry F. Farny.—A fascination for Mr. Farny's work, as shown in these examples from the United States Exhibit at the World's Fair, may not stop with any one feature of it; for figures, animals and landscape, alike, are excellent. Artists who paint Indians in the studio often miss qualities and facts that Mr. Farny finds when he studies them on the plains, and to those who know the red-man, even his discrimination between Indians of different tribes are accurate and just. The same element of truthfulness is shown in his depiction of the two landscapes here given—one a peaceful oasis, intelligent in the prairie country, and the other a correct view of the sandy, rocky foothills, where there is almost no vegetation. These scenes show us peace and war. There is quiet dignity in the dusky chief, surrounded by his horses and his squaws, while the ponies grazing by the water, and the tepees pleasantly nestled under the distant trees, lend sentiment to the picture. The other scene is a painful one, as real pictures of real war always must be, though, doubtless, the heavy-visaged savage has it served his fate over and over again. Even in the action of the figures in the distance, this painting is thoroughly true to nature.



WOMEN AT THE MOSQUE, ALGIERS, by Frederick A. Bridgman.—*(Used by special permission of the artist.)* It is the hour when only women are admitted to the mosque. In the interior entrance leading to the high-roofed and many-pillared hall beyond, four Algerian women and a child are preparing to enter the great prayer-room. The commendable practice among the Mussulmans of washing the hands before devotions is being complied with by three of the figures in the picture, while the woman in the immediate foreground is cautiously severing her jealously-guarded features, and is about to shuffle off her sandals, prior to entering the mosque proper. A perfect type of the Algerian woman is she. Those sensuous lips betoken a wild and passionate nature. But, withal, she is a simple child, though to womanhood grown. A very earnest procedure is the washing of hands before service among the true followers of Mahomet. High up in the delicate minaret of this fine old mosque, the bearded Muezzin is calling his people to prayer. They come flocking to their devotions from all quarters of the quaint town, but, from the youngest to the oldest, none neglect their ablutions, nor forget to leave their sandals at the outer entrance of the edifice sacred to Allah. The original was exhibited in the United States section, Department of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition.



HYPATIA, by A. Seifert.—Hypatia was the daughter of the Egyptian mathematician, Theon, and was born in the year 370, A.D. Her career was most extraordinary. She was educated first in Alexandria, and afterwards in Athens. It was in the latter city that she learned the rudiments of Greek philosophy, in its pure form, as expounded by Plato. Such was the breadth and profundity of her genius that she became *proficient* not only as a student, but as a teacher of the various principles which she had accepted as the basis of all truth. Returning to her own country, she became the expositor of the new learning and its recognized evangel. Viewings of the most brilliant of her contemporaries flocked to her lectures. St. Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, was alarmed for his own supremacy and for the faith he represented. The Alexandrians were divided into two factions, of which St. Cyril headed one and Hypatia the other. The feud ended in violence. In the year 415, Hypatia's carriage was waylaid by a mob, and the beautiful creature was dragged forth and slain. Her body was torn literally limb from limb, and the fragments were burned in a lime. The artist has here delineated Hypatia sitting in repose—in contemplative mood—against the background of an Egyptian landscape and a horizon of cloudless sky.



WOMEN AT THE SEASHORE, by Albert Aublet.—The observer need scarcely be told that this picture is French. The original was displayed as a part of the French Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The costumes and peculiar expression of the women at once reveal the nationality of the characters, if not of the artist. The scene here depicted is that of visitors on the seashore. It is a bright summer day, but the hint of rapid, lifted and transfigured by the sun, hangs over the ocean. The horizon is extraordinary. There is perhaps nothing more fascinating than this gate occasioned. Nowhere else in the world is the human spirit so much in the presence of solitude. Childe Harold, after wandering through many lands, goes at last to the ocean's brink, and there takes leave of his wanderings in the presence of the infinite sea. In the delineation of these beautiful women, the artist has found full scope for his best endeavor. Let us not neglect the sleeping child. One has the mother lends with inexpressible affection, and the young friend looks with an interest full of sympathy and unexpressed longings. The woman who stands is a queenly creature; beautiful as the summer-day, and graceful as the fairest of her race.



SOUTHERN FLOWERS. by A. Bouguereau.—The original of this picture was exhibited in the Italian section of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition. These two young women, with their flowers and tambourine, are the results of race-influences that have been at work since the arrival of the first Aryan wanderers out of the East into Italy. Mark well the expression of these faces. The Roman mouth has been modified and softened by the lapse of ages, but the curves of the lips are still there. One may imagine that six hundred years ago the father of one of this race was a Saracen. Perhaps another was a Norman—one of those cultured freebooters who gave to the Middle Ages the better part of their romantic interest. These girls are truly flowers of the South. They are as ripe as the grapes of Sybaris. They are above the mendicant class, but are not of the aristocracy. They represent the residue of possible motherhood in the Roman race. Their costumes are picturesque to a degree. The artist has made their faces a study. They look at the beholder as though they would love him, and possibly destroy him, if he should cross their purpose. For the summer, however, these two girls give themselves to song and dance, catching what pleasure they may from the flowers and music of their happy clime.



A **BAD RECEPTION, by Theodore Gerard.**—This strong reproduction was taken from one of the great pictures of the Belgian section of Fine Arts, at the World's Columbian Exposition. It represents a scene which may well be common in English inns or dining-halls, but unusual in America. The strolling band of musicians may be regarded as a part—a very humble part—of European civilization. There were vagrant pipers in ancient Hellas and Italy. Their descendants may be seen to this day in, at least, two continents. The picture represents the interior of a hostelry. The people gathered here are Belgians. The old man, in long white coat, with some companions of fewer years, has been deeply engaged in a game of cards. Beer has been served in the German fashion, and all are merry. The women of the household, like the rest, have been deeply absorbed in the game. At this juncture the traveling musicians have entered. They have come in unbidden, and are wholly unwelcome. The old man is outraged at the intrusion. He says: "Get ye back, ye vagabonds, with your fiddles and flutes; let us alone with our game." The house-dog joins in the indignation, though he sees in the strangers objects unworthy of attack. He looks at them curiously and contemptuously until they go.



ON THE TOW-PATH, by E. L. Henry.—It is noontide on the banks of a canal. The season is midsummer. A hot August sun brings out in dazzling brilliancy every detail of the scene. From the bank on one side rises a thickly-wooded mountainous stretch, and the well-trodden tow-path on the opposite side is skirted by a ragged growth of maples. Several log cottages, the homes of woodcutters and foresters, stand under the mountain-side close to the water's edge, and notwithstanding the simplicity of these homes, there is a neatness about them, that speaks of comfort within, and the contentment of their dwellers. The canal-boat has just reached the point opposite these cottages, but so accustomed have the inmates become to these monotonous trips that no window is raised, nor does a curious face appear at any of the doorways. Two mules, a brown and a white one, drag their floating burden carelessly along. The long-eared toilers are somewhat inclined to laziness, and after the manner of their kind, move only in a slow, majestic manner. They are now partaking of the last of the oats given them for dinner, their feed-baskets being still about their ears. To-day the canal-driver has sent his little daughter along the path with the team. The girl, barefooted and browned by the sun, is absorbed in the study of a flower. The whole scene is one of pleasing pastoral beauty.



WHO'S THAT! by Charles Van Den Eycken.—We never weary of the changes that are rung on the theme of the inborn antagonism between cats and dogs—the very name of which has become proverbial of barking, biting, spitting and running. Small dogs, especially, like small boys, feel all their spirit of fun and mischief aroused by the sight of a cat ; and, however their elders and betters may disapprove, they cannot help laughing at the occasional encounters. The fun is not all on doggy's side, however ; there is a native dignity about pussy that stands her in very good stead—until it is time to run. And Tags and Tatters will be very careful when they chase her not to catch up too close to her ; for they know as well as she, that her natural armament for offense and defense is superior to theirs. We all know what is going to happen here. For a second or two, pussy will continue to swell up and arch her back, while the dogs are held in astonishment at the suddenness of the apparition ; then Tags will growl softly, and the agitated Tatters will excitedly bark. Pussy will hold her ground, apparently undismayed, though really almost frightened to death, until there is the slightest motion towards her, when she will be off down the corridor, with the two little rascals at her heels. But she knows the ins and outs of the house better than they, and the fun of chasing her is all the satisfaction they will get. The original was exhibited in the Belgium section of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition.





IN THE STUDIO, by Edgar S. Cameron; and, SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS, by Irving R. Wiles.—This pair of pictures by two of the younger American artists, both chosen for the United States section, in the World's Columbian Exposition, may, in a sense, be regarded as contrasted subjects—nature in art and art in nature. Mr. Cameron's studio-interior represents a young painter studying the work she has been engaged on, while she refreshes herself with mankind's sweet restorer, a cup of tea. The studious gaze which she fixes on the sketch set below her—though not shown in the painting—is carefully characteristic of the artist's thought. In "Sunshine and Flowers," Mr. Wiles gives a very artistic rendering of nature. A mother is lifting a little child up so that it may look at a rich mass of potted flowers. The pleased interest of the little one, and the correct action of the figure of the mother under the weight of the child, show great cleverness on the part of the artist. He has put much into little space, also ; the wooded bank and the open glade are not mere background—they are in themselves pictorially attractive.



HUNTING THE SLIPPER, by Albert Bartholomé.—It is recess hour at the convent. A glance at the picture tells us that the location is Paris, and that that distinct type of childhood—the French girl-student—is represented in all the joyousness and roguery of a game of "Hunting the Slipper." The game is an interesting one, and requires skill that is almost trickery. Twelve of the girls have seated themselves in a circle on the ground and grasp firmly, with both hands, a rope which is held in front of them. This is done by way of fair play and also as a means to confuse the "hunter" who stands on the circle, eager-eyed and alert. The slipper must be passed from one to the other in the ring, and done so quickly that the hunter is unable to detect the pass. If, however, she discovers the slipper in the hands of one of the players or guesses that such a one is hiding it, then the girl with the slipper must give it up and take the "hunter's" place in the ring. The game represented by Bartholomé is a lively one. The girl whose turn it is to hunt the slipper stands in the circle confused and irresolute, much to the merriment of the others. The "hunter" appeals with a flower to one of her companions for assistance, and receives in return only a roguish look. Another young deceiver points confidently to a companion as the possessor of the slipper and the girl half encourages the deception with a pretentious guilty look. All are enjoying the situation, and laughing heartily. The original was exhibited in the French section of Fine Arts, World's Columbian Exposition.



THE INTENDED, by E. Berne-Bellecour.—That this picture is French goes with the saying. The costumes and manners are those of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. There was much of elegance and dignity in the powdered wigs and queues and satin waistcoats and side-arms and shoebuckles of this age of expiring chivalry. It seemed to be the aim to preserve romance in the highest circles of society. This scene shows one of the customs of the times. The accepted beau might join the family-group and aid his sweetheart in winding her ball of thread. It was his part to hold the hank on his hands. Sometimes he was able to do this gracefully; in other instances, not so well. In this case there is a fair measure of success. The young woman is a queen of beauty and modesty. She conceals in her downcast eyes the pleasure which she experiences in having her lover near. The father and mother are rehearsing certain memories of their own, and looking with smiles askance at the repetition of the little play in which they were themselves, not so many years ago, the principal actors. The picture may also be considered allegorically; for life has many times been likened to a thread. The two lovers each hold a common thread; they wind it and unwind it together.



LITTLE RUSSIAN TOBACCO-SMOKERS, by Vladimir Makovsky.—The original of this striking work of art was exhibited in the Russian section of paintings, at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene is Slavonic in every line and feature. Not only the subject of the painting, but the treatment and manner as well are wholly and completely in the Russian style. Perhaps there is no art now practiced more faithful than this in delineation of character. The four figures here depicted are so-called "Little Russians"—the term *Little* defining them from the Great Russians, the White Russians, etc. These are rustics, or countrymen. The central figure is that of a man somewhat superior in rank to the others. He might even be a sort of decayed nobleman ; for such characters are greatly prevalent in all parts of the Slavonic dominions. The coat of this man, with its broidered hem, suggests some kind of extinct grandeur. But the boy on his left, and he of the wrinkled visage on the right, have no such claim to distinction. Their ragged attire, gnarled hands and naked feet, show distinctly their poverty of both lineage and estate. The tobacco-pipe, however, makes all men fellows. The smoke of the weed forms a halo under which aristocracy and democracy are one. The Slavs are peculiarly susceptible to the influences of the pipe, and to all stimulants whatsoever. With them it suffices that there shall be narcotism and drink in abundance. These people sit on an old cart, light their pipes, forget care, and become the monarchs of the world.



YACHTING. by Roger-Jourdain.—This scene, engraved from the original painting in the section of French Art, at the World's Columbian Exposition, is clearly from the Mediterranean. The two women and the yachtsman belong to the south of Europe. Sea and air and sky are all suggestive of that sunny region which stretches from Toulon to the Rivieras. Never was there a more placid sea than this. Never was there a more delicious and balmy atmosphere. Never was the ease of human life more completely exemplified than in the faces and figures of the two reclining girls, half-waking, half-dreaming—as they gently drift or lie almost motionless—on the cushions of the yacht. They are friends. They have formed for each other that romantic and inexplicable attachment which seems to be a necessary part of the young woman's life. These two beautiful creatures can hardly live apart. They are satisfied with each other's companionship. Their piquant beauty is modified in every line by the sentiment of contented affection which they cherish. The strong yachtsman is typical of his kind. He is far more concerned with the management of the yacht and the condition of the sea, than with his dreamy passengers; and yet, his care is for them. He watches the far horizon, but gives no immediate attention to the two beauties resting at his feet. He sees not the bouquets which they have dropped upon the deck, but takes note only of sea and sky and the possibility of danger.





PORTRAIT OF GUSTAVE COURTOIS, by Carl von Stetten; and, A WALL-FLOWER, by J. G. Brown.—Germany sends to the World's Columbian Exposition an evidence of a Franco-German amity, at least between individuals who, if they were born enemies, have become friends through their fraternity in the universal brotherhood of art. Carl von Stetten, a German artist resident in Paris, inscribes his portrait to the subject of it, "*A mon cher ami*," Gustave Curtois. The Frenchman, himself, celebrated for his painting of classic subjects, is portrayed in the striking costume of a gentleman of the Fifteenth Century. The pose is a bold one, such as true artists love to essay. The foreshortening of the right arm is a difficult piece of drawing, most successfully done. Decidedly different is the companion picture, of one of the street Arabs whom our American realist—American for nearly forty years, though English born—never tires of painting, nor the public of having him paint. This smiling boot-black is distinctly "having his picture taken," and he is quite conscious of the fact. There is even a touch of playful farce in the studied "elegance" of position into which he forces his right hand. The United States section at the World's Fair would have been incomplete without some of these characteristically American subjects of Mr. Brown's; and this is one of several chosen for the purpose.



A **HOPELESS DAWN, by Frank Bramley.**—Apart from their artistic qualities, pictures are not all painted to give pleasure. Some of the most striking lessons of life, and some of the most touching appeals to our sympathy, are presented by the silent eloquence of the painter's brush. The brilliant young artist who gives us this pathetic picture of unutterable woe—powerful, reticent, and most suggestive—has been said to love to "depict the grayer events of gray lives grayly." That word "gray" is certainly the keynote of this mournful scene ; one can feel the chill of the gray dawn as the dank and choking fog, such as only London knows, is driven through the chinks of the rickety window-frames, and hangs visible in the room. These unhappy women, mother and daughter, have so completely given themselves over to their common misery that throughout the whole night, they have not stirred out of the attitude of despair in which they are huddled together—no food at evening, and none hoped for in the morning, no warmth but that which, from their poor, unnourished bodies, they can lend to each other. The elder woman seems to have reached that advanced stage of despair, in which she is resigned to stolid hopelessness ; in the more tense attitude of the younger one, we detect a keener appreciation of the dreadfulness of their situation. The production of the leader of the "Newellyn" school of English painters, this picture won praise from all schools, and was sent to the World's Fair, and exhibited in the English section of Fine Arts.



SUNDAY IN A VILLAGE, by Dmitrieff-Orenbursky.—This picture has evidently been produced from a conscientious study of the scene which it depicts. Of all the northern races, the Russians and Poles are, perhaps, most capable of holiday enjoyments. Taine has eloquently pointed out the superior happiness of the southern races, particularly those of the Mediterranean shores. But happiness is not wholly divorced from the hyperborean regions of the earth. Here, in this Russian village, with the bleak outline of nature, a cheerless sky and an atmosphere ever a-chill, the people, old and young, have poured into the streets with friendly greeting, to enjoy the returning Sunday. Doubtless it is the afternoon. The Greek Church has required a careful observance during the forenoon, with strict attendance at the cathedral; but this duty done, the people, as in most of the Roman countries, are free to enjoy themselves as they will. Note the populousness of this small village. Here, human life, in a struggle with the frozen world, multiplies itself and grows hardy. Each of this numerous assemblage is at his will. Some dance; some converse; and some wander or sit listlessly. Here are the low Russian houses, the scanty vegetation, the river, and the far landscape lined darkly against the sky. The original was exhibited in the Russian section, World's Columbian Exposition.



"WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST," by Toby Rosenthal.—The painter of the original of these two panels is American by birth, but a resident of Munich. The effects of his foreign study and associations are plainly seen in the picture. The two sketches are companion-pieces, showing the catastrophe which not unfrequently overtakes him who laughs first. Two boys have been to the bakery, and are returning, in the German fashion, with their baskets and platters and loaves of bread. On the stone steps outside the door, they are met by a dog, in whom appetite has prevailed over manners. He has sniffed the good things in the basket, and is not backward in the attempt to help himself to the contents. At first, as depicted in the left-hand panel, the dog selects the smaller boy as his victim. He rises on his hind legs, and the boy in desperation lifts the platter out of reach, but he is in sore distress. The other *garçon*, undisturbed as yet, laughs at the discomfiture of his companion. He steps down without looking, and away he goes! The result is depicted in the second panel. The cataclysm is complete. The falling boy has lost everything. The dog is at once attracted to what is now an easy feast. While *homo* lies prone and screaming, *canis* helps himself at will. Meanwhile the other boy, recovering from his fright, picks up his basket, and, with equanimity suddenly restored, goes on his way, but not until he has returned, in double measure, the laughter which was recently so lavishly bestowed on himself. In this manner he "who laughs last, laughs best."



THE TULIP-FIELD, by George Hitchcock.—For centuries the culture of the tulip has centered in Holland, where at one time it became a veritable craze, and during this "tulipomania" a fortune was sometimes the price of a single rare bulb. The country in the vicinity of Haarlem is one vast tulip-bed, and travelers are surprised and delighted as the great fields, blazing under the sunlight in the most varied and brilliant colors, burst on their view. This was the first serious picture of the young American artist, and its triumphant success at the Paris Salon of 1886, where it was hung "on the line" in the *salle d'honneur*, easily entitled it to a representative place in the United States Exhibit, at the World's Columbian Exposition. It was regarded as a daring choice of subject, and to place the figure of a woman in the midst of such brilliant surroundings, and maintain, against the high coloring of the flowers, a perfect harmony of tone, was such a feat of skill, that the French critics threw to the winds the reserve with which ordinarily they praise the work of foreigners, and pronounced it "altogether a ravishing canvas." In the small space the artist has left himself for accessories, he has justified the judgment of Albert Wolf, the leading French critic, who said: "He renders the Dutch country with a perfect accent of truth." The original was exhibited in the United States section, Fine Art Department of the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE UGLY DUCKLING, by Mrs. Henrietta Ward.—Hans Christian Andersen's charming story of "The Ugly Duckling" is typical of unappreciated merit in youth. Perhaps it was Mrs. Ward's interest in child-life, a line of *genre* painting in which she is especially accomplished, that impelled her to choose this subject for her incursion into the realm of animal painting. She has given it no fanciful interpretation, but presents a rather literal rendering of the little family of ducks, into which the unattractive little swan has strayed, through the accident of a misplaced egg. The swan did its best to grow up as good a duckling as any of them ; but no amount of exemplary behavior on its part could redeem its ugliness in the eyes of the rest of the family, and the ugly duckling it remained, suffering the taunts and other ill-natured manifestations of those who were ducks to the manner born, until at last, abused beyond endurance, it went off to grow up alone where its ungainly appearance would offend nobody. Unconsciously it developed the swan-beauty that was its destiny, and when it returned in all its queenly splendor of form and plumage, it received homage from those who before had scorned it. These downy, plump little creatures are having great, good times on the sedgy bank, and Mother Duck is too absorbed in her little brood, to observe the toothsome frog that peeps over her back in security. The original was exhibited in the English section, World's Columbian Exposition.



THE FLAX-BARN, by Max Liebermann.—The best flax in the world, almost, is grown in Holland, and it is the most carefully and intelligently prepared for spinning. It is said, that in the flax-growing country, there are literally no paupers, since the whole population find employment at spinning flax in the winter. Here is a busy scene, that shows the extensive preparations for thus employing large numbers. The interior of the flax-barn is completely filled with rows of spinning-wheels and spinners. The wheels are turned by the hands of small boys and girls, instead of the foot-treadle, leaving the experienced spinners free to give their whole attention to the flax itself. The artist has made the most of the quaint costumes, of which the oddly-turned caps and the wooden sabots with their sharp, upturned toes, especially catch our attention; and the strong side light, glinting along the lines of taut-pulled flax, and falling on the bunches of raw material which the women hold before their bodies. The varied positions of the workers—the spinners intently watching the strands on which they ply their deft fingers, and the wheel-turners as they bend to their task, are well and suggestively drawn. The painting was loaned by the National Gallery at Berlin to the World's Columbian Exposition.



SAILORS PLAYING CARDS, by Henry S. Tuke.—A function that has been assumed by the modern artist is the depiction of things as they really are, without deference to tradition or romance. This absolute truth to nature has its own poetic qualities, and is now recognized as being more really artistic than the "classic" inventions of the painters of an earlier day. We are prone to think of "Jolly Jack Tar" as a trim fellow, with the regulation sailor-hat, trousers flaring around the feet, and a tendency to dancing hornpipes and hitching up his trousers by the waistband, while he utters nautical phrases like "avast!" and "belay, there!" and calls everybody "my hearty." But the real Jack Tar, he of the merchant-vessel, the victim of the sponging-houses and the land-sharks, is a more prosaic, commonplace sort of fellow—not very "jolly," unless we apply the term to his boisterous and sometimes ill-natured horse-play when in his cups, and dressed in whatever "togs" he can scrape together after the land-sharks have got him drunk and "cleaned him out." His life at sea is a mixture of dangerous hardship and idleness, according as he is on or off duty. On pleasant days, in the southern seas, he has his game of cards, with a greasy pack, on the ship's deck ; or he watches the game while he sips his allowance of grog and smokes his pipe. The ship's boy, abused by both officers and men, takes his pleasures by himself, and is quite content if he can amuse himself with the monkey that came on board at the last port made in the tropics. This painting was in the English section at the World's Fair.



STORMING OF THE HEIGHTS OF SPICHEREN, by Anton von Werner.—This spirited half-tone is from the brush of the German Court Painter, who is also Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin. He devotes himself to historical and war subjects, commemorative of the achievements of his countrymen. He is noted for his exactness of details, both as to localities and as to equipments and other matters military, as is most essential in the Court Painter of a military nation. Though at times theatrical, his paintings are often truly dramatic, and enjoy unquestioned popularity. The storming of the Spicheren Heights was an incident in the engagement near Saarbrücken, in the early days of the Franco-German war of 1870. Here Napoleon III made the only serious demonstration he was able to make on the German side of the Rhine, and it was here that the little Prince Imperial received his "baptism of fire," as his father called it. The driving of the French from the Heights of Spicheren was a great feat for the Germans, who were inferior in numbers, but who charged up the steep and scantily-wooded hill and fell upon the intrenched enemy so gallantly as to force a retreat. A tower has been erected on the Winterberg, a hill near Saarbrücken, to commemorate this victory.





THE FIRST PLAYTHING, by B. Geuzmer; and, A QUESTION OF THE HEART, by Ernst Brook.—In the first panel of this picture we have a happy exhibition of the initial passage of human consciousness. Baby has come into the world and remained for a season in the unconscious state, but now he begins to play. He discovers the difference between himself and external objects. He does not, as yet, know that he has discovered it, but his failure to know it, does not break the discovery. He has been put into the huge basket, and the nurse has swung a plaything by a string just before his face. He is attempting to seize it but the unskilled, pudgy hand cannot reach the prize. He compensates himself by laughing and trying again. The hen and chicks are undisturbed in the search for crumbs. Master will find larger playthings by and by, and they will prove almost as illusive as this. In the second panel we have the usual question with the evidence of the usual answer. The man and woman, he of better estate than she, have met at the rear door of the mansion and are talking love; at least he talks and she listens. In such a case, to listen is to be conquered. The woman has forgotten her humble surroundings. There are the well-worn squares of the pavement; there are the tub and the basin, and the wild vines climbing over the door. With these, she has long been familiar; but to her heart, if we may judge by the expression on her face, the old story is as new as on the morning of the first day.



DREDGING IN THE ROADSTEAD OF BARFLEUR, by P. E. Berthelemy.—The harbor of Barfleur, on the north coast of France, not far from Cherbourg, was once a prosperous seaport, and is celebrated as the point from which William of Normandy departed for his conquest of England. But the English of a later century requited terribly this hospitality the town had shown to their Conqueror; for in 1346 they destroyed the harbor, which is, even to this day, filled with shifting sand. To make and keep it even partially open for vessels of any size, constant dredging is necessary, and thus a toilsome burden is borne by the nineteenth century in consequence of the revenges of the fourteenth. To the marine artist, nothing is so attractive as the study of waves in motion, and the painter of this subject has observed their varying forms with such care, and has transferred them to his canvas with such skill and fidelity, that one can almost feel the rise and fall of the water, and see the foam fly, as the wind strips off the upper edges of the waves. The atmosphere, too, is full of breezy motion, and one can feel thoroughly the strong, cold wind that comes out of that gray and clouded sky. Towards the western horizon, over the lighthouse, the descending sun illumines the heavens, but does not pierce the wind-laden clouds.



AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK, by Jan V. Chelminski.—Among all the places on the earth which, in the present age, compete for the first rank in the exhibition of human life in its most *élite* forms, Hyde Park, London, is one of the favorites. The Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, is another claiming precedence. In the present picture, the artist has attempted the delineation of a scene in Hyde Park, such as is witnessed there on pleasant afternoons. This is the great driving and riding boulevard, where the wealthy and the great go forth in equipage or on horseback, to take the air and sun and salute their fellow votaries of fashion and high life. No finer horses, no nobler specimens of physical manhood, no women more beautiful may be seen anywhere else among the nations than in this great thoroughfare. Hundreds of thousands of such go forth in elegant riding-habits, and vie with each other as to skill in driving and horsemanship. Here the fairest of the fair may be seen, and, let us hope, the bravest of the brave. English character is here displayed in full force, marked with all of its strong traits and peculiarities. To ride in this assemblage is one of the acmes of human ambition, for to do so is to be fashionable, and to be fashionable is to be admired and followed. The picture, viewed with care, becomes its own interpreter. It exhibits at once a stretch of scenery, and a variety and multiplicity of human character quite unexampled in the fashionable public ways of the world.



CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY GARDEN, by Carl Frithof Smith.—In the German section at the World's Columbian Exposition hung this pathetic scene, representing the humble pastimes of the poor little inmates of a charity nursery, in the outskirts of Weimar, Germany. The buildings of the institution loom up dimly through the mist, and the greater buildings of the town still more dimly beyond them. A few of the older children are dancing "hands all round." The boys who are old enough for such serious duties, are feeding with twigs the fire under an iron pot in which the out-door lunch will be prepared; the very youngest are kept close to the good old nurse, and the eager little fellow in front is giving his whole infantile mind to the management of a home-made go-cart. They are all as happy as they know how to be, and happier no doubt than they will ever be again, when they grow up and confront the world with their limited advantages. But this young girl who holds the sick child in her arms, she has already tasted of the bitterness that a life of hopeless poverty brings, and her solemn pensiveness is the saddest thing in the whole picture. It is the province of the artist to moralize a little, sometimes, and it is not an unwholesome thing, when times are hard and the outlook dark, to compare one's lot with that of others still less fortunate, and appreciate the difference here emphasized by Professor Frithof Smith.



IN THE PARK, by Adrien Moreau.—It is a pleasant thing to look in upon the life of the well-to-do and leisurely, even if it is only on the stage, or in a painted picture. But these sixteenth-century gentlemen must not be blamed for their idle moments, or for making the most of them ; for they had serious work at other times, a good deal of fighting to do, and many sacrifices to make for the honor and glory of their country, which looked to the nobles and the gentry for leadership and gallant example. The vigorous youth, who is whispering soft words into his fair one's ear, causing her to reflect well as she looks pensively off upon the water—a good sign for him, as are her hands dropped listlessly in her lap—has brief time to press his suit, and he is employing it well. The others have good-naturedly withdrawn, not to interrupt his opportunity, and are gossiping together about matters which they do not confide to the other gallant who looks after the boat, since they do not include him in their conversation. This fine old *chateau*, nobly placed and picturesquely surrounded, will doubtless soon resound with the merry-makings of the betrothal and wedding guests, and one more tender romance will have come to a happy fruition.





THE HARVEST, by Gregoire Miesoildoff; and, BATHING, by Albert Aublet.—The original of the upper panel of this picture was displayed in the Russian department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. As the title indicates, it represents a harvest-scene, but it is a harvest of the North. There is always in the Russian landscape something that is cheerless, almost repellant, to the man of milder climates. The Russians have great strength, endurance, courage, and, in their inner natures, a touch of poetry and romance ; but the visage is severe, and the manner brusque and harsh. The artist has chosen to set the workmen on the other side of the section of green field where they are working. This conceals the lower part of the person. We recognize, in the hands of the reapers, those primitive implements which show how far the people of this region are from the mechanical skill of the western peoples. In the lower panel we have a scene of very different character. The original picture has been sketched from some part of the seacoast of France. There is a wide expanse of ocean, broken only here and there by the small triangles which indicate vanishing ships. It is the noon of summer. The scene is spirited. The sea-breeze blows gently, and tosses the gauzy raiment. The outlines of the forms of the bathers are beautifully developed. Mirth and the sense of pleasure appear in every face. It is a group of friends. Over all rests the luminous soft air of summer.



FRUIT-SELLER—VENICE, by Stefano Novo.—This artist knows right well where to look for a picturesque subject. Nothing could be plainer and more humble than the exterior of this little stucco shop. But, decorated with the hues and high-heaped baskets full of fruits of every sort, and set off with the ripe southern beauty of the fair fruit merchant herself, it becomes a veritable exhibition of nature's fairest products. The various shapes which nature gives to the harvest of vine and tree, and the fine, firm colors with which the sun paints them in their maturity, afford to the artist an attractive study, and to the connoisseur a treat for the color-loving eye. All the well-known fruits of southern Europe are here—oranges, lemons, melons, the large, juicy cherries for which the country is famous; pomegranates, mulberries, and countless others of which we know neither the sight nor the name, and, perhaps, are not educated to enjoy the taste. This full-bloomed beauty at the door-side is awaiting a customer, who will surely stop to pass a word or two with her, whether he wants any fruit or not, and then, if she is as clever as she looks, she will send him away laden with some of her wares, and will turn a profit into the little shop of which she is the fair divinity. This painting was one of Italy's contributions to the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE CARNIVAL, by Joseph Weiser.—In Venice, in Rome, and several other cities, the recurring carnival is awaited with the highest anticipations of joy. Men of colder climes cannot well understand the immense preparations, the feverish excitement, the frivolities and romance that accompany the carnival—giving to it its characteristic features. In this picture we have a company of gay ladies, all in the prime of life, engaged in eager preparation for the pageant. Masquerading constitutes a large part of the night-festival. Each participant must, if practicable, appear in some costume and character other than his own. At the left of the picture, a beautiful Venetian girl sits before the mirror, adjusting her mask and applying the paints. In the center foreground sits another—a beautiful maiden—done into the costume of a youth, but hardly concealing her beauty under her mask. One of the company is heightening the effect with powder and cosmetics. Another has become a troubadour, with mandolin on hip, and is in the act of extemporizing a mustache. In such disguises, these thoughtless, careless, merry-hearted creatures will sally forth and join in the great procession. The canals and streets will be turned into a holiday; and wild uproar, throwing of bon-bons, mad love-making under masks, and at evening fireworks and jubilee, will make up the carnival—most pagan ceremonial known to modern times.



"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN," by Frank Bramley.—Nothing is more pathetic than the funeral of a little child, and though there is a tendency among the painters of the present day to paint what is strong and vigorous, there are not a few, even among the younger men, like the artist who sent this picture to the World's Columbian Exposition, who know that the popular heart is reached best by just such tender touches of sentiment as this. Death never seems so cruel as when it strikes the very young, and the little white casket, the garlands on it, and the white-robed children chanting their little processional hymn, are the natural protests of humanity against the cruelty. Older persons bear the little burden, the broken-hearted mourners follow the child on its last journey, and one little companion of the dead child carries the wreath which will briefly bloom and then wither on the little mound of new earth—symbol of sweetness and decay. Tender-hearted bystanders from the village by the sea, and from among the 'longshoremen and lighthouse hands, bow their respect and sympathy as the humble procession moves past. It is grief among the lowly that we see depicted here, as the plain dresses and the faces of the group indicate.



THE DEPARTURE, by Jules Denneulin.—The emotions of those who watch their friends out of sight are variously expressed, and art has sought, in many ways, to transfer the different sentiments of departure to canvas and marble. One of the most celebrated pictures of this kind is George H. Boughton's "Two Farewells," in which he paints with remarkable success two young women standing on the seashore watching the ships of their lovers as they glide downward to the horizon. This is a winter scene. The briny ocean is here as cold as death. The leaden air of December is over land and deep. A company of common people, but none the less capable of heartache and heartbreak, have come down to this bleak shore to give a last farewell to their friends who are going over sea. Each of them stand in a characteristic attitude. These may be country people of Brittany. Their costumes and wooden shoes show them to have preserved the habits and manners of the last century. On such an occasion the inspiring faith of woman generally rises triumphant over the courage of man. Best of all the figures here displayed, is the brave young girl leading the company, as she stands with uplifted hand waving her last farewell to one whom she knows and perhaps loves. The old woman in the rear of the company is in tears ; for her son has gone.



THE LOVERS, by Louis Jimenez Aranda.—In this we have another example of the work presented by Spanish artists, at the World's Columbian Exposition. The aim of the painter has been to show a group of his countrymen and countrywomen in characteristic attitude and manner. The apartment is the library hall of some old Spanish *chateau;* not great or elegant, either in itself or its furnishings. Yet, in all probability, this place is haunted with memories, and traditions, some of which are as old as the Moorish ascendancy. The apartment itself, however, and the furniture which it contains, as well as the greater number of characters depicted, are but accessories to the two principal personages. These are the lovers, who have given title to the painting. The tall young man and his beautiful sweetheart, are at once the types and ideals of their race. Very grave and formal are the manners here exhibited. Is true mirth possible in such a company? Might humor abound, and wit and repartee scintillate among these stately folk so proud of their descent, so fastidious and haughty? The Spaniards, by common consent, have reached the highest attainable grandeur of manners, and this feature is well displayed in the picture of "The Lovers."



HORSE ARTILLERY, by J. Vairin.—This picture is an excellent piece of work, done in characteristic manner, by a contemporary French artist. We should think that he has himself had experience, or, at least observation, in the field. Perhaps his memory takes in clearly the tragedies of the Franco-Prussian war. This is the method of drawing the batteries from place to place in time of the engagement, or conveying it on the march. The picture shows only a single section of the battery. When engaged in removing the guns, the cannoneers mount the horses and frequently go at breakneck speed. Reaching the distant station, the horses are quickly detached, and the gun wheeled around into position. This landscape might well be Sedan itself. The hills round about lie in almost the exact position which they occupied around the marble basin in which the valor and glory of the Second Empire were pounded into death and oblivion by the German cannon. There is in the picture no direct evidence that the battle is on, and yet the manner of the men is such as to show that they are under command to reach some field of conflict not many miles away. Here, as in most such pieces, the artist has chosen to distinguish the commanding-officer from the battery-men by mounting him on a white horse—the other horses are black. The effects of discipline and spirit are strikingly displayed in these fine horses, which, though they plunge a little and career, nevertheless keep step, in proud array, to distant bugle-call.





THE HAIR-CUTTING, by N. Gysis; and, THE CHIDING, by H. Kaulboch.—In the first panel of this picture we have an exquisite bit of artistic humor. The barber's art is very old, but not as old as the human race ; neither is it as universal. In all out-of-the-way places the aboriginal method is still employed. Paterfamilias gather the urchins and trim their hair with shears that might well be used for clipping sheep. The chief merit of the operation is its effectiveness. It is lacking in every principle of æsthetics. The boy, Luke, has been mounted on the stool, and the old man, in the manner described, is at him. Luke's mouth and eyes are twisted up somewhat grotesquely, as grandfather pulls and cuts at his hair. As usual, in such cases, there is more cause why the operator should smile than that his victim should be glad. The picture is a true transcript of what has been witnessed ten thousand times in the frontier settlements of our country. In the second panel, Kaulboch has shown a pretty fancy in delineating the expression of a love-sick girl. It is her first affair of the heart, and she has been cherishing it all alone. It is quite a secret thing too, for her lover is unknown, but the old monk, on the other side of the whited wall of monastery, knows about it, and the wicked old rascal is half in love with her himself ; but he takes it out by teasing her. Perhaps, in the depth of her heart, she is willing to tease him in turn. However this may be, she will not tell him her sweetheart's name, or the circumstances of the wooing.



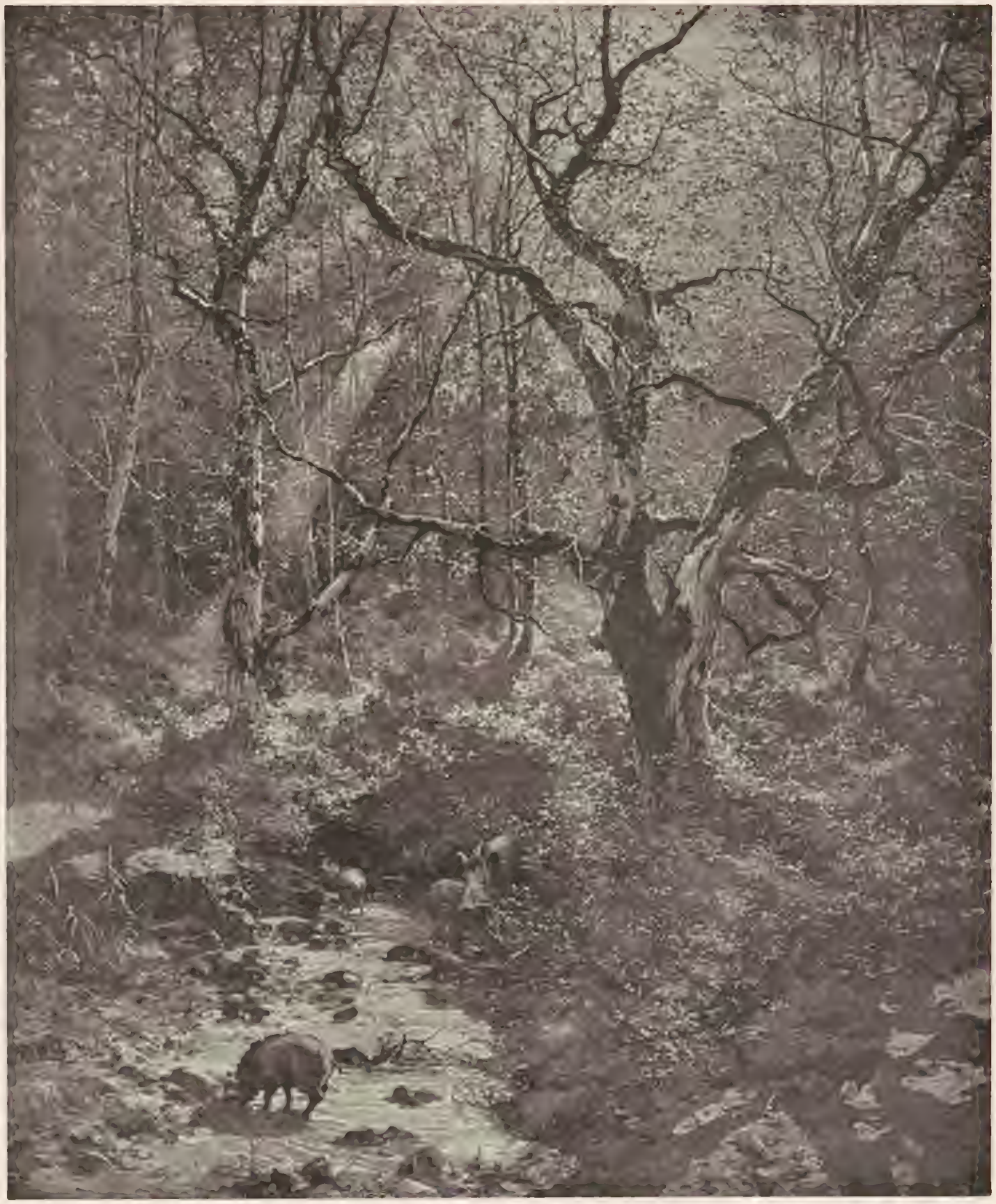
AT SEA, by P. Gabrini.—The original of this reproduction is a recent Italian painting, which was exhibited in the section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. We may doubt a little the exact propriety of the title, which might well have been, "Gaining the Shore." But we may not doubt the general excellence of the work. A company of friends have been out boating to a considerable distance, and are just returning from their day's voyage. If we may judge by the expression of all, it has been a day of pleasure and good cheer. In the foreground of the picture, the breaking of the surf is well indicated; and immediately under the prow of the yawl, glimpses of the wet sand may be seen. A great part of the merit of the picture lies in the seascape, which is remarkably true to nature. Towards the right, the dividing of sea and sky may not be discovered. The eye is confused with the bank of clouds rising somewhat in that direction. Whoever has looked long across the limitless deep will have discovered such effects as these. The company consists of four men and two ladies, the latter being the center of interest. The attitude of him who has sprung overboard, and is pushing the boat ashore, is characteristic and striking. Each of the boatmen has his own manner and part in the duty of gaining the beach. The ladies, half-rising, are watching with enthusiasm the labors of their companions. Wholly dependent themselves upon the favor of the men, they give in turn to their brawny companions a full measure of applause and smiles.



"GEE UP, DONKEY!" by Moreno-Carbonero.—The painter of this picture is a Spaniard of the Spaniards. At first glance, the title of the picture is not well exemplified in the scene; but a closer study will show the propriety of the caption, and the skill of delineation. The region around about has been in a state of cultivation and improvement for many centuries. Here, have been of old time the Visigoths and the Moors. On every hand are the evidences of that splendid and indifference, like a shadow or Spanish civilization. The scene shown is that of the ridicule and persiflage of two riders of a donkey. They are mounted, the woman behind the man, and are set rather in the middle of the background of the picture. Their outcry of, "Gee up, Donkey!" has been directed to two old and nearly extinct Spanish hidalgos who are passing along the highway. To some extent they appear to be the butt of ridicule. It is as though the riders were making sport of such noblemen for being on foot, and their cry indicates the superiority which comes of being mounted. On the right in the distance may be seen some workmen who have paused in their toil to overhear the banter of the donkey-riders, and to join in the ridicule of the pedestrians. Such humor, true enough, is a little remote from the manners of central Europe and America, but is, no doubt, pungent enough to the understandings of those who are native and to the manner born. The original was exhibited in the Spanish section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition.



"ONCE UPON A TIME," by Hermann Kaulbach.—The contrast of old age with childhood has rarely been better effected than in this picture, the original of which was exhibited in the German Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. A group of a half-dozen boys and girls, thoroughly German in their innocent ways, have gathered around the aged grandfather, or possibly great-grandfather, to hear some of his marvelous stories. The one which he is in the act of reciting begins in the well-established form of "Once upon a time." Doubtless the next expression of the old man garrulous will be, "a long while ago." Certain it is that the memory of this octogenarian reaches back for the better part of a century. To the children he is indeed the treasure and almanac of all past. To them what grandfather cannot remember is as though it were not. The artist has succeeded to admiration in showing the varying measure and expression of interest on the faces of the children. The features and attitude of the old man are indeed a study. He strongly suggests to the student of history, the image of Voltaire in his last days. Indeed, we think the artist had that philosopher in mind when he drew the sketch.



DEPTH OF THE FOREST, by C. Pelouse.—Not a few attempts have been made in contemporary art to depict the solitudes of the forest. The woods of every country have peculiarities of their own. It requires a large measure of botanical knowledge, and generally wide observation by watching, to recognize with certainty the various qualities of the vast umbrageous woods. This scene appears to have been sketched from an Austrian forest. It is part of the method here displayed to introduce a few living creatures as may be deemed necessary to relieve the solitude. The principal idea is that of the forest itself, and not of its inhabitants. This is one of the haunts of the wild boar, and the artist has introduced two or three of the ferocious creatures into his picture. But they are subordinate to the rest. It is a morning scene. The sun, in the distance, sends his strong light through the foliage, and it glints on branch and leaf and blossom. The shadows run out here to meet the observer. They are long, and therefore the day is young. The human faculties, in the presence of such a scene, easily yield to a sense of awe; the majesty of Nature oppresses the spirit of man. The solitude rests upon the mind, and it turns from contemplation of man's works to that of the grandeur of the material world.



A ROYAL BALL, by M. Dominguez.—The original of this picture was exhibited in the Spanish Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. Nothing can surpass the elegance here displayed. No grander scene than this can well be depicted from the social life of man. Here is the magnificent dancing-hall of the royal palace of Spain. The Spanish race, noted for haughtiness, superb manners and distinguished bearing, as well as for the beauty and coquetry of the women, here displays its highest, if not its noblest quality. These dresses have drained the treasuries of princes and kings. The scene here delineated is that of a ball given for the king. The splendid chandeliers fling down their brilliant but softened light on hundreds of the most noble and distinguished personages of the realm. The scene lacks something of the vivacity and spirit of a French ball, but has superior dignity and better manners. The artist has shown great skill in distinguishing the figures and preserving the personality of each. He has sketched the scene in such manner as to show the figures and costumes of the ladies to the highest advantage; while equal justice is done to the manner and bearing of the uniformed grandees upon whose arms they lean.



THE SCHOOLSHIP IPHIGINE IN THE HARBOR OF TOULON, by E. Dauphin.—This is a reproduction from one of the splendid paintings exhibited in the department of French Art at the World's Columbian Exposition. It has in it many elements of interest. The place is historical. Beyond, unseen at the left, hidden by the mist and distance, is the plain where a young artillery captain, sleeping among his guns until he was forced as an Arab, wearing his hair long, in the Republican fashion of the day, made what Carlyle calls "a sun's sponge," and clutched an English fortress, turning the guns down upon the British fleet, and changing somewhat the course of History. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte. Here the great schoolship of the French marine lies at anchor. Perhaps no finer example of naval architecture exists in the world. The Mediterranean waters, still as an inland lake in summer, spread away to the horizon. It is the morning hour, and the sun, unseen by the observer, casts a heavy shadow from the ship into the foreground. Some of the cadets are already astir. It is on the deck of this great ship and among her guns that the naval youth of France are experimentally trained for battle and havoc at sea.



WINTER MORNING IN THE BARNYARD, by Charles C. Curran.—The painting from which this reproduction is taken, was exhibited in the department of Fine Arts at the United States at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene belongs to our own country, and to the North temperate parts. This may have been drawn from northern Ohio or Michigan. It is the dead of winter. Through the night, there has been a heavy fall of snow. This is the first morning after the world has resumed its drapery of white. The great barnacles are covered thick. On such an occasion, it is the first duty of the farmer and his family to "break the snow." This is a toilsome task, alike for man and beast. He who has seen, will not forget the quirkery of the domestic fowls in exposing themselves on the first day after a snow-fall. In this case, the example of the girl tempting the chickens with her basin of corn, has done much to call them forth from their roost. The farmer is busy in unstacking the hay for the cow that stands sidelong, with her head partly through the fence. Beyond, in the distance, may be seen the farm-house; still further, that leaden sky, which Whittier has so graphically described in the opening verses of his "Snow-Bound."



LITTLE PEPETA, by Carl Mücke.—This is one of the quaintest pieces of art in the whole series here presented to the public. Character sketching can hardly go further than in the drawing and details of these two figures. The old man sits half drowsing, half dreaming in his easy-chair playing the accordion. One might think that the instrument has as much to do with the automatic movement of his fingers, as his fingers have to do with the instrument. Alongside of the chair, the old accordion-player has thrown down his luggage. Here is where the old man lives. The clock is at his back; the dishes are there in the cupboard. But, greater than clock and dishes, is little Pepeta, granddaughter of the octogenarian, who has come into his apartment, and is essaying to dance to his music. Through his squinting eyes, he looks at the little apparition, and his music gets a new inspiration. Pepeta is dancing, but it is not one of those fancy dances, which come with so much difficulty by what is called high art. Pepeta is not an artist; neither is she artful; and yet, she has all the artless art of little girlhood. The position of her figure, her look at the old man, and the holding of her skirts are inimitable. In drawing the little creature, the artist has surpassed himself.



THE EMPEROR'S BUST, by Prof. Fr. Kallmorgen.—The beholder of this picture could hardly be told of the nationality of the artist or of the scene. In the new world Emperors do not abound. This is essentially German, and the original painting was exhibited in the German Department of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. These country-folks and villagers have met in the highway where it passes a German house; a peddler of busts has met them, and is displaying a plaster effigy of Kaiser Wilhelm. The old Emperor is a hero to these people, as well he might be. They have heard a vague tradition that he is the son of that beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia, whom Napoleon the Great is said to have insulted. Now the son has had his revenge by trampling down Napoleon the Petite, and the fame of it is rife through all Germany. Indeed, this loyal German who wears the cap was himself a soldier in the great war, and fought at Gravelotte. In the German manner we have here a populous household; the children join their parents in listening to the recommendations of the peddler, and in admiring the "Emperor's Bust." So secluded is this German neighborhood, that the appearance of this vender of plaster busts produces a sensation more profound than the issuance of a startling "Extra" in the metropolis.



SPRING, by Eisman Semenowsky.—In this picture the artist has added another to the long list of attempts to represent Spring by human character. There is, however, in this case a mixture of the allegory and the reality. If the living figure was taken away, we should still have a picture of Spring. Or if that were taken away, we should have in the figure of the young woman a representation of the same joyous season. There is thus a harmony between the two kinds of interest in the picture. Spring walks abroad among the flowers. She startles the butterflies from their covert. She bears a bird-cage in her hands. The spirits of song have been imprisoned during the dark months of winter; now she will liberate them and let them fly abroad. The door of the cage is open, and the birds fly joyously forth. Spring watches their flight. She listens with ecstacy to the happy carol, and her spirit is transported with the scene. The wild flowers spring around her, and seem to bend towards her, shedding their perfume in her way. She has gone forth alone to commune with the beauty of the world, and to rejoice at the return of Proserpine from the gloomy abode of the under world.



SUMMER, by Elsman Semenowsky.—In this picture a Slavic artist has demonstrated the ability of one born and reared in the land of snows to realize the dreams and fancies of the South. Perhaps he has preserved in the woman's face a hint of Northern beauty; but for the rest of the picture, it is no less a transcript from the land of the sun. This is Summer personified. The young woman is Summer. She has her summer raiment and her love of flowers. She has gathered a skirt full of the choicest treasures. She is in a happy mood, and though alone with her own fancy, is not solitary. In such a piece the artist must needs preserve consistency in all parts. This Semenowsky has succeeded in doing to perfection. The flowering shrubs and grasses are of the early summer. The statue of Pan with his pipe is in keeping with the rest. The background of dark foliage, suffused with the summer air, also harmonizes with the general sentiment. The chief interest centers in the figure and manner of the beautiful girl. Her costume is elegant to a degree, and as it should be—wine. The girl's manner is that of one bringing treasures of flowers as if to pour them out. Such is the office of Summer. She comes with a wealth of blossoms to her lap, not indeed for her own delectation, but for the happiness and adornment of others.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER, by C. Max.—The power and originality of Max are admitted by all writers upon German art. While more often portraying tragic scenes, the picture before us proves that he can skillfully treat a lighter theme. With youthful impatience to know the future, the maiden has sought the fortune-teller. She has yielded her fair palm to the diviner, and, with mingled doubt and confidence, awaits the revelation. The dying embers increase rather than relieve the gloom; while a mellow light from without clearly marks the features of her whose sunken lips are soon to trace the story of a life. Near by, as if in moments begin with his universe, stands the cat with closed eyes and meditative air. Perhaps he too is looking beyond the narrow limits of the present. What say the signs? Is he false or true? If the sorceress be worldly-wise, she will paint the future bright; for if she dares to overspread the sky with clouds, the maid will but condemn her mystic art and hope in spite of all. Our eager gaze is ever turned toward coming days, and we fain would know what they have in store for us. But as youth gives place to maturer years, we bless our ever shortsightedness, for all life would be embittered could we see the coming ills. "God's hand in mercy hides from us the book of fate."



THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY, by Franz Simm. Interest in "the baby" never will cease, so long as the earth revolves on its axis. Notwithstanding the billions of babies that have come into the world, it is profoundly believed of each new-comer that there never was such a baby—and, indeed, this belief is profoundly true, and will remain true, so long as heredity and environment continue to produce their infinitely various results of individuality. This picture, which was sent from Germany to the World's Fair, presents a typical scene of "babiolatry," or infant-worship. All the characters are here—the gentle young mother, who has handed the little fellow up from his richly-carved cradle, and is anxiously observing the impression he makes on the visitors; the proud old grandfather, who finds as much to admire and wonder at, in this latest scion of his noble house, as though he had not half a dozen sons in the service of their country; the snuffy old nurse, the same ancient retainer who has dandled on her knee all the babies of this family for a generation; and the pretty young cousins who have come to pay homage at the infant shrine. Baby-like, he draws back from the strangers at first, for he does not propose to make friends with them until he has taken them in well with his solemn, steady gaze.



NEIGHBORS, by Prof. Fr. Kallmorgan.—This picture has been sketched from a scene in Holland. To the left there may be seen the open sea, much more quiet than is the ocean's wont along these shores. The incident or aspect of life depicted here belongs to the closing hours of day. There is a Dutch town here, but it is of no great importance. In the houses, at the right, we may note the distinctive character of building peculiar to this quarter of Europe. These people are what a sarcastic poet has called "anything creatures," though their manner and garb do not reveal the characteristics of townspeople. The girls gathered on the open way to gossip a little in the evening. Some of them have not yet come to womanhood. The tasks and manners of these young people are sufficiently serious; possibly they sometimes smile, but their laughter little resembles the mirth of the people of Mediterranean shores. There the sunny waters and genial atmosphere find response in the heart of man. Here the cold sky and colder sea bring a chill to the heart of childhood and youth. In such situation native character may indeed be strong, but it is likely to be severe and unimaginative—little disposed to romance and song.



IN HER OWN GARDEN, by Nicolay Kuznezoff.—The scene here depicted is what we should call a bee orchard. The place is not so much a garden, in the sense of the word, as it is a summer or out-door apiary. In Russia, the care of the bees devolves almost wholly on the women. They take direct management of the colonies, and acquire great skill in the business. The season of flowers is very brief, and bee-life during this epoch is busy in the extreme. The picture shows an old bee-woman in her own garden, attended by her assistants, and perhaps a visitor. There is perhaps no relation which the human mind sustains to irrational creatures more interesting and more curious than that of bee-keeping. The old woman is an expert in the business. She has distributed her colonies through the grounds so as to give the best advantage to the honey gatherers, and free opportunity for her own care. Her face and figure and costume have all natural characteristics in them. Well advanced in years, she is not yet decrepit. The young girl on her right, with the basket on her head, has a beautiful face; and the one to the left, if not beautiful, is at any rate thoroughly Russian. Nature at this season has brought a profusion of blossoms.



MY LITTLE BROTHER, by Alfred Guillon.—The painter of this picture is a French contemporary artist, and his work was exhibited in the French section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The picture tells its own story. The central idea, is the sister's love and protecting care. Very early in life, the little girl conceives a passionate attachment for her doll, and the sentiment is soon transferred with increasing force to the baby of the household. Nothing can surpass the poetic and spiritual beauty of this sisterly affection for the little one of the family. Particularly, if the baby be a boy, does the sister take, at a very early age, a part of the motherly office. The instinct is strong upon her. She watches baby with a patience and devotion that might by no means be expected of one of her tender years and wayward fancies. In this picture, the artist has selected as his subject a peasant girl with large, soft eyes and a mass of black hair. Her arms and hands are not so delicate as those of the maiden of the palace; but those arms safely enfold a treasure which is more to her than palace or high birth. The little brother feels himself secure. One may fancy that the premonitions of thought are discernible on his fat face. Certainly he feels, and the best of all he feels is the sense of security in the sister's faithful arms.



SELECTING A SERVANT, by Alonzo Perez.—The employment of certain human beings as servants by others more fortunate than themselves has been a part of the common destiny of mankind. No people have been so democratic as to make all equally agreeable to the tasks and duties of life. Probably that service which requires young girls to devote themselves to tasks imposed upon them by housekeepers is the most pathetic of all; and yet maidservants, as a rule, have in their life and manner the greatest measure of good cheer and happiness. This scene has been selected from a public place in a Spanish or French town. We should say that the characters are drawn from the border country about Bayonne. The usage is for the girls who are going to enter service to assemble in the public place of the town, and for those who are in quest of such servants to go there for selection. To be sure, this is not a slave-market. And we may note with gratification the eagerness of the girls to obtain for themselves good-natured superiors. The artist has given to these girls such pleased and happy faces, that we may well imagine them to be here in quest of sweethearts, rather than in the hope of obtaining a place to toil for those of superior rank.





CROSSING THE RED SEA, by F. A. Bridgman; and, BULL FIGHT IN THE ARENA, by Wagner.—In the dry sand of this picture, Bridgman has endeavored to delineate the traditional crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. More properly, the picture shows the pursuit of Pharaoh and his host. The cross chosen by the painter is that in which the returning waters begin to overwhelm the Egyptian army. The scene is highly tragic—yet the Jews so became the magnificent losses, themselves innocent of all participancy in the struggle of races, seem to have caught the spirit of despair even more than the riders and charioteers; they realize that this is the hour of doom. In the lower panel the artist, Wagner, survivor of the celebrated chariot race, has tried his powers in delineating the Spanish bull-fight. The animal, which is the center of the battle, is at the very height of his passion and desperation. He is charging to the death. One of the picadores has been killed outright, but the huge beast is not satisfied without further mutilation of his tormentor's body. Around the ball are gathered other picadores and matadors, while the excited audience in the gallery above, wrought to a frenzy of enthusiasm, shout their vociferous bravos.



THE LAST VOYAGE, by Edwin Lord Weeks.—A number of American artists have established reputations as painters of oriental subjects, which they have treated in a manner distinctively their own, and have won triumphs in a field peculiarly affected by European artists. High among these Americans stands the painter of this picture, which occupied an honored place in the United States Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. It represents two fakirs, or ascetic begging monks of India, whose pilgrimage to the holy city of Benares has been interrupted by the sickness unto death of one of them. The inhabitants of India ascribe a peculiar sanctity to the waters of the river Ganges, and the other fakir has hurried his companion to this river, in order that he may breathe his last on its sacred banks, and that his sins may be expiated by contact with the holy stream. Others who have died are still floating on the water, though the tender mercies of the river do not extend to preserving them from the carrion birds; while still others are being cremated on funeral-pyres, and their ashes will be buried or flung upon the waters. The city in the background is a fanciful typification of holy India, showing its temples, pagodas, and religious customs. The vast amount of incident which the artist has put into his picture, without detracting from the interest in the principal group, is a masterly feat in comprehensive composition.



NOON, by E. Debat-Ponsan.—France is thickly settled with villages, built at the foot of sloping hills or along the banks of placid streams. Near each village you will find an extensive plateau, and it is here that nearly every peasant owns a strip of land, which he keeps in the highest state of cultivation. The dawn finds him hard at work in the field. A mild stimulant, in the way of hot coffee, starts him on his day's task with a clear head. At noon he goes, as we see him in the accompanying picture, to partake of a well-earned meal, and to rest under his own vine and fig-tree, in company with his loyal wife and bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked children. It is not long, however, before we find him again, with his oxen or a large white horse, wearing a blue muffler, plowing in the field, where he works until the Angelus rings at sundown. Then all good peasants say their prayers and return homeward to enjoy the results of a well-spent life. His wife practices the strictest economy, and some day, when France gets into trouble, she produces an old stocking and empties out a few silver coins, and, with millions of others like her, pays off the national debt. The Frenchman has an innate love for the artistic. If he builds an humble cottage, there will be a peculiar charm about it, both as regards form and color. When he arranges his garden, or the flowers about his court, there will be a distinct quality, revealing a sense of refinement and appreciation of the beautiful, which shows him to be a most unique and interesting character.



THE BATTLE OF STOEZEK, 1830, by John Rosen.—This reproduction is from the original painting exhibited in the German section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. The scene depicted is one of the dreadful bloody butcheries with which the Polish insurrection, an attempted revolution of 1830, was extinguished. It is doubtful whether the annals of modern times contain the record of a more terrible and disastrous movement of civil society, than the one referred to. For more than a generation, Poland had been dismembered. The three great conspirators—Austria, Prussia and Russia—had entered in and possessed themselves of the country, reducing the people to foreign domination. The patriots of 1830 arose in arms, and organized a rebellion. This occurred in Russian Poland. The bravery of the patriots was unequaled, but could not avail against the tremendous odds. They were beaten down, captured, slain, imprisoned, sent into exile, scattered to foreign shores. Compassion, there was none. This struggle in the forest of Stoezek was one of the terrible battles which ended the conflict. It was fought in the dead of winter. The solitude and desolation of nature were as great as the bloody wreck of human life and ambition. Here among the trees, the Poles courageously made their stand, until they were overwhelmed and crushed under the charge of the Russian cavalry. The artist has done ample justice to the scene, but no words or brush of art can well depict the havoc of a battle.



A GAME OF CARDS, by José Robles y Martinez.—The original of this reproduction was exhibited in the Spanish section of Fine Arts, at the World's Columbian Exposition. The artist is himself a Spaniard. His brush always betrays his nationality. As has been said in the interpretation of many pictures in this series, there is a tendency in modern art to internationality. The young painter goes abroad while his mind and hand are still susceptible, and imbibes foreign influences to such an extent that all his subsequent work is colored thereby. In this picture, Robles has sketched some people of the middle-class among his countrymen, and has shown them absorbed in a game of cards. There is a wager on the game, and the interest is profound. All the players are well advanced in life. Probably the excitements of gaming are among the last that are found sufficient to stir into something like emotion the remaining spirits of old age. There is as usual in such cases a certain psychological communication between the partners—a sort of telegraphing—as if to say "what have you?" This unspoken inquiry is strongly depicted on the face of the old woman sitting at the further side of the table. The old man at her left is absorbed with the complexity of his hand. His partner looks at him with her dim eyes and toothless mouth, as if to give him courage; but he heeds it not. He of the bald head—though his face is unseen—appears to be in the highest spirits of all. The onlooker considers the game with impartial interest.



THE HARBOR OF BORDEAUX, by A. Boudet.—This picture represents an evening scene, in which the works of man and those of nature are harmoniously blended. On the right, and in the distance, is the sleeping city. There rises the spire to the very clouds. It is a moonlight night, and the radiance of the full orb, breaking through a rift in the clouds, floods all the landscape. The greater part of the sky is covered, but here and there openings may be seen into the distant heaven. The river lies in calm obscuration; luminous in part of its course, but for the rest sleeping in the deep shadow. In the center rises the tall ship. The vessel lies calmly in the river, and is unshaken by breath of air or tide. The only evidence of life is in the boat which is putting off directly for the shore. Along both banks, as far as the eye can reach, are the dim outlines of other ships at anchor. In the distance, but plainly visible, is a bridge leading from shore to shore. The idea of the artist has been to show one of the drowsy aspects of civilization. Commerce has gone to sleep. Industry no longer pours its uproarious volume through the streets. Stillness rests on all. Not even a night-bell sounds from any distant spire. The clouds float over, and life, for the hour, forgets its conflicts.



THE INTERRUPTED BREAKFAST, by Nicolay Dmitrievitch Kuznezoff.—Russians are more like other people than their difficult names would lead us to suppose, and we find them getting the same kind of fun out of the same kind of things as ourselves. The humor of a dog interrupting the breakfast of three or four pigs at a trough, loses none of its piquancy because the landscape surroundings are unfamiliar, or the pigs more gaunt and savage than piggy as we know him. And, but for these incidental differences, the scene might be in a New England barnyard. Dog-nature is the same the world over, and there is not a dog, even in remote Russia, but enjoys his bark at whatever comes in his way to bark at, and the consternation he is able to cause by it. This dog will keep out of the reach of those ugly-tusked fellows, though; keeping his distance and trusting to his legs in case of a charge, such as these unterrified swine are quite capable of making. The pigs of Russia are a degree nearer to the wild swine of Europe than anything we have in this country, more prone to show their teeth and more active in getting about. His dogship will move on presently, as soon as the swine-herd, who is bringing out more breakfast, reaches the spot, and the morning meal will proceed, that the pigs may fatten in peace in preparation for the day they know not of. This picture was shown at the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE MEET, by Antoni Piotrowski.—The original of this picture was first exhibited in 1885. The reproduction has preserved a large measure of the spirit and interest of the colored work. The scene represents the initial act in a fox-hunt. The sketch has been made from some of the various countries of East-Central Europe. The fox-hunt, if not the most dangerous, is certainly one of the most exciting sports which modern times have preserved from the Middle Ages. It is a hunt that is conducted with much formality, and in accordance with the strictest method. It has been the artist's idea to preserve one phase of the chase; and this is its first passage. The custom is, on the appointed day, for those riders who are going to participate in the sport, to gather at a certain place in the morning, and there, after greetings and converse, proceed to the excitement of the actual hunt. At this place the hounds are also gathered and held in readiness by their keepers. A company of finely dressed and magnificently mounted huntsmen have assembled here under the circumstances named, and are in the act of salutation ; others are riding up from several directions. The hounds, in charge of the master, are in the foreground, knowing well the business that is to follow. The morning is bright and balmy. The season is autumn. The man with the uncovered head, in the act of saluting, seems to be the leader. He is welcoming a new-comer, and announces that the hunt is ready.



AN INN, by Rudolf Fedoroviteh Frentz.—To the World's Columbian Exposition Russia sent this admirable painting of a dreary scene. It is indeed dreary from our point of view, who associate even with the stable quarters of an inn some degree of comfort, of which this ill-thatched shelter gives only meager promise. The driver of one "drosky," or Russian carriage, has already set his horses at the rude trough for their evening meal of oats, while the master and man have sought the more attractive refreshment of the inn itself; and another driver, in his strange, long garment, suited to his cold work in a cold country, brings up other hungry horses for their share. The geese, which have been enjoying the "crumbs," so to speak, that have fallen from the horses' table, do not relish the prospect of being driven from their vantage ground, and hiss their disapproving protest against the intrusion of the new-comers. With the freemasonry and curiosity that prevail in equine society, two of the feeding horses stop their supper to look up at the additional guests at their humble board, while the other horse, more hungry and, perhaps, having done more than his share of the work of the day, contents himself with a glance of the eye, without removing his nose from the trough.





IN THE ALMSHOUSE AT RYSWYK, by A. Calissendorf; and, WINTER AT CHRISTIANIA, by Fritz Thaulow.—This companion pair of pictures from the exhibits of Holland and Norway at the World's Columbian Exposition, may be taken to typify two extremes in human life—hopeless resignation and hopeful toil. Calissendorf's picture of the noonday dinner at the almshouse of his own city is a pathetic scene in the closing days of more than a dozen lives that have ended in failure. Some of these aged men, perhaps, have been prosperous, and some of these women have had happy homes; now they meet on the common ground of helplessness and pauperism. They show all degrees of physical weakness and all traits from dogged despair to resigned acquiescence to the will of God. A rugged contrast to this is the Norwegian scene, where vigorous prime and kindly age alike, are equal to facing the severity of a northern winter. Notwithstanding the great extremes of cold and heat, as the seasons revolve, these Norwegians live in a genuinely healthful climate, and live lives of thrift and honesty, that have given them the name of the most enterprising and trustworthy of the people of northern Europe, and they make the best sailors in the world. Their country is fertile, and crops ripen quickly under the high temperature of summer. As a nation, the common people are in comfortable circumstances. This little seaport village is characteristic of the country.



THE 39th FUSILEER REGIMENT OF THE LOWER RHINE AT GRAVELOTTE, AUGUST 18, 1870, by Emil Hunten.—The pomp of war as seen in parades and ceremonials, and the glory of war as beheld in national and personal triumphs, are very different matters from the horrors of war as seen by those present on the battle-field, of which a great German artist has given us a thrillingly truthful view in this painting. The attack on this point has been so severe as to drive back the artillerymen from their guns, and the 39th Fusileers have been ordered up to hold it against the advancing column. They are making the abandoned pieces serve as well as they can for shelter. The destructive work of the enemy's batteries is indicated by the shattered piece in the left foreground, and that the attack is still hot is shown by the number of dead and wounded Fusileers. The officer can give no attention to them, however, while the foe is before him. The moment is a critical one, and the officer in command is calling up reinforcements. The Germans won the day at Gravelotte, which was one of a series of engagements during August, 1870, in the Franco-German war, which drove Napoleon III. back upon Marshal MacMahon's camp at Chalons, and shut up Bazaine in the fortress of Metz. The painter of this scene visited the principal battle-fields of this famous war, to secure accuracy in his work.



THE MANGOLD-FIELD, by David Murray.—This original was shown in the English section of Fine Arts at the World's Columbian Exposition. Several species of products and flowering plants are regarded as peculiarly English. The ivy-green is one of these. We may add the mythological mistletoe, the tradition of which runs back to the times of the Druids. Among the garden products of the Island Empire is the mangold, or as it is popularly called the "mangel wurtzel," which, covering a large area of low-lying land, produces a most picturesque effect. In the picture here given the artist has drawn, to perfection, a field of mangold. All the foreground, sweeping around to the middle of the sketch, is occupied with a mass of "mangel wurtzel" in full blossom. The field is delineated sufficiently to indicate the character of the plant and their blossoms. In the more remote parts of the picture the flowers blend together into a fleck of white. To the left are some of the magnificent trees which the vandalism of civilized life has still spared from destruction, even in thickly populated England. At the right hand is another more considerable group. Over this a flock of crows—most universally-distributed of all the birds of the North temperate zone—descend into the field. But these features do not, by any means, exhaust the picture. A great part of its charm lies in the remoter landscape. There the low-lying hills rising from the plain, touched with the sunlight; the intervening hamlets; the plowmen at their tasks: the over-arching sky and soft atmosphere of early summer—all combine to give a sense of freshness and inspiration to the scene.



CATTLE IN THE MARSHLANDS OF THE RIVER ELBE, by Oscar Frenzel.—There is much originality displayed in this picture. The landscape departs, in several peculiarities, from the conventional outline and manner. It is marshland, with an abundance of rich grass and a profusion of wild flowers. A rambling stream, small but welcome, winds along to the foreground. The farmhouse, though unseen, is not far away. On the left is the fence, and in this direction lies the home. It is the milking-hour, and the woman in the right-center is at her task. More striking still is the originality of the drawing in the matter of the cattle. These are thrown, in every case, into characteristic attitudes. One of them is licking her side; another is using a foot grotesquely to remedy some trouble about the eye. The other animals are drawn in characteristic attitudes. The sky has the luminous quality of mid-summer. Here and there, as far as the eye can reach across the open champaign, stand clusters of wild flowers. Very rarely has a cattle scene been done more acceptably than this. The artist has taken his own method, and thrown into the picture the force and peculiarities of his national genius. The cows are of the Holstein breed, and have evidently been drawn from life.



PORT OF DUBLIN—SUNSET, by Alexander Williams.—Dublin is almost as well situated for water as New York itself, sitting picturesquely on the river Liffey where it flows into Dublin Bay. Looking towards the city from the waters of this capacious harbor, one faces the setting sun, which richly illumines with its low, mellow light the shipping and the lighthouse, and casts long shadows over the water. Back of all, silhouetted against the strong light of the sky, lies the city, the fine capital of Ireland, its cathedral, custom-house and monument breaking the sky-line effectively. The hush of the falling day is well indicated in this picture. The water is quiet; the wind has died down until it barely suffices to carry off the black smoke that pours from the funnels of the busy little tugs, now making their last trips from the great ships to the shore; the market boats are pulling away, and the sails of the last ships come to anchor flap idly on the yards. The lighthouse lantern will soon be aglow, and night will close in on the scene, its silence broken only by the ship's bells, the songs of the sailors, and the plash of oars as the men on shore-leave return to their quarters. The original shown by Great Britain at the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE VESTAL TUCCIA, by Hector Leroux.—Leroux is a French artist who paints antique scenes with skill. He possesses rare archæological knowledge of the remains of prehistoric buildings, monuments of an early epoch, implements, written manuscript, and other relics, which he introduces cleverly into his pictures. The original of "The Vestal Tuccia," the subject of this sketch, was painted in 1874, and hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, at Washington. The beautiful woman represented is one of the vestal virgins of Roman antiquity. The vestals were at first four in number, but afterwards six. Their term of service lasted thirty years, the period of admission being from the sixth to the tenth year of the candidate's age. They were virgins consecrated to the watching of the sacred fire, which was perpetually kept burning upon the altar. The lovely, dark-haired Tuccia was accused of unchastity, of which she cleared herself and proved her innocence by drawing water from the Tiber, with a sieve. In the picture we see her standing on the bank of that historic river, holding the sieve filled with water, to the amazement of the spectators. In all the surroundings, in the structures, and in the attitudes and costumes of the figures, is exemplified the artist's ability to depict antiquities and ancient peoples. Leroux's paintings are popular in the United States, a number being owned by prominent persons in each of the larger cities. Some of his noted productions are "Slave of Horace," "The Vestal Claudia Quinta," and "Trial of Aurelia and Pomponia," all of which are in this country.



LANCERS ON THE MARCH, by José Cusachs y Cusachs.—The Spanish have caught the realism of the French military painters, and in this picture of "Lancers on the March" we have the actual thing. There is something very truthful in the peasant cast of feature, indicating accurately the class from which European troopers are recruited. The "bunchy" effect of the uniforms and accoutrements, prepared for heavy marching order, is another touch which will be recognized as true by all who know that troops on the march have little of the trimness of troops on parade, and that heavy overcoats and folded blankets do not lie very snugly. The open order of the march and the easy position of the lances, are characteristic of a squadron *en route*. The horses are well drawn, and exhibit an interesting variety of both mien and action—note, for example, the steady plodding of the leader, and the glaring eye of the galloping horse that rapidly bears an officer to the head of the column ; and there is effective contrast of color between the black horses of the advance guard and the white ones of the main body. There is a characteristic touch of Spain itself in the group of low-lying houses over the hill. Several of Cusachs's military subjects were sent to the World's Columbian Exposition, this among them.



LOVE'S CAPTIVES, by Ernest Jean Aubert.—This picture represents four beautiful maidens in a forest. Two of them are held captive absolutely by winged Cupids. Into the ear of one, soft, sweet tales are whispered, the very pose of the dusky-haired listener indicating in every lineament her delighted interest and attention. The dimpled arms of the tiniest of these gods of love are clasped tightly and affectionately about the neck of the other maiden, whose eyes express the rapture inspired by his warm, clinging kisses. The tall, fair creature standing between these two, seeks to detain the winged urchin, with bow carried gracefully over his shoulder, and hesitating uncertainty is the principal expression in her countenance. Her guide, who holds fast to her garments, seems to look longingly at his brother-Cupid, as if wishing his own tale had been as completely joyous. The last forlorn and weeping maiden is reluctant to follow the guidance of love, but there is a look of sturdy determination upon the face of the imp who has gathered her robe on his shoulder, and set his feet forward, while his prototype reasons and shows the way. The picture is fanciful, graceful and imaginative. During the first part of his career, Aubert, the artist, devoted himself to engraving, but has since distinguished himself as a *genre* painter. He is a Parisian, and the artist of "Aurora Cools the Wings of Love." The original of this beautiful picture was exhibited by France at the World's Columbian Exposition.



GETTY CENTER LIBRARY
3 3125 00741 7526

